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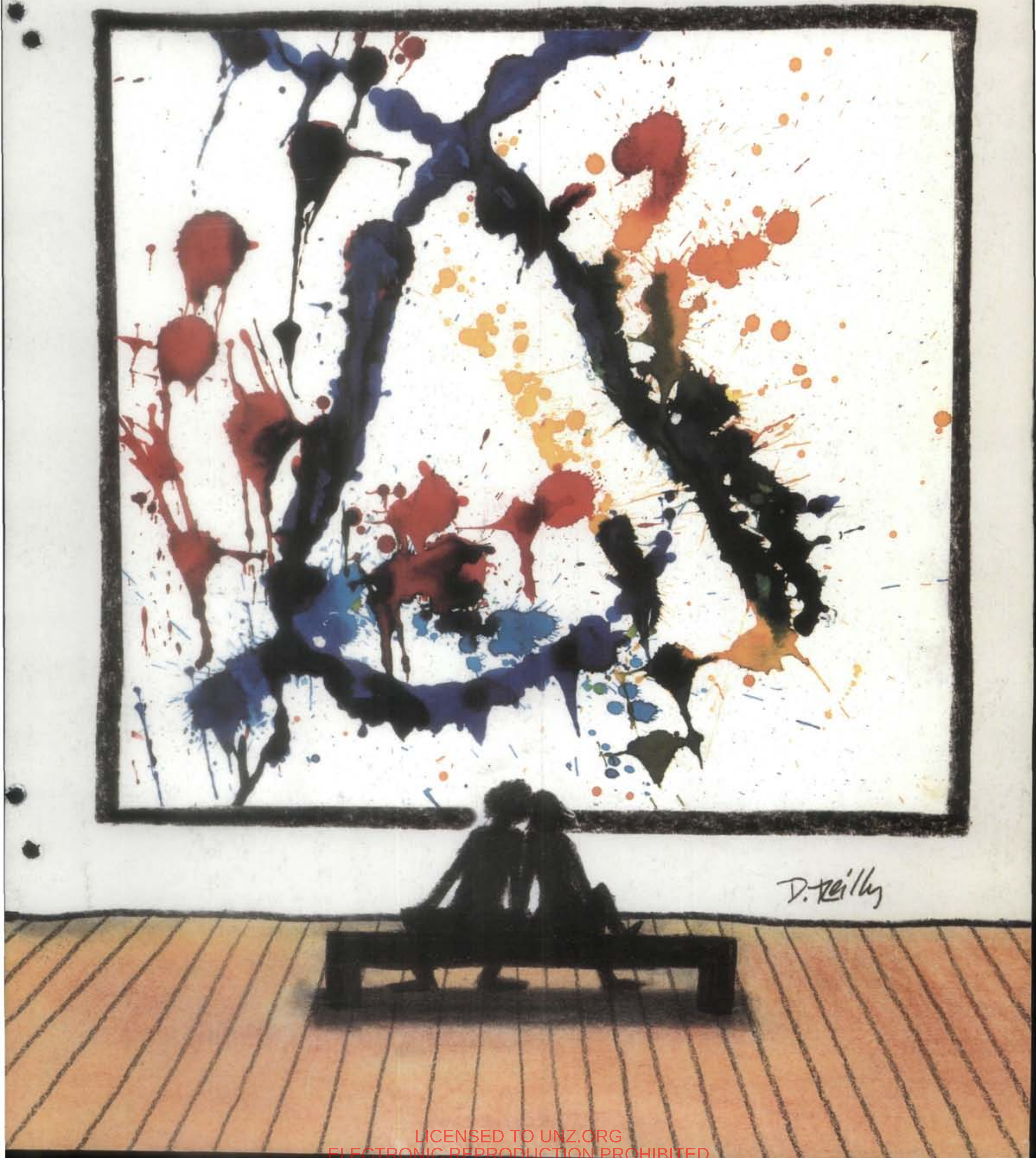
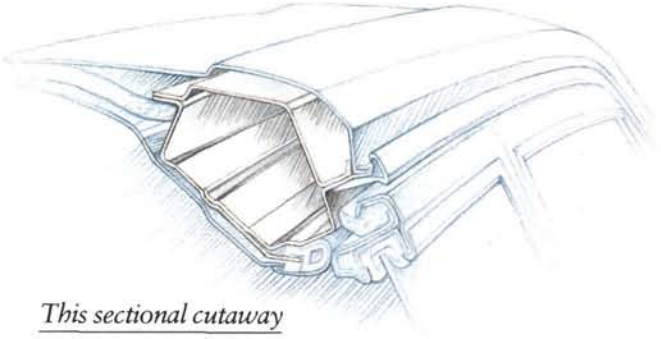
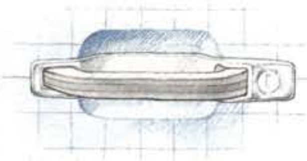
THE NEW YORKER

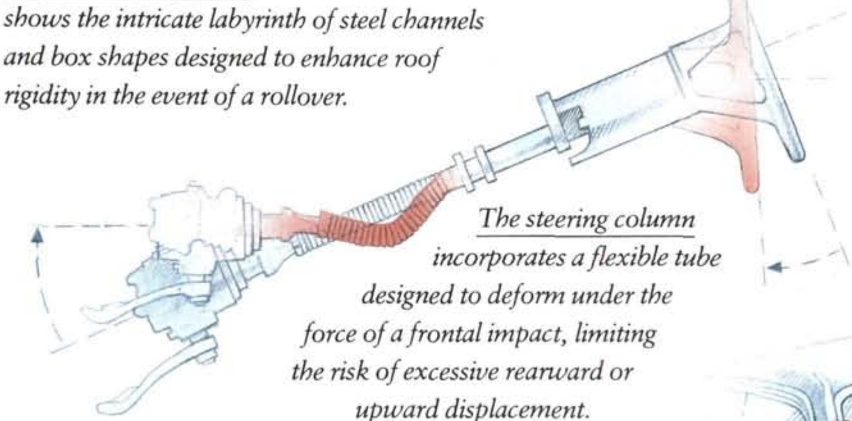




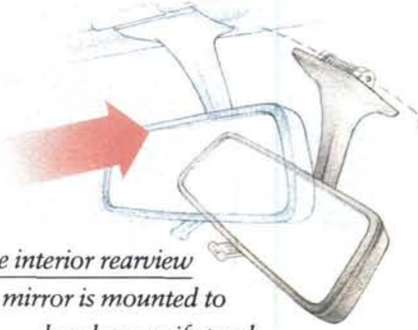
This sectional cutaway shows the intricate labyrinth of steel channels and box shapes designed to enhance roof rigidity in the event of a rollover.



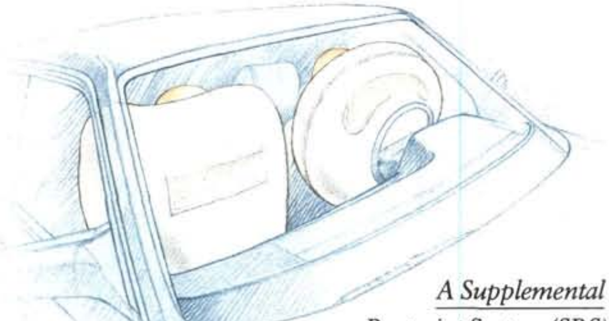
The exterior door handle is not a styled flap but a sturdy grip. Its looped shape is meant to permit maximum pulling force should rescue assistance ever be needed.



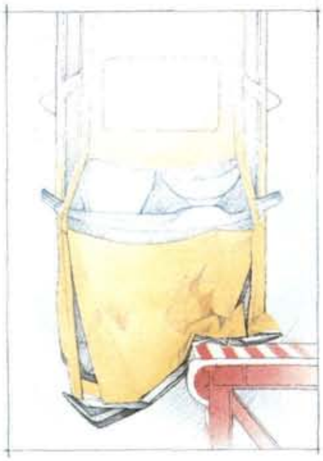
The steering column incorporates a flexible tube designed to deform under the force of a frontal impact, limiting the risk of excessive rearward or upward displacement.



The interior rearview mirror is mounted to break away if struck with moderate force.

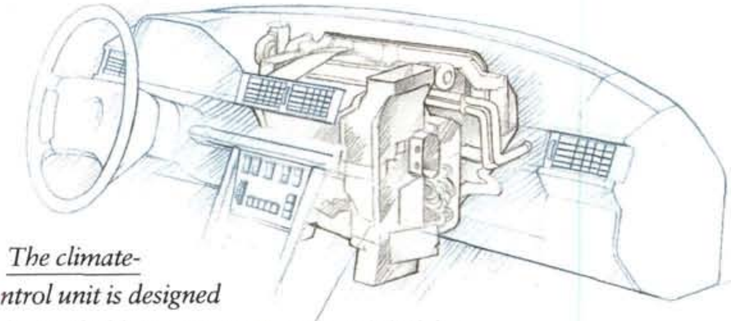


A Supplemental Restraint System (SRS) with driver-side air bag has been standard in every Mercedes-Benz since 1985. On many models, the system now includes both driver and front passenger air bags.



The frontal structure is designed to absorb and channel kinetic energy not only in head-on but also offset frontal impacts—more frequent and more severe. Mercedes-Benz pioneered both the basic energy-absorbing body concept and this offset enhancement.

Like every interior control and lever, this recessed headlight-control switch is designed and shaped and placed to help reduce the chance of occupant injury in a severe impact.



The climate-control unit is designed to be crushable in a severe impact, minimizing the risk of its being pushed rearward into the passenger area.

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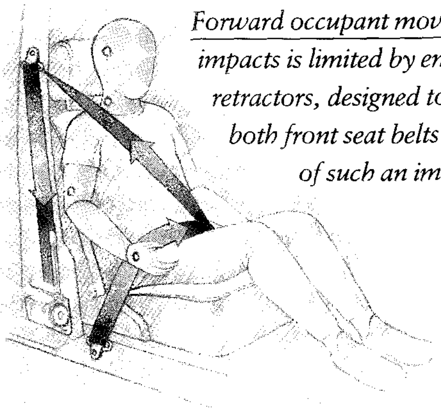
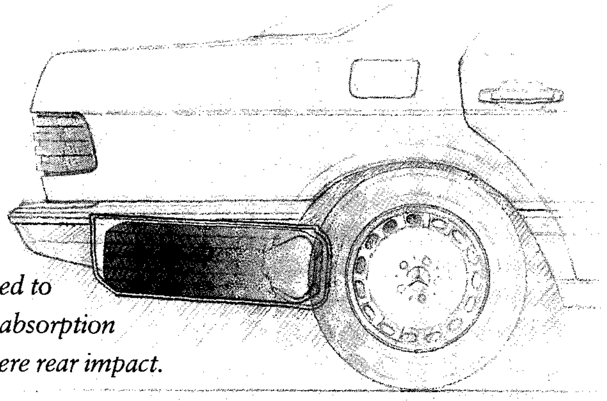
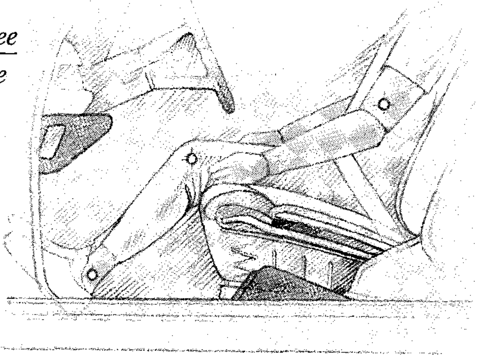


Forward occupant movement in certain impacts is limited by emergency tensioning retractors, designed to tighten slack in both front seat belts within milliseconds of such an impact.

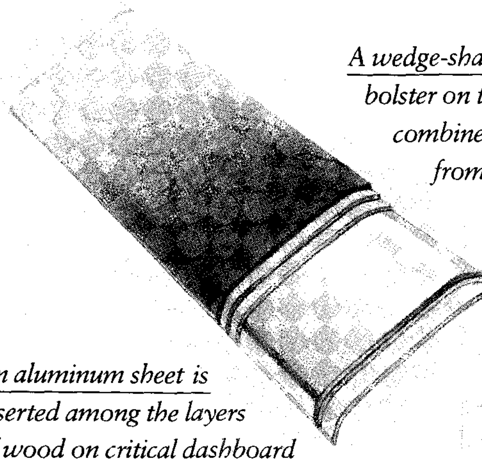


The spare tire's placement is designed to add extra energy absorption in case of a severe rear impact.

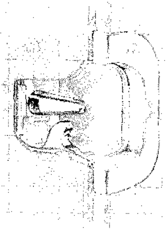
A crash course in Mercedes-Benz



A wedge-shaped seat insert and a padded knee bolster on the instrument panel's lower edge combine to help prevent front occupants from "submarining" under their seat belts in a severe frontal impact.



An aluminum sheet is inserted among the layers of wood on critical dashboard areas to help prevent splintering under the force of a direct impact.



Recognizing the importance of keeping occupants inside the car in a severe impact, Mercedes-Benz places extreme importance on door-lock design. This cone-type lock was patented in 1959 and has since been steadily refined.

The most effective single safety element is still the seat belt. So please, buckle up—even if you drive a Mercedes-Benz. For more information about Mercedes-Benz safety, call 1-800-243-9292 or visit your authorized Mercedes-Benz dealer. Some of the safety features depicted vary from model to model.

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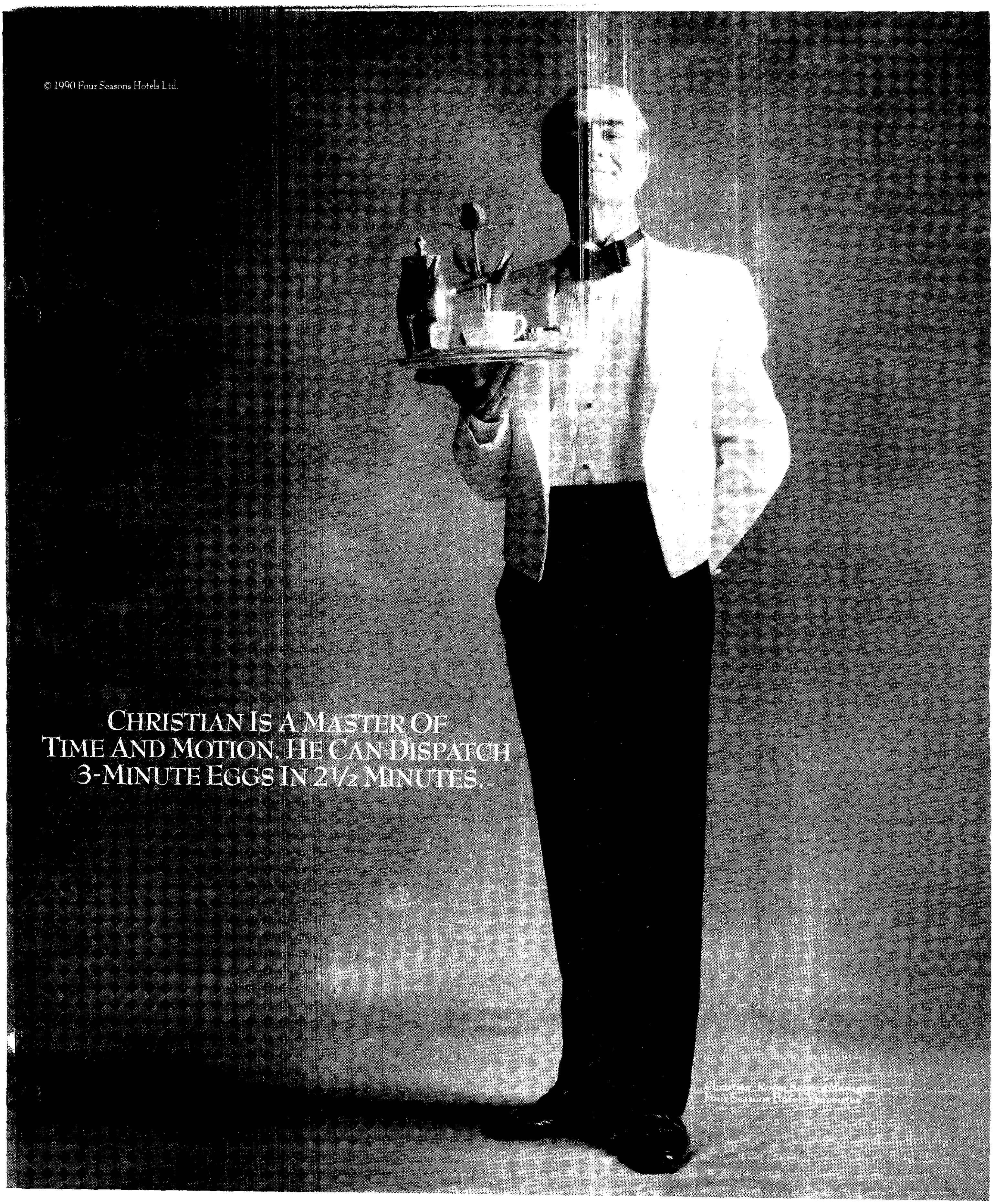
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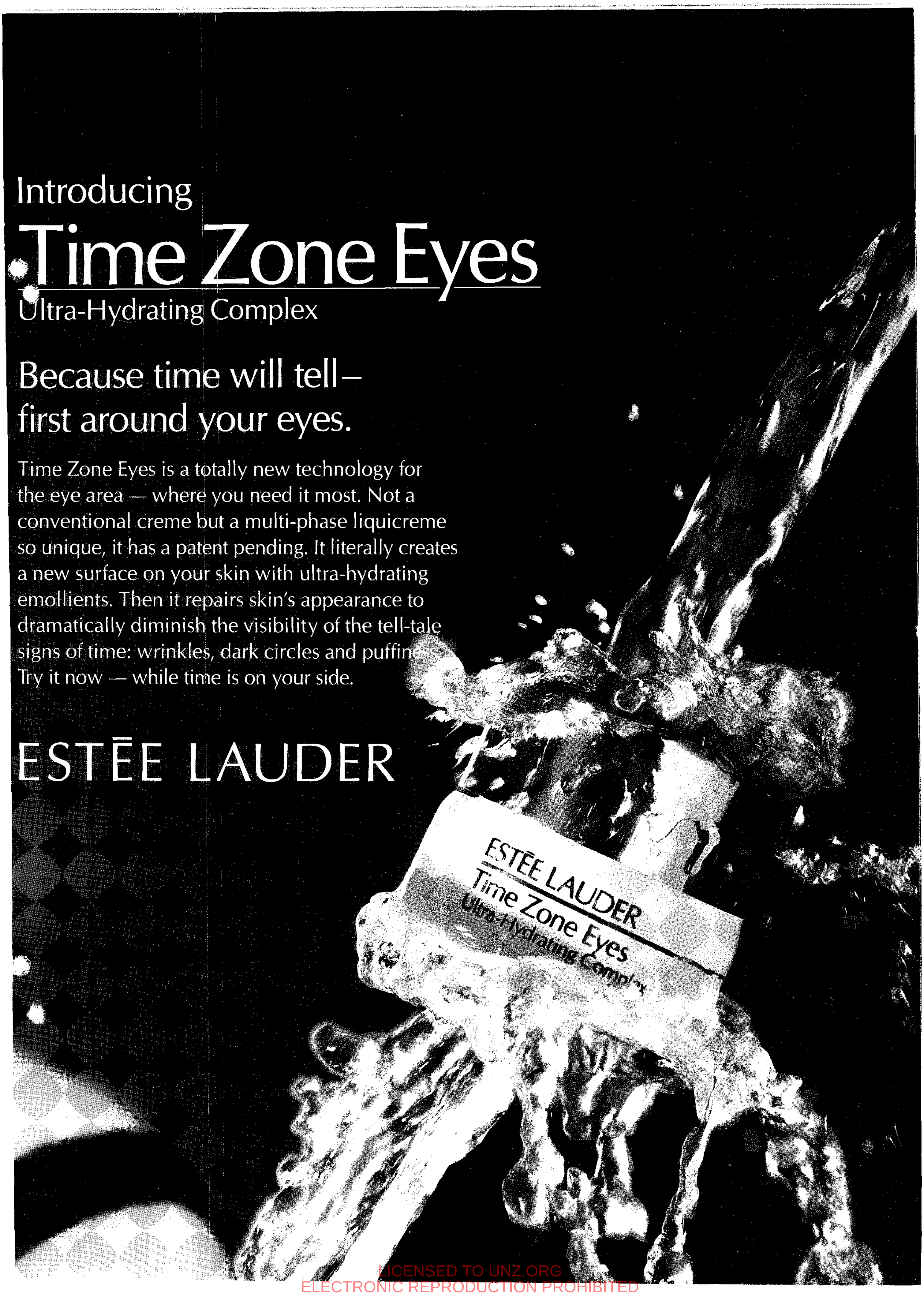


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

LAST spring, the Drama Critics' Circle held its annual award-giving ceremony on May 21. Festivities began at six. The non-voting president of the D.C.C.—Mel Gussow, of the *Times*—had expressly implored members to please show up. (Apparently, attendance had been poor the year before.) So we felt we had to go and, once there, to stay for the actual award-giving, which didn't go off until around six-thirty or six forty-five. Consequently we missed seeing Tina Packer's Shakespeare montage, "Women of Will," which was being done in a benefit performance for one night only at (if our datebook is to be trusted) 9 East 69th Street.

We like these evenings devoted to anthologizing womanhood in the works of this or that playwright. For one thing, we have a short attention span—on some days shorter than others—and, for another, we always find that we learn something about how such-and-such playwright viewed women or the world. (The incomparable Claire Bloom did a series of this kind at the New York Public Library a couple of seasons back.) This week—on October 10, 11, and 12—the Norwegian actress Juni Dahr will be presenting images of womanhood from "The Master Builder," "Hedda Gabler," "Ghosts," "A Doll's House," "The Lady from the Sea," and "The Vikings at Helgeland," in an evening entitled "Ibsen Women," at the John Houseman Theatre. Performances will be given in English.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

ABOUT TIME and **HANDY DANDY**—James Whitmore and Audra Lindley in two plays in repertory. The first is by Tom Cole and the second is by William Gibson. "About Time" opens Oct. 9 at 6:45, and "Handy Dandy" is in previews. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

ABUNDANCE—Beth Henley's latest work, which is set in nineteenth-century Wyoming. Tess Harper, Amanda Plummer, Lanny Flaherty, Keith Reddin, and Michael Rooker make up the cast. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

CALVIN TRILLIN'S WORDS, NO MUSIC—The writer and humorist's new one-man show. Opens Oct. 11 at 8, and will run through Oct. 28. (American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—The first production of the season is **THE COLORADO CATECHISM**, a two-character play by Vincent J. Cardinal. With Becky Ann Baker and Kevin James O'Connor. In previews. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

GONZA THE LANCER—A play by the eighteenth-century Japanese author Chikamatsu Monzaemon; translated from the Japanese by Donald Keene and directed by David Greenspan. With Mary Schultz. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

HAPPY DAYS—Charlotte Rae and Bill Moor in a revival of Beckett's play. Preview on Oct. 9. Opens Oct. 10 at 8. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

JACKIE MASON: BRAND NEW—The comedian brings his act to Broadway again. Previews through Oct. 16. Opens Oct. 17 at 8. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

MACHINAL—A revival of Sophie Treadwell's 1928 play. Directed by Michael Greif. With John Seitz, Marge Redmond, and Jodie Markell. Previews through Oct. 14. Opens Oct. 15 at 7:15. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17			

Brian Mitchell and Angela Teek in "Oh, Kay!"

THE MISER—Philip Bosco, Carole Shelley, and Mia Dillon have the leads in Molière's comedy. Directed by Stephen Porter. Previews Oct. 9-10. Opens Oct. 11 at 6:45. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

OH, KAY!—David Merrick's new production of the Gershwins' 1926 musical comedy. The setting has been moved from Long Island to Harlem, and James Racheff has written a new book, based on the original by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse. Angela Teek and Brian Mitchell lead the cast; Dan Siretta directed. Soon to begin previews. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

ONCE ON THIS ISLAND—A musical by Lynn Ahrens (book and lyrics) and Stephen Flaherty (score), which is based on Rosa Guy's 1985 novel, "My Love, My Love." Seen last spring at Playwrights Horizons, the show has moved to Broadway. In previews. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

THE SUM OF US—Tony Goldwyn and Richard Venture star in this play by David Stevens. Previews through Oct. 15. Opens Oct. 16 at 6:45. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

THE WORLD OF RUTH DRAPER—Patricia Norcia performs her one-woman show on Oct. 14-15 at 8:30. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. For information about tickets, call 769-4217.)

RECENTLY OPENED

ASPECTS OF LOVE—Andrew Lloyd Webber's latest extravaganza, based on David Garnett's frail 1955 novel of the same title, aspires to good taste and sophistication (it's about artists and theatre folk rather than cats or trains) but ends up being a monument to vulgarity. The combination of Garnett's triviality and Lloyd Webber's pretentiousness produces something so empty it implodes. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/23/90.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

BIG, FAT, AND UGLY WITH A MOUSTACHE—A play by Christopher Widney, with Evan O'Meara, David Beach, Alison Martin, and Brian Howe. The director was Stone Widney. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 869-3530.)

BY AND FOR HAVEL—A pair of one-acters in revival. "By"—**AUDIENCE**—is based on an episode that occurred when Václav Havel had a menial job in a brewery; "for"—**CATASTROPHE**—is Samuel Beckett's poetic tribute to Havel when he was in prison. Together, they make an evening that is both comic and stirring. With Kevin O'Connor and Lou Brockway. (3/19/90) (John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

CAMILLE, A TEARJERKER—Everett Quinton and the late Charles Ludlam are both at their best in this revival of Mr. Ludlam's 1973 spoof, which gives Mr. Quinton a chance to "play the whore" on a grand scale. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

FALSETTOLAND—This latest installment of a three-part cantata by William Finn (music and lyrics) is a sequel to "In Trousers" and "March of the Falsettos." Mr. Finn's story presents a number of new elements (among them a bar mitzvah in the hospital room of a man who is dying of AIDS) before dissolving in its own syrup. The music sounds agreeable enough, and the performance goes smoothly, under the direction of James Lapine. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

FOREVER PLAID—Stuart Ross's loving, tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. The performances of Jason Graae, Stan Chandler, David Engel, and Guy Stroman (as the Plaids, a close-harmony group snuffed out in the prime of life and brought back to earth for a single evening) are so deadpan, and the songs (arranged by James Raitt) are rendered at such a heightened pitch of musical good faith, that only from Ross's script and choreography would you know the thing is a parody. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.)

FURTHER MO'—This lively, touching, and brilliantly performed small-scale musical, set in a New Orleans vaudeville theatre in 1927, is a real gem. Written by Vernel Bagneris (who also stars), it uses blues singing (mostly quite recherché songs) to say something about the plight of the black entertainer in American history and culture. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

IT'S STILL MY TURN—Terry Sweeney portrays Nancy Reagan in this one-man show. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

JEAN COCTEAU REPERTORY—Presenting two plays in rotating repertory: Shaw's **MISALLIANCE** and Cocteau's **INFERNAL MACHINE**. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

LETTICE & LOVAGE—The marvellous Maggie Smith plays Lettice Douffet, a freewheeling guide to England's stately homes, and the elegant Margaret Tyzack plays a reprimanding envoy sent by Lettice's employers in Peter Shaffer's merry comedy about an unlikely friendship and other matters. Paxton Whitehead and Bette Henritze are effective in supporting roles. Michael Blakemore was the director. (4/9/90) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

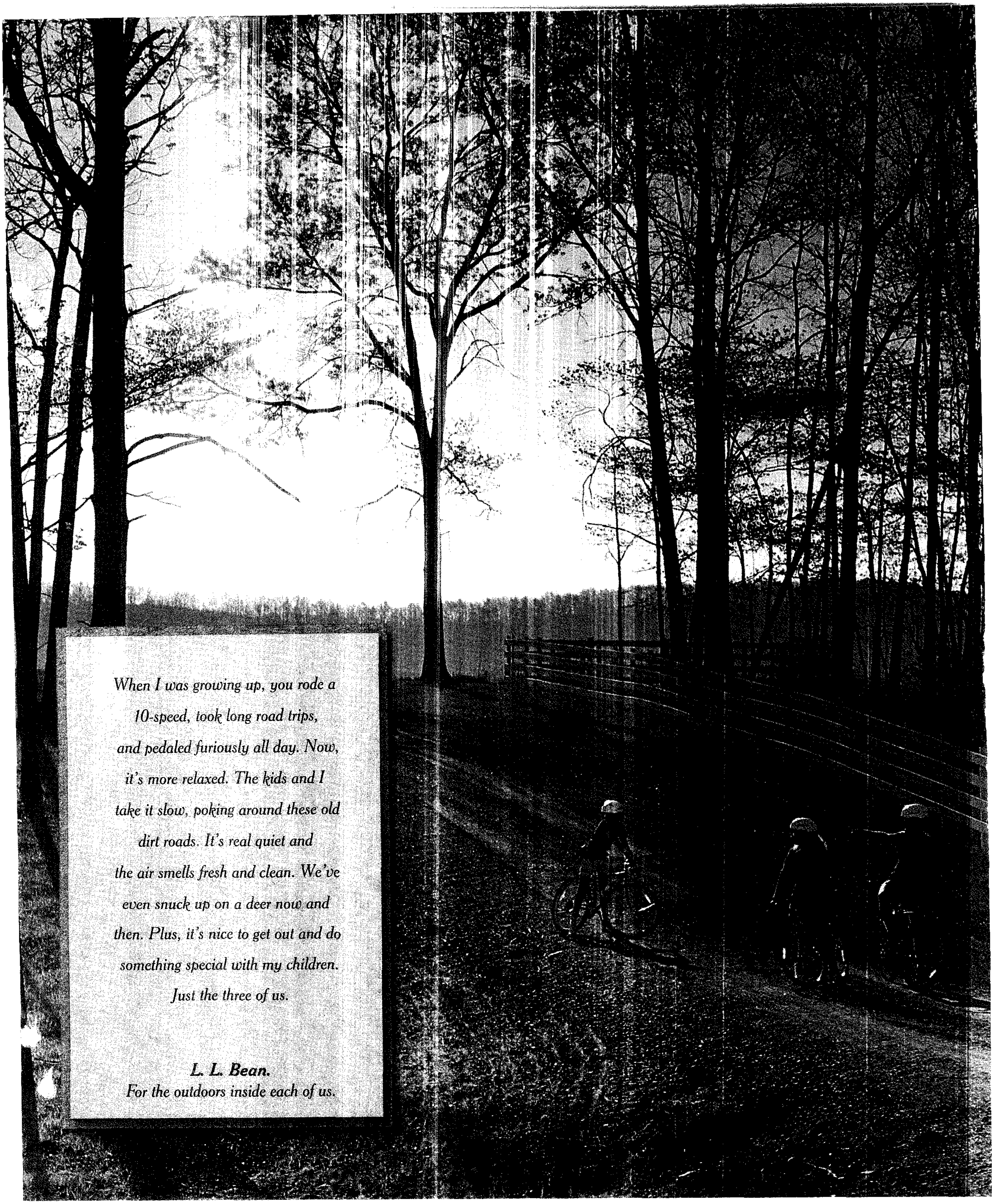
MEN OF MANHATTAN—T. L. Reilly and Richard Skipper in a play by John Glines. (Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 869-3530.)

THE MENSCH—A comedy by Steven Kronovet, presented by Manhattan Punch Line. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Oct. 21.)

MICHAEL FEINSTEIN IN CONCERT: PIANO AND VOICE—Mr. Feinstein in a limited engagement that runs through Oct. 27. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

THE PIANO LESSON—August Wilson's newest drama, the fourth in his series chronicling the black-American experience in the twentieth century, is set in Pittsburgh in 1936. In its exquisite writing and over-all structure (involving the conflict over a piano that figures hauntingly and intricately in one family's history) the play resembles "Joe Turner's Come and Gone" more than "Fences." Wilson takes refuge in an overly mystical and melodramatic ending, but there are some great scenes—even if the subtle ensemble acting in Lloyd Richards' production is thrown out of balance by an excessive performance by Charles S. Dutton. (4/30/90) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022.)

PRELUDE TO A KISS—Craig Lucas's entertaining romantic comedy slips into fantasy when an old man kisses a bride at her wedding. Barnard Hughes is the old man, Mary-Louise



When I was growing up, you rode a 10-speed, took long road trips, and pedaled furiously all day. Now, it's more relaxed. The kids and I take it slow, poking around these old dirt roads. It's real quiet and the air smells fresh and clean. We've even snuck up on a deer now and then. Plus, it's nice to get out and do something special with my children. Just the three of us.

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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

Parker is the bride, and John Dossett is the groom. (3/26/90) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

The Rothschilds—A revival of the 1970 musical by Jerry Bock (score), Sheldon Harnick (lyrics), and Sherman Yellen (book), with a sixteen-member cast led by Mike Burstyn. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

Six Degrees of Separation—You're best off knowing nothing about the new John Guare play, other than that it represents a perfect meeting of the playwright and the director, Jerry Zaks. Out of a true story—one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a wistful comedy about race, class, money, imagination, collective conscience, individual psyche, and the impulse toward art. What more do you want? With Swoosie Kurtz and Courtney B. Vance. (6/25/90) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Smoke on the Mountain—This loving satire of old-time gospel music, set in 1938, is perfectly delightful. Written by Connie Ray (who also performs, along with six other versatile actor-musicians), it re-creates a Saturday-night service at a small church in rural North Carolina, where a family of more or less devout gospel singers have been invited to appear. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Stand-Up Tragedy—Jack Coleman and Marcus Chong in a play by Bill Cain. (Criterion Center Stage Right, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200.)

Tartuffe—Molière's comedy, presented by the Willow Cabin Theatre Company. (TaDa! Theatre, 120 W. 28th St. 886-1889.)

Through the Leaves—A revival of a 1984 production of a play by Franz Xaver Kroetz. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Oct. 14.)

York Theatre Company—Presenting **east texas,** a new play by Jan Buttram. With Peter Brouwer, Venida Evans, Page Johnson, Dorothy Lancaster, and Susanne Marley. (2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Closes Oct. 21.)

LONG RUNS

black and blue: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while La Vern Baker, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **city of angels:** Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; James Naughton and Gregg Edelman, leading men; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. The plot concerns the making of a private-eye movie (and the unmaking of its author). The spectacular setting and costumes were designed by Robin Wagner and Florence Klotz and lighted by Paul Gallo. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.) . . . **the fantasticks:** The longest-running long run celebrated its thirtieth birthday last May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **a few good men:** "Mister Roberts" meets "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aaron Sorkin's military-courtroom drama treats issues such as justice, honor, loyalty, and morality with the slick, facile smugness of a half-hour comedy series. Directed by Don Scardino. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **forbidden broadway 1990:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **grand hotel:** The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **gypsy:** This revival of the great Sondheim-Styne-Laurents-Robbins musical (directed by Arthur Laurents himself) is so delightful—and the cast so engaging—that we think anyone would be happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don't applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you'll drown out the first number). With Linda Lavin. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.) . . . **les misérables:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. The show moves on Oct. 17 to the Imperial, 249 W. 45th St.; the last performance at the Broadway is on Oct. 13. The number for tickets is the same.) . . . **nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **other people's money:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York corporate raider's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **the phantom of the opera:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

CONCRETE SOLUTIONS

The Storefront for Art and Architecture, a nonprofit gallery at 97 Kenmare Street, recently sponsored a competition seeking hypothetical suggestions for reusing twelve obsolete underground Atlas-missile silos that are scattered across upstate New York and northwestern Vermont. The concrete-lined silos reach as much as a hundred and seventy-four feet deep and fifty-two feet in diameter. They were finished during the Cuban missile crisis, in 1962; were capable of launching strikes on cities six thousand miles away; and were abandoned three years later, when the Titan II missile supplanted the Atlas. Now filled with stagnant water, they testify to the mad pitch of the Cold War.

The competition's twenty-seven winning proposals, models, and videos, on view at the Storefront until October 13, include schemes to transform the silos into poetry libraries, parking garages, giant musical instruments, prisons for belligerent world leaders, hydroponic gardens, chapels, mushroom farms, launching pads for research satellites, solar-power plants, and cesspools. The zaniest, and yet somehow most plausible, plan calls for a "Nuclear Heritage Park" to link the twelve sites. Designed by Pearson Post Industries Defense Entertainment Technology (actually the artists Joshua Pearson and Gardner Post) and by Nuclear Recycling Consultants (actually the artist Jay Critchley), this mutant Disney World would offer, according to its kaleidoscopic video description, displays of weapons systems "collected from all around the world"; missile rides "up, up, and away, for a spectacular splashdown in Lake Champlain!"; a night-club replica of the Pentagon's War Room; and simulator booths where you can "experience the thrills of high-tech warfare."

DANCE

"DISCALCED" is from the Latin for "without shoes." Discalced, Inc., is the name of a new nonprofit corporation for the Monnaie Dance Group/Mark Morris, which is performing this week at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Karen Hershey, Discalced's director of planning and development, told us that the Latin was Mr. Morris's idea. "It refers to a legend Mark has heard about nuns who danced barefoot," she said. From soles to souls is a short step, and we were reminded of a moment during "The Hidden Soul of Harmony," a 1990 documentary about the choreographer by the British filmmaker Nigel Waters: "I do make all these decisions myself," Mr. Morris says. On December 27 and 30, this funny and revealing film—focussing on a revival by Mr. Morris of his 1988 evening-length work, "L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato"—will be televised over Bravo. Here, drawn from it, is a Mark Morris sampler:

"The really fun and cool part about being a choreographer is that I can do whatever I want."

"It's important to be who you are, or who you think you are, or who you might like to be, which is, of course, exactly the same thing."

"If you're walking, and you're walking at the same time music is playing, maybe it's dancing."

"When you're allowed to watch a dance of another culture, you watch something happen between people as a community. In classical ballet, the positions are designed to be seen from the front only, and I don't do that. I use a circle that's closed, and we're allowed to watch it, just as you would watch the dance of some other culture."

"I'm accused of this all the time: that it looks like anybody, any dog off the street, could do these dances, which is of course a total lie, because they're extremely difficult."

"I want people to look like people when they're dancing. That came from the very important dancing experience that I had, that I still try to find, which is, 'O.K., let's dance together.' "

"I'm of two minds, at least, about the dancing thing. One is that it's just a dance, don't lose your shirt. If you don't like it, you can always go home, because it will be over pretty soon. [The other is] that every single action means something and everyone's relationship to everyone else onstage and to the audience has a particular, specific meaning."

Monnaie Dance Group/Mark Morris—Presenting two programs at the Next Wave Festival. See the listing under In Another Category. (Brooklyn Academy of Music.)

Classical Dance Company of Cambodia—A thirty-one-member ensemble in a one-week engagement. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Oct. 9-12 at 8, Oct. 13 at 2 and 8, and Oct. 14 at 2 and 7:30.)

Molissa Fenley—A solo engagement that will run through Oct. 21. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Oct. 16-17 at 8.)

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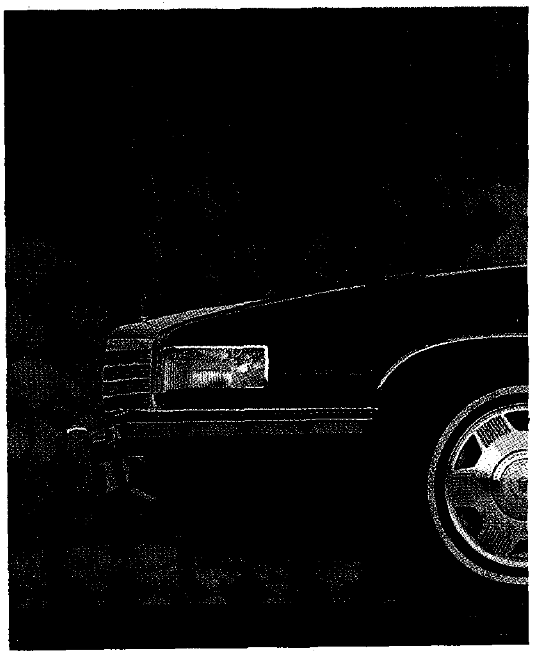

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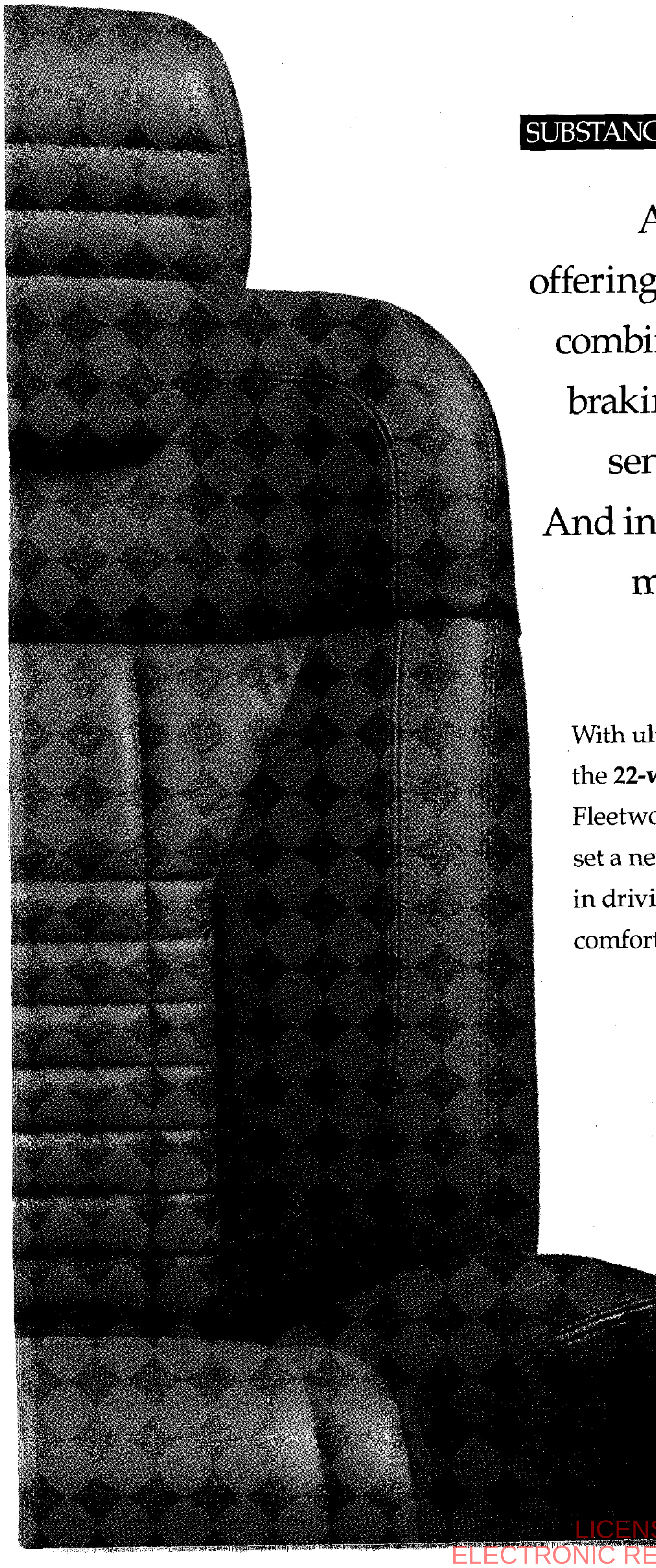

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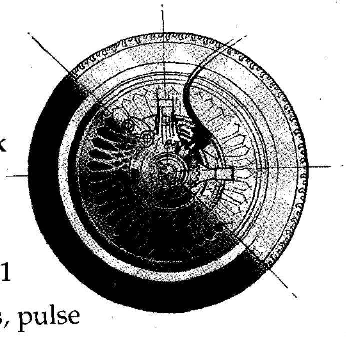

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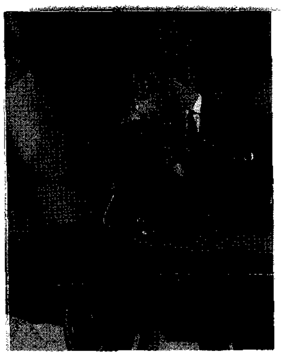

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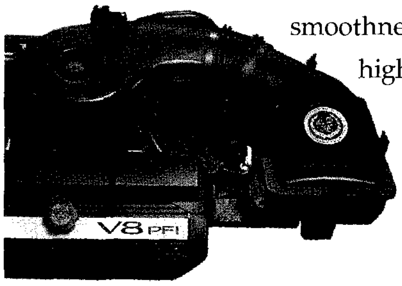

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NIGHT LIFE

THERE'S always been an organic feel about Yo La Tengo, and since the Hoboken group's recent Dylan-in-reverse—their latest record, "Fakebook," finds them trading in their overdrive electric guitars for a folky acoustic sound—they seem more of a cottage industry than ever. Whereas a concert by the group at the Knitting Factory last year was a high-voltage affair full of Irish-wake keening and emotionally wrought guitar solos, their performance there last week brought the listener tumbling back through a time tunnel and landing in a nineteen-sixties coffeehouse. Almost all of the show's material was from "Fakebook," which has some fine original songs but is primarily a collection of found pop numbers—by the Flamin' Groovies, the Scene Is Now, Cat Stevens, and others—that are near to the hearts of the band's core duo, Ira Kaplan and Georgia Hubley, who are husband and wife. Their affinity with the material comes across not only in the record's hushed, reverent renditions but also in the hand-typed liner notes detailing the songs' origins—clearly the work of a pop fetishist (Mr. Kaplan used to sideline as a rock critic). The album is a charming and elegiac work, on which the couple's harmonies echo Peter, Paul and Mary; Simon and Garfunkel; Lou Reed and Nico.

Heard late at night, alone in your apartment, the record can lift you into a bittersweet reverie. Late at night at the Knitting Factory, the music was no less affecting. The group—Mr. Kaplan seated and strumming an acoustic guitar, Ms. Hubley on drums, along with Kevin Salem on electric guitar and Wilbo on standup bass—ran through its set in an informal, sitting-on-the-back-porch manner. For students of the pop canon—and probably for everyone else, too—this was a show worth staying up for.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—The Oak Room has at last awakened from its long summer siesta. San Francisco-bred singer **MARY CLEERE HARAN,** whose show involves some Gershwin, some Irving Berlin, and some funny patter, is in residence. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

[illegible]LLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **BETTY,** a three-woman singing group that has its own T-shirts and that offers a kind of wicked, amphetamine-paced postmodern cabaret, will be around for the next few weeks. Shows Tuesdays through Fridays at nine, Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A glitzy, color-coördinated jazz house, designed for maximum seating efficiency, where blue-suspendered waitresses sweep by your table bearing shrimp cocktails, champagne, and other trappings of the good life. In the mid-forties, as the leader of an influential big band, **BILLY ECKSTINE** was the Gertrude Stein of bebop, with a salon comprising a small army of soon-to-be stars. In 1947, Eckstine dissolved the group to concentrate on his singing career, which has been holding steady ever since. His sensuous, rumbling bass-baritone, one of the most distinctive voices in jazz, will be heard here Oct. 9-14. The fierce, impassioned singer **GIL SCOTT HERON**—who once warned that "the revolution will not be televised"—begins a week-long engagement on Oct. 16. Music from nine. Dining.

Youssou N'Dour at Sounds of Brazil

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. You remember **WENDY & LISA.** In the movie "Purple Rain," they moped around a lot because Prince wouldn't even *listen* to their song. In real life, the duo played, respectively, guitars and keyboards for the Revolution. They were the only members of Prince's harem who didn't writhe around in lingerie and who really seemed to have a stake in the music. Prince squelched the Revolution in 1986, and while he went off to chase the Cherry Moon, Wendy and Lisa formed a band. Their albums, which are slick and funny and spill over with funk, jazz, and pop, haven't done so well, but they're worth a listen and a dance or two. The group will be here on Oct. 16. The **RIPPINGTONS** come in Oct. 12-13. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar where, if your neighbors coöperate, you can hear the beautiful, singular sound of musicians thinking. Guitarist **MARK WHITFIELD'S** trio holds forth Oct. 8-13. Singer-pianist **FREDDY COLE,** Nat's younger brother (he used to bill himself as "the Cole nobody knows"), brings in a trio beginning Oct. 15. Music from nine-forty-five.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to **MONTGOMERY, PLANT & STRITCH,** a light, cool, breezily swinging trio that formed in Houston in 1983. Their tunes are mostly American-songdom standards, but they breathe new life into them with unusual arrangements and harmonies that are inventive and difficult—trying to isolate an individual voice can be like a tough move in pick-up-sticks. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans' Bar, **RONNY WHYTE** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Cat Club, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—Every Sunday night, this club, usually dominated by metalheads, is ceded to a gang of Lindy Hop enthusiasts called the New York Swing Dance Society. An older couple glide across the floor at a comfortable pace, lost in a nostalgic reverie; an eager young man, his tie loosened, his face perspiring, throws his date around like a crazed cossack. **AL COBB'S C & J BIG BAND** holds sway on Oct. 14. Music from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The city's most famed rock club, a dark, narrow cave with neon-beer-sign stalactites and ancestral graffiti, is part sacred burial ground and part historic landmark, but it hasn't succumbed to nostalgia: new and used bands of every stripe continue to pass through nightly. Music from nine-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

Condon's, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—In the shadow of the Zeckendorf Towers sits this low-ceilinged, stucco-walled grotto, whose intimate scale makes it a fine spot for jazz. Pianist **RAY BRYANT** guides a trio Oct. 9-14. A threesome led by pianist **AHMAD JAMAL** takes over on Oct. 16. Music after ten.

Continental Divide, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Hipsters, posers, N.Y.U. students, the occasional skinhead—a typical East Village bar. The motif is prehistoric punk—there's a Stone Age mural, assorted toy dinosaurs and pterodactyls—and on peak nights there's a "take no prisoners" atmosphere. Funky Knights are here Oct. 11, and the Waldos Oct. 12. Shows Sundays at nine, Mondays and Tuesdays at ten, and Wednesdays and Thursdays at eleven.

Delta 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A pleasant hangout for white-collar trash, where you'll find cold Dixie beer, collard greens, and plenty of men who know how to wear a leather vest. As if that weren't enough, the bar-and-restaurant also features a corrugated-tin ceiling and a truckload of sort-of-Southern items: a photo booth, a giant Amoco sign, an Evel Knievel lunch-box. Most nights, the buffet turns into a bandstand at nine. Chicken-fried steak, deep-fried crawdads (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), and other exotic Southern fare.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—An Irish bar, way out on the Western edge of town, where the great potholed boulevards turn to cobblestones, and the world across the Hudson flashes its come-hither signs. The **SILK CITY QUARTET,** whose performances run from bluegrass to show tunes to classical, will be here Oct. 13. Sets at nine and eleven.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—If submarines had jazz clubs, they might look like this basement haunt, which is reached by passing through a tight corridor where you half expect to bump into Admiral Nimitz. This is not the place for those with a fear of intimacy: at the front tables you can go eye to eye with your favorite performers, and no matter where you're seated there's not much room to practice your T'ai Chi. **HIRAM BULLOCK** is in session Oct. 9-14; **JON HENDRICKS & COMPANY** start up on Oct. 16. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—With jazz you get eggroll. At this posh-looking two-floor Chinese restaurant, tucked into a midtown skyscraper, you'll find a lot of businessmen and a lot of hanging plants. In the middle of the main dining room, you'll also find a Steinway grand, which belongs to **WALTER NORRIS** Oct. 9-14, who is working with bassist **LISLE ATKINSON.** Pianist **CAROL BRITTO** and bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI** start up on Oct. 16. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An unpretentious second-floor jazz retreat. Some upcoming events: **MIKE RENZI'S** trio on Oct. 10; seven-string guitarist **JOHN PIZZARELLI'S** threesome on Oct. 11; the **MIKE LE DONNE** trio on Oct. 12; and **KEN PEPLOWSKI'S** quintet on Oct. 13. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Kilimanjaro, 531 W. 19th St. (627-2333)—The northern branch of the popular Washington, D.C., night spot. As the name suggests, African music is the sine qua non, be it live or d.j.-spun. Calypso, reggae, and world-beat formats also turn up; in any case, the huge dance floor seldom lies fallow. Duke and the Sunshine (a reggae group) is here on Oct. 12, along with Rara Machine (from Haiti). Thuli Dumakude, from South Africa, performs on Oct. 13.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A place for fusionist hoedowns. Guitarist **JEAN-PAUL BOURELLY,** who plays a note- and mind-bending brand of avant-garde jazz, performs Oct. 13; **NORA YORK** holds forth on Oct. 16. Music after nine.

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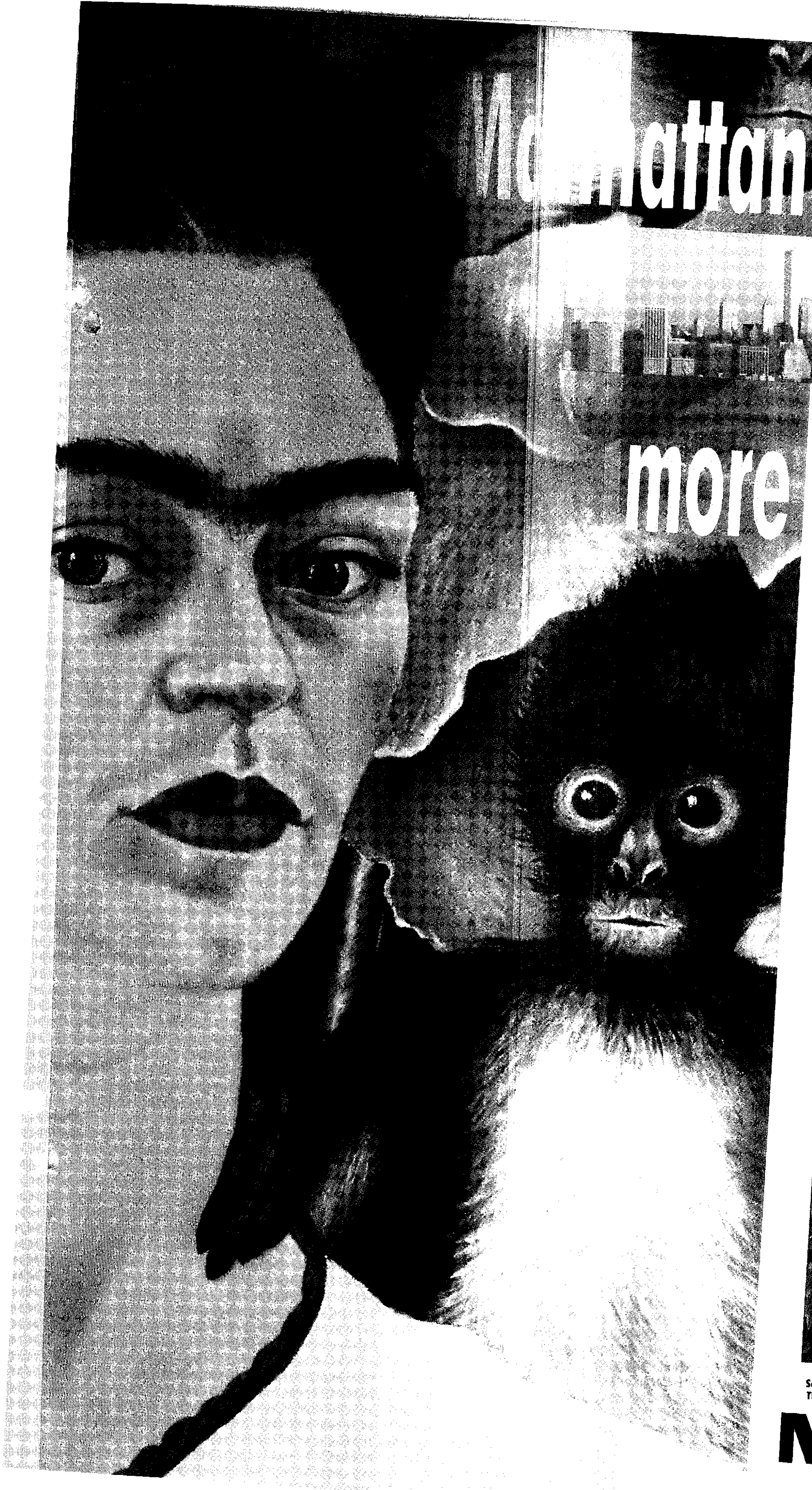
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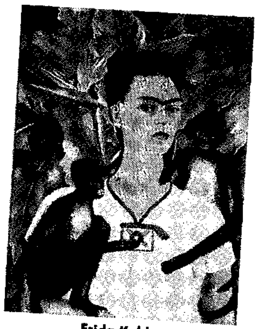

Frida Kahlo,
Self-portrait with Monkeys, 1943
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NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A cheery, climate-controlled restaurant-and-bar featuring a load of snazzy Gibson guitars, some Washington Square-style portraits of folks like Bo Diddley and Dr. John, and funky French fry-potato chip hybrids. **ROOMFUL OF BLUES,** a jump-blues band that combines styles from New Orleans, Texas, and Kansas City (though the group itself is from Rhode Island), will be here Oct. 12-13. The **BEAT FARMERS,** a jokey country-punk band from San Diego, preside on Oct. 17. Music after nine. Dining.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—Don't go expecting to be sprayed with soapy water and massaged by large brushes; the fluorescent sign outside is the only car-wash reference. Inside, the place looks like an adman's idea of a blues bar. **CLARENCE (GATEMOUTH) BROWN,** a septuagenarian blues guitarist whose advanced age hasn't much softened his blistering attack, is on duty Oct. 17. Music from nine.

Marquee, 547 W. 21st St. (929-3257)—A rock club just off the West Side Highway (and no relation to the famed London venue). **DAVID BAERWALD,** who was formerly half of David + David and who'll bring his solo show here Oct. 10, occasionally tilts toward John Cougar Mellencamp and all that overly heartfelt Heartland rock. For the most part, though, his solo début, entitled "Bedtime Stories," is a dark, literate, restless album—at times thoughtful and at times brutal—that suggests that Baerwald's former band wasn't as good as the sum of its Davids.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A good sound system, cheap drinks, and a regular-guy atmosphere make this restaurant-bar, home of the Hoboken Sound and of the phrase "jangly guitars," a popular hangout for musicians and their followers. Manhattanites who stay through the second set will need all their Scout training to get home, but, for a while at least, the smell of the nearby Maxwell House factory may give them a boost. The cosmically inclined keyboardist **SUN RA** and his **INTERGALACTIC ARKESTRA** will have one of their occasional jamborees here on Oct. 12.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and high-heeled ladies. Clarinettist **DON BYRON** and his ten-piece orchestra can be found here beginning Oct. 9, playing klezmer music—traditional Eastern European Yiddish music—by Mickey Katz, an entertainer and songwriter who ruled the Borscht Belt in the forties and fifties. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A great, pricey cabaret in the sky. **CAROL LAWRENCE** and **LARRY KERT,** who are performing together for the first time since the original production of "West Side Story," are here through Oct. 13. Their program will include Bernstein and Sondheim, of course, along with numbers by Lerner and Loewe, Rodgers and Hart, and others. Singer **JULIE WILSON** starts up on Oct. 16. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—It may look like a plain old steakhouse, and the photos on the walls may look like Sardi's leftovers, but in the back room you'll find swing bands, Dixieland combos, and couples sprung from the legacy of Fred and Ginger. Mondays belong to Howie Wyeth's ragtime trio, Tuesdays to **VINCE GIORDANO AND THE NIGHTHAWKS,** and Wednesdays to Stan Rubin's band. Fridays are the province of Bob Leive and the Worcester Street Trolley Jazz Band, and Bob Cantwell and His Stompers claim Saturdays. Music from six on Sundays, from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine on Fridays and Saturdays.

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—In the midst of one of the shows for her "Solitude Standing" tour, **SUZANNE VEGA,** who'll be here on Oct. 13, announced that she was going to sing some songs from her new album. The audience, which had clearly come to hear "Marlene on the Wall" and the other wry, imagist folk tunes that dominated Vega's début record, let out such a massive, involuntary groan that the nonplussed singer said, "I *beg* your pardon." Well, Vega recently released a third album, entitled "Days of Open Hand," and this one is going to have even her most ardent admirers shouting for "Freebird." By now, we know all of Vega's vocal tricks—her steplike phrasing, her lovely and eerie bedtime-story whisper—and suddenly they don't add up to much. In interviews over the years, Vega has often talked about the trouble she has writing—apparently she gets the worst cases of writer's block since Jack Nicholson in "The Shining." It's hard to imagine that even Vega's live band, which has learned how to put a beat behind most anything, will be able to knock these new songs out with much resolve. Other Ritz news: **STRYPER** comes in on Oct. 12; **GENE LOVES JEZEBEL** is here on Oct. 16. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—This former luncheonette has a tropical motif—straw huts, bamboo, a fake palm tree, a mosaic of gourds—and an internationalist booking policy: Brazil, Africa, and the Caribbean are just a few of the places explored. Oct. 10 belongs to the Senegalese singer **YOUSSOU N'DOUR,** known to many Americans for his work with Peter Gabriel and Paul Simon. Mr. N'Dour's percussion-oriented band always throws a good dance party, and speakers of Wolof will have the added benefit of understanding the lyrics. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling and more pinewood than a ski lodge. Drummer and hard-bop kingpin **ART BLAKEY** works out with his latest crew of **JAZZ MESSENGERS** through Oct. 14; the **MAL WALDRON** quintet begins a week-long gig on Oct. 16. The electrified big band of the late Gil Evans, now under the direction of his son, the trumpeter Miles Evans, is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This windowless, pie-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. The décor is homey and faded, like an atticful of memorabilia, but the music is anything but stale. Pianist **GERI ALLEN** leads a quartet here Oct. 9-14; the princely **BUCK CLAYTON** leads his band as of Oct. 16. Mondays are reserved for the late Mel Lewis's big band. Music from ten.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar. Or, if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad.

Zanzibar & Grill, 550 Third Ave., at 36th St. (779-0606)—A Murray Hill jazz resort, where the ceiling fans turn slowly, and the palm trees rustle tropically, and the jukebox contains Xavier Cugat and Perez Prado, and a waiter, delivering a plate of fried chicken and maple-pear corn bread to a customer, sings "It's suppertime" (to the tune of "Summertime"). The professional musicians tend to come on at around nine. Trumpeter **JON FADDIS,** who, as a child, collected Dizzy Gillespie albums, leads a quartet here Oct. 10-13. The Roy Gerson Swing Sextet plays here Oct. 15 (and every Monday).

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

THE two of them stand there, hair freshly dishevelled by Oribe, clothes scissored to raggedly sculptural perfection, necks encircled by enough leather loops to support a shower curtain, squinting/staring at Disco Interruptus at the Roxy. "They're not here," he states blankly. "Now what?" she asks wanly. After a jagged jaunt through the uniformly vibing hey-look-at-me-I'm-wearing-makeup-and-it's-not-even-Halloween-so-I-must-be-one-hell-of-an-individual-and-into-my-own-thing throng, they leave.

Ten minutes later, the two are at Rock and Roll Hard Bar at Handle Bar (cute, how spaces now routinely adopt different personas, like Bette Midler as Stella), searching/straining for any familiar face. "The music's great," he says. "But who are these people?" she says. They leave so quickly that, had this been another city, they might have been able to argue for their money back.

They rule out Mars, they rule out Rex, though they worry that there's an outside chance they could be wrong. They figure, however, that if anyone they want to be with is anywhere it will be at 10 East 60th Street. And, God bless her, Susanne Bartsch looks as great jiggling onstage as ever, no matter what color her wig; and the crush on the Copa staircase still gives off the eerie image of Calcutta after a sample sale. But the couple stiffens in exasperation on both floors. "They're not here, either," he whines. "Where *are* they?" she whines. No, "they" haven't stayed home. The problem is that the most popular weeknight out has become increasingly fractured and frustrating because of too many choices. "I can't get over it," she says, as they leave for what may be an all-night house-to-house search. Those who share her angst had better cope; otherwise radio d.j.s are going to have to be alerted that from now on Thursday, not Wednesday, is "hump day."

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

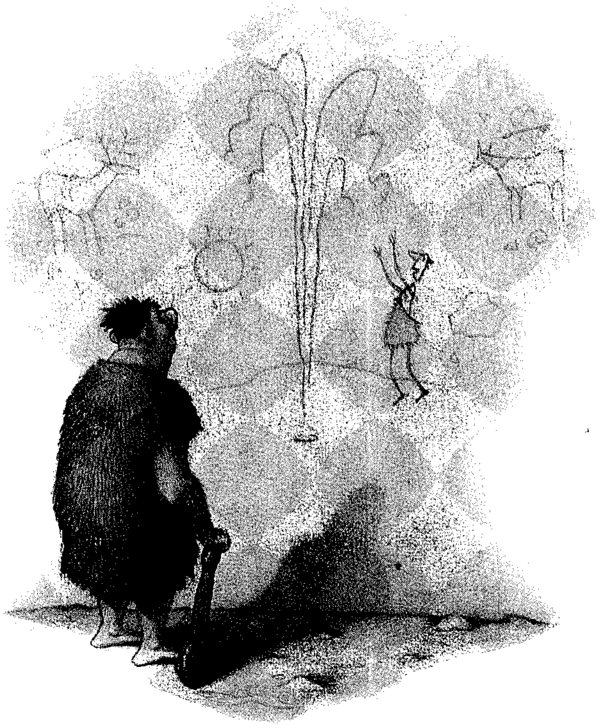
Next Wave Festival—Martha Clarke's latest work, "Endangered Species." (Oct. 9-13 at 8, Oct. 14 at 3 and 7, and Oct. 16-17 at 8. Through Nov. 4.) . . . ¶ Monnaie Dance Group/Mark Morris. Oct. 9 and Oct. 12-13 at 8: "L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato," an evening-length work. . . . Oct. 10 at 7:30, Oct. 11 at 9, and Oct. 14 at 2 and 7: "Wonderland," "Love Song Waltzes," and "New Love Song Waltzes." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette A[illegible] 1-718 636-4100. The festival continues *through Dec. 9.*)

John Kelly—In "Love of a Poet," a deconstructed version of Schumann's song cycle "Dichterliebe." (Battery Maritime Building, Whitehall St., near the Staten Island Ferry Terminal. Oct. 10-13 and Oct. 17 all at 8. Through Oct. 20. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.)

La Gran Scena Opera Company—Divas in drag, performing excerpts from "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Rigoletto," "La Gioconda," and "Tosca." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Oct. 11-13 at 8, and Oct. 14 at 7. Through Oct. 21.)

P. S. 122—Oct. 11-13 at 9:30: Holly Hughes in "World Without End." Through Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Oct. 12-14 at 8: Paula Josa Jones in "White Dreams, Wild Moon," a dance-theatre piece. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

PEOPLE HAVE BEEN ASKING FOR PERRIER EVER SINCE OUR FIRST AD RAN.



The year was one million twenty four B.C. Man had just developed the art of communication. And, in a land we now call France, he discovered a spring we now call Perrier.

It was clear and pure and sparkling. And so, word of its qualities quickly spread.

Since then, entire civilizations have come and gone, but the source remains. Still yielding water for modern man to drink. Still as pure as the day it was new.

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However, there is a change we would like to point out. The little green bottles Perrier now comes in.

Which is a refreshing change, indeed. Because instead of having to travel to the spring, the spring can now travel to you.

EARTH'S FIRST SOFT DRINK.

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ART

SOL LEWITT might be described as the Soul King of Conceptual Art. His work is deliriously Apollonian, which may indeed sound almost too good to be true—as if Dionysus had been invited in to liven up a well-ordered think tank. The best-realized installations of his wall drawings offer the viewer an experience that is at once visually enveloping and intellectually tonic, that seems to raise the dust and cobwebs from one's spiritual or psychic apparatus in much the same way that brilliantly performed music does. Passionately cerebral classical pianists such as Alfred Brendel and Maurizio Pollini come to mind by way of analogy. LeWitt's wall drawings are in fact realized by means of written instructions that are a cross between musical scores and cooking recipes, and these certificates are what you buy if you buy a Sol LeWitt. (The work may then be executed by the "composer-chef" himself or, likelier, by members of his roving atelier of interpreters.) What's more, LeWitt's work tends to stay in your head like a refrain or, better yet, like some platonically abstracted model of vision, even when it's not on any wall in sight. It therefore comes as a wonderfully satisfying treat to find a couple of especially beautiful and complex LeWitt wall drawings actually on view at the SteinGladstone gallery, at 99 Wooster Street. (A show of LeWitt's three-dimensional structures opens October 13 at Max Protetch Warehouse, 214 Lafayette St.)

In the current show, which is titled "Then and Now," LeWitt has been paired with Giovanni Anselmo, arguably the most elegantly expressive and least hokey of the artists associated with the Arte Povera movement, and each is represented by pieces from circa 1970 at street level, and by a very recent work on the landing above. Anselmo's 1969 "Respiro," a floor piece that suggests a contemporary Atlas parable (Atlas *breathed!*, and put down his load), consists of two long iron beams set end to end, separated by a natural sponge. But LeWitt's wall drawings lift the viewer. The blue crayon grid downstairs, from 1972—with its angles and arcs, its intersecting segments, its "Straight and Not Straight Lines"—is a Westerner's world-music concerto. And "Sixty-two Randomly Placed Points Connected by Straight Lines," in charcoal, a 1990 update of an older work, conveys the dizzying precision of computer graphics through what appears to be a collective memory of Leonardo's touch.

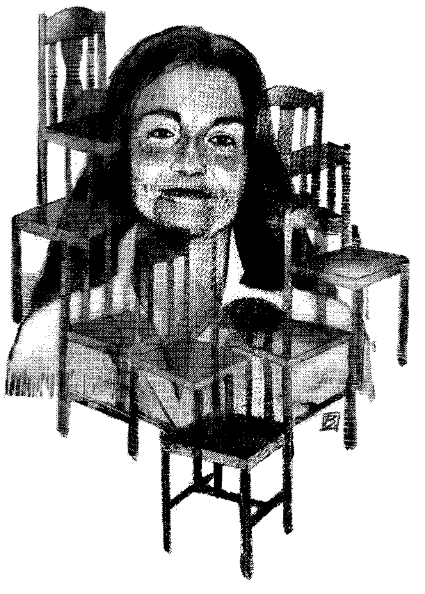
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Mexico: Splendors of Thirty Centuries" includes four hundred works of art from the pre-Columbian era through 1950. Starts Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Joseph Wright of Derby (1734-97) is probably best known for five often reproduced paintings, all included in this bookish retrospective. Two of these, including the epochal "An Experiment on a Bird in the Air Pump," have scientific themes and prescient, rather cinematic compositions that may remind the viewer of the very compelling, if rather sombre, "Masterpiece Theatre" style. A third painting, the landscape "Arkwright's Cotton Mills, by Night," is often cited as a sort of dawn-of-the-Industrial-Revolution-in-a-nutshell, in part because the factories' illuminated windows indicate a night shift and, by extension, all the horrors that would prompt the great Victorian Reform Acts. A fourth work, "The Widow of an Indian Chief Watching the Arms of Her Deceased Husband," is a ne plus ultra of European period exoticism concerning the Americas. And the last, a portrait of one Brooke Boothby, dated 1781, is a brilliant study of cultivated English lassitude, as well as an early blossoming of the melancholy *fleurs* that would be so carefully plucked and arranged during the following century. Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Nineteen chalk-and-graphite drawings by John Singleton Copley (1738-1815). They are mostly studies for his enormous paintings, such as "The Ascension," "Siege of Gibraltar," and his portrait of John Adams. . . . ¶ "Glories of the Past" is an exhibition of bronze and marble sculptures, vases, and jewelry made between 5000 B.C. and A.D. 800 that focusses on works from the Mediterranean and the Near East. . . . ¶ An exhibition of eighteenth-century Italian drawings, including works by Francesco Guardi, Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, and others. Through Dec. 9. . . . ¶ **NOTE:** The museum's roof garden is open (when the weather is fine), with a new lineup of twentieth-century sculptures and a sixty-five-foot shade-providing pergola. Through Oct. 28. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"High and Low: Modern Art and Popular Culture" is divided into four themes (graffiti, caricature, comics, advertising) and includes more than two hundred and fifty works. . . . ¶ "First Light," a suite of twenty black-and-white etchings by James Turrell. Through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ "Diagramming Microchips," a small exhibition of the large, colorful, computer-generated diagrams used to design microchips, is an attempt to bridge the gulf between high art and everyday objects that dominates our visual perception. Unfortunately, the microchip diagrams are displayed as if they were paintings, and as such they beg comparison with everything from Mondrian's "Broadway Boogie-Woogie" to pattern painting. Some of the colorful, densely packed circuitry contains signatures or logos of the chips' designers—computer-nerd graffiti. Through Oct. 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until autumn, 1991.

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Burgoyne Diller" (1906-65). As the art world, fearful of a volatile art market, attempts to trade in flash for longevity, this tortoise of American neoplastic painting could become a curious role model. At times, his debt to Mondrian was astonishingly blatant, but with each carefully introduced turn Diller eventually found his own path. As this sharply selective retrospective makes clear, even the seemingly unflappable Diller began to lose his faith when the drippers became all the rage in the fifties, but he soon recovered. At the end of his life, he painted works of great emotion, just as the tides once again shifted and he could be seen as a visionary proto-minimalist. Through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ "Mind Over Matter," a show of more than fifty conceptually oriented works by Ashley Bickerton, Annette Lemieux, Nayland Blake, Tishan Hsu, Ronald Jones, and Liz Larner. . . . ¶ A group of ten grisaille drawings by Ed Ruscha called "Some Los Angeles Apartments," made in 1965 in conjunction with the photograph book of the same name. Through Oct. 14. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)



Margaret Wharton at Kind

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A lobby installation by Joseph Kosuth, made up of works, selected by the artist from the museum's collection, that at one time or another may have been deemed offensive. Through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ An exhibition of sixty paintings by Albert Pinkham Ryder (1847-1917). . . . ¶ "Milton Avery in Black and White" is a display of eighty drawings in pencil, ink, and crayon made by Avery between 1929 and 1959. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ "Caribbean Festival Arts" presents costumes, masks, videotapes, music, and photographs related to the traditional celebrations of Jonkonnu, Carnival, and the Islamic Hosay. The thirty-six costume ensembles include materials such as mirrors, feathers, sequins, and beads, and range from human scale to sixteen feet tall. Through Nov. 5. . . . ¶ A display of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings and works on paper, titled "Monet and His Contemporaries." Included are five works by Monet, and others by Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, van Gogh, and Picasso. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 40 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of ninety-three works from the nineteen-forties to the present by fibre artist Ed Rossbach. Through Nov. 4. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"Court Arts of Indonesia" establishes a Javanese *kraton*, or court, to display more than a hundred and fifty works of art from the eighth century to the twentieth. Included are elaborate shadow puppets, a jewelled *rebab* (a stringed instrument) from Bali, and ritual marriage figures. Through Dec. 16. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

BRONX MUSEUM OF THE ARTS, 1040 Grand Concourse—"Visions of Home" is a display of ten prize-winning designs, along with forty other entries, for affordable housing at a specific seven-acre site in the South Bronx. The show is part of this fall's "Home: A Place in the World" series. . . . ¶ Seventy prints produced by El Taller de Gráfica Popular, founded in 1937 in Mexico. The show is part of the series "Mexico: A Work of Art." (Open weekdays, except Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 4:30.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Eighteenth-century scenic and architectural drawings by the theatre designers and builders Francesco and Giovanni Carlo Bibiena. Through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Twenty-four custom-built doghouses by contemporary architects and designers are on view in the museum garden. Through Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Two hundred pieces of elaborately worked gold jewelry spanning four thousand years of Grecian culture. From the Benaki Museum, in Athens. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—Among the many strong works on paper here by Adolph Menzel (1815-1905) are a stunning, flesh-warm drawing of the Barberini Faun; deep platonic renderings of suits of armor; and a beautiful sketch, titled "Moltke's Binoculars," of leather long caressed and distressed. Through Nov. 18. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—Eighty gold-tooled leather book-bindings from Renais-

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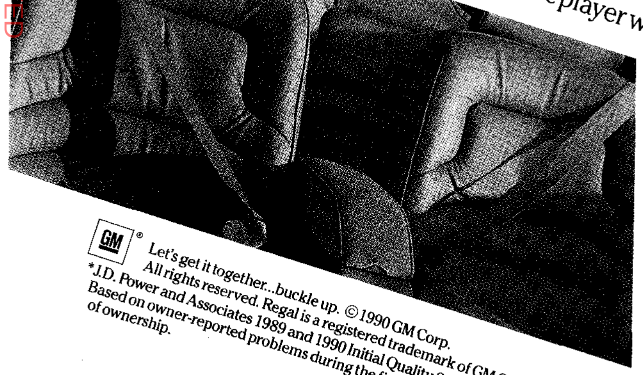

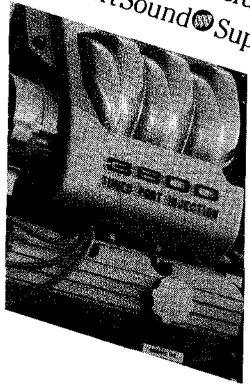

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sance France and Italy. Through Nov. 24. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"A Day in the Warsaw Ghetto." Eighty-five photographs taken in September, 1941, by Heinz Jöst, who was a member of the German Army at the time. Through Nov. 1. . . . ¶ "Why I Got Into TV and Other Stories," a "mid-career" retrospective of Ilene Segalove's taped stories, radio programs, and photographic collages. Through Nov. 1. . . . ¶ A show of ten paintings and drawings, and a contemporary interpretation of a sukkah, or improvised shelter, by the artist Eli Content. Through Nov. 1. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, except Oct. 11, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Treasures of Eton College Library," a selection, from the five-hundred-and-fifty-year-old institution, of more than two hundred manuscripts, rare books, drawings, and watercolors. Included are the first edition of Thomas Gray's "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College" and the manuscript of "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." Through Nov. 25. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Women in Mexico" presents more than a hundred paintings, drawings, collages, and photographs by twenty-two Mexican women artists. Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ A retrospective featuring fifty-nine works by Gari Melchers (1860-1932). Included are portraits, religious scenes, landscapes, and nudes. Through Nov. 4. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"From Receiver to Remote Control: The TV Set" features serpentine banks of virtually every TV model, from the first to the most current, and meticulously reconstructed period rooms that attempt to define a sociology of family life as it has revolved around the set. But for all its World's Fair pretensions the show offers no odd turns to amaze the senses; it is more like a blown-up book. The only part of the show to lead us down an unexplored alley is an installation of thirty-six sets tuned to all but two of the stations currently available in New York City: it's not a nostalgia trip but a thing itself, a "live," real-time time warp, worthy of Nam June Paik. Tucked away in a corner is the exhibition's only piece of art, a sculpture by Rebecca Howland of a transmission tower. It is both majestic and threatening, a scary monster and an embracing mother. Through Nov. 25. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibition that reunites more than sixty of the American paintings that were displayed at the 1889 World's Fair, in Paris. Included are works by John Singer Sargent, Theodore Robinson, William Merritt Chase, and James McNeill Whistler. Through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Forty-five platinum-print photographs of New York City by Charles Gilbert Hine (1859-1931). (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Manuscript fragments, letters, first editions, photographs, and illustrations are all part of "Charles Dickens: His Life and Work." Starts Oct. 12. (Berg Collection. Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

Queens Museum, Flushing Meadow Park—"Keith Haring: Future Primeval." The art world enacted some of its most callous opportunism on the eager and willing Haring (1958-90), and, as this brilliantly selected show—which makes a point of not being a retrospective—indicates, no other contemporary artist seems to be so known and yet so misunderstood. Through Nov. 25. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Home: Contemporary Urban Images by Black Photographers." More than ninety works by eleven photographers. Through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Eighty contemporary works, including paintings, sculptures, photographs, musical instruments, and videotapes, make up "The Blues Aesthetic," an exhibition that explores the impact of African-American culture on twentieth-century art. Through Dec. 30. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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14	15	16	17			

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Frank Stella—Five metallic paintings from 1959 to 1964. These cool and very elegant works, haute minimalism *avant la lettre*, look miraculously fresh and unfingered despite their notoriously delicate, smudgeable surfaces. Two abstract "portraits" stand out: the silvered, high-shouldered "Luis Miguel Dominguin," whose shape suggests a chasuble tailor-made for the toreador; and "Ileana Sonnabend," a broad-based trapezoid in heavenly pink. Through Oct. 20. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Short List—**FANNY BRENNAN,** Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. (open Mondays, through Oct. 26); **WILLEM DE KOONING,** Salander O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (open Mondays, through Oct. 13); **ADOLPH GOTTLIEB,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (through Nov. 3); **KURT SCHWITTERS,** Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (through Nov. 24); **JOSEPH STELLA** and **ARTHUR DOVE,** York, 21 E. 65th St. (through Nov. 17).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Robert Arneson / Joan Brown—Arneson is perhaps the only Bay Area ceramicist to consistently get over the craft hump. His newest work is a mammoth three-dimensional interpretation of Jackson Pollock's "Guardians of the Secret," and it is a tour de force of medium, ideas, and parody. The work uses intricately psychoanalyzable imagery to poke fun at myths of genius and male prowess embodied by the Great Dripper. In one instance, two guardian figures (which also recall the Cubism of Picasso, that other king of virility) support a kind of breastplate painting (unframed) that in turn covers an entombment, viewable from the rear of the work, of the artist's head, an erection, and a pair of green boots. Through Oct. 13. / Strong women, strong gestures, and a feministic reinterpretation of the Matissean Odalisque inform the figurative drawings and paintings on paper from the early seventies in this small but rich show. Through Oct. 19. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

Paul Hunter—If these "paintings"—with objects such as a pair of neatly wire-bound nails, crack vials, cigarette butts, bits of colored glass, a flip top, and an occasional leaf, all stuck in layers of colored wax—are intended to portray the demise of American culture, they're awfully trite. A similarly embedded group of *Times* articles about murder and kidnapping have been covered by splattered red encaustic and offer an edge the other works lack, but even they pale in comparison with the faux-blood paintings of an artist like Hermann Nitsch, whose horrors are grander. Through Oct. 20. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Ernest Trova—No one can accuse this sculptor of compromising his vision. Since the mid-sixties Trova has made sculptures of the same "falling man," a featureless figure that looks a lot like an artist's mannequin. The innovation in the newest works, whose shiny, stainless-steel surfaces are a throwback to the days before decorators became designers, comes in the form of Gobotic hinged body parts. The figures are alone or paired, and range from tchotchke-size to life-size. Something interesting happens with the shift in scale—the largest work consists of two figures at a table, one doubled over, the other arched back, after what must have been a horrendous meal. Trova continues in an existential line traceable from Giacometti through Tooker; his generalized human figure can be seen as a precedent for Haring's Everyman; and he has been working seriously for several decades, but there's something grossly sad about this work: his best current efforts are no less kitschy than were Dali's worst. Through Oct. 20. (ACA, 41 E. 57th St.)

Short List—**JEAN ARP,** Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Nov. 10); **ED BAYNARD** and **LOUIS LOZOWICK,** Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (through Oct. 27); **KATHERINE BOWLING,** Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (through Oct. 20); **SQUEAK CARNWATH,** Shea & Beker, 20 W. 57th St. (through Oct. 13); **GIORGIO CAVALLON,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 27); **LOVIS CORINTH,** Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 3); **ROBERT COTTINGHAM,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 27); **BARRY FLANAGAN,** Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 13); **ELLEN FRANK,** Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St. (through Oct. 27); **HARRY HOLTZMAN,** Washburn, 41 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 27); **JOHN FREDERICK KENSETT,** Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Oct. 20); **ANN MC COY,** Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Nov. 3); **PETER POSKAS,** Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Oct. 27); **RUFINO TAMAYO,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Oct. 16); **ROBERT VICKREY,** Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. (through Oct. 27).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Joseph Amar—Single-color paintings, each a different shade of green, that look beautiful but somewhat fragile. The artist is indebted to the great monochromists—most evidently Kelly for form and Marden for mood—without distinguishing himself. Through Oct. 13. (Lorence-Monk, 578 Broadway.)

Saint Clair Cemin—A copious two-gallery show of recent sculptures by a very talented, very glib younger artist whose production occasionally offers brilliantly stylish hybrids of the antique and the modern, of uselessness and function, of amorphous as well as architectonic elements. As usual with Cemin, one or two pieces per show stand out as instant classics while the rest suggest expensive discards from a fancy design shop. Through Oct. 13. (Audiello and Sperone Westwater, both at 142 Greene St.)

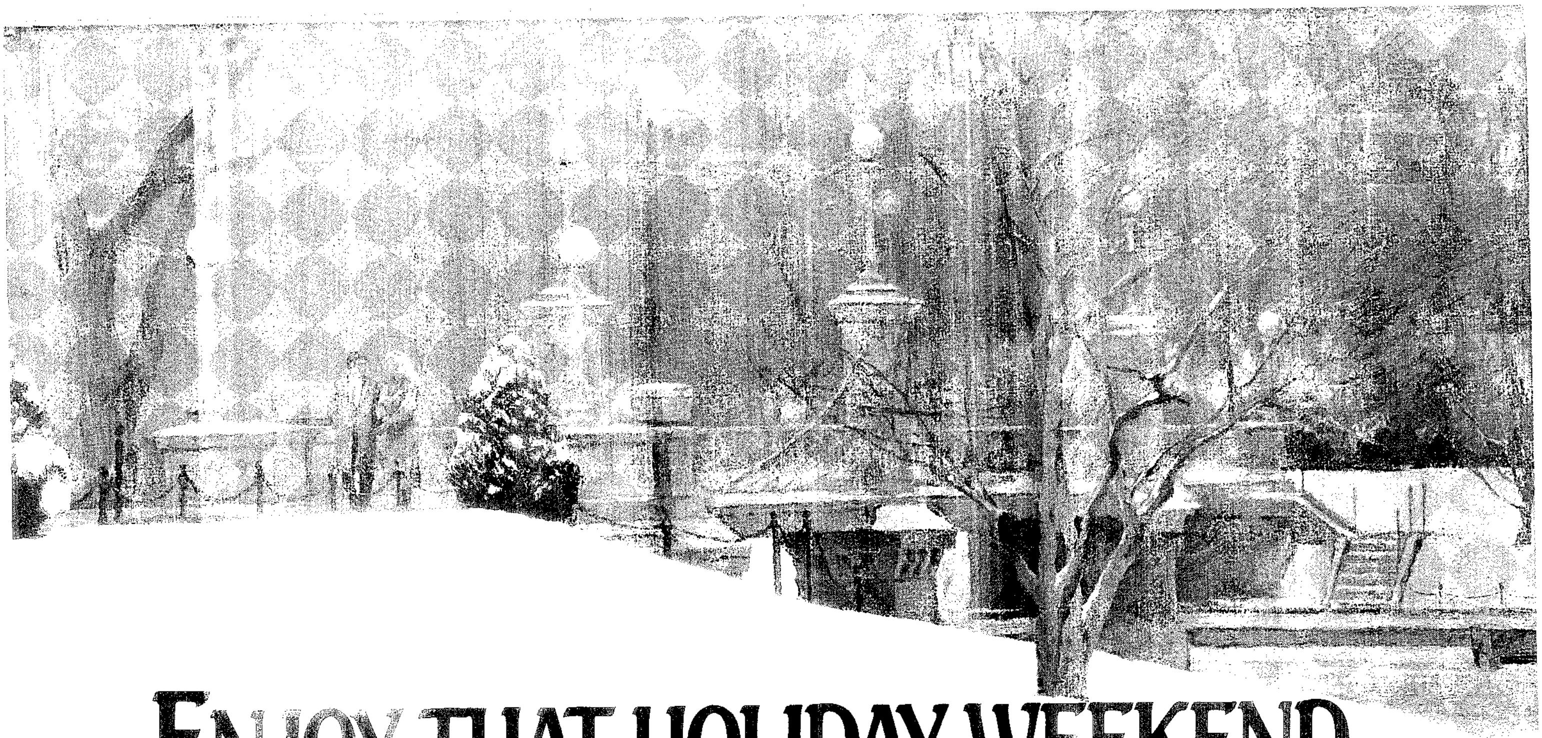
Nancy Dwyer—Clever wordplays—actually furniture-size sculptures—that manage to shoot from the hip, the heart, and the deconstructive mind all at once. In a room by itself is a huge inflated "EGO," the big yellow letters made of helium-filled fabric weighted down by little anchors. The word "GET" is suspended by poles above a mirror, but is somehow transformed in its reflection to read "OFF." And there is a "RAGE" on wheels, the "G" being a hinged flap opening out from a former "C." Through Oct. 20. (Baer, 476 Broome St.)

Dick Higgins—New "Brown Paintings" by the Fluxus master and creator of the Something Else Press. Containing Renaissance diagrams, zodiac signs, animal pictures, and various references to a metaphoric sideshow—card tricks, palm readings, and even the derring-do of "The Learned Pig!"—the paintings are somewhat entertaining. But by and large they are a nonpainter's paintings and, as such, try too hard: freshwater fish caught in an ocean undertow. Through Oct. 20. (Harvey, 537 Broadway.)

Peter Nadin—This artist is one of the best at illustrating the endgame of painting—and enjoying it. His portraits of the studio and his paintings within paintings are, appropriately, both lush and programmatic. Through Oct. 13. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

Judy Pfaff—New wall reliefs that have a serpentine sense of movement and are very colorful; they are among Pfaff's most sculptural pieces while still maintaining their connection with a tradition of painting. Along with other elements, they contain large metal armatures that resemble bottle holders, sixties furniture, dressmakers' mannequins, and umbrella frames holding halved bottles and empty food cans: a Cubist conceit. Through Oct. 27. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Sal Scarpitta—This underrated Abstract Expressionist sculptor has elevated his obsession with racing to an art. (When he has the opportunity, he professionally races cars that he builds himself.) On a pile of potatoes—perhaps representing labor, nourishment, and the earth—sits one of Scarpitta's cars. The artist proudly displays his name on the car's body, but the signature is eclipsed by the marqueelike canopy above it, emblazoned with the words "Leo Castelli Art." As evidenced by the battered signs throughout the gallery, the missionary artmobile



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Painting by R.E. Moore

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often winds up bruised and bent, only to come alive again. Through Oct. 20. (Greenberg Wilson, 560 Broadway.)

Michael Scott—Phillip Taafe reintroduced it, Ross Bleckner gave it legitimacy, and now this young painter has brought Op art full circle. His paintings of skinny black-and-white horizontal stripes are so optical that any lingering gaze is likely to degenerate quite rapidly into a sickening miasma of vibrations. If you manage to get close to them, you may notice that the surfaces are exquisitely painted. The artist's antagonism toward the viewer is not uninteresting, but it's not clear what the point is. Through Oct. 20. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Eugene Von Bruenchenhein (1910-83)—Like the "facteur cheval" and other notable eccentrics in art, this "obsessive visionary" from Milwaukee worked in several mediums, including painting, photography, and ceramics, and turned his house into a symbolic and ornamental *Gesamtkunstwerk*. The small, straightforward, charmingly sophisticated silver-point photographs on view in this unusual show are mainly of the artist's wife, Marie, but include a self-portrait in a sombrero. They establish the onetime existence of quite a marvellously stylish cosmopolis à deux in the state of Wisconsin. The painted works are technically whizzy—full of elaborately feathered strokes and atmospheric special effects worthy of a George Lucas. At moments, they also suggest work by the nineteenth-century Englishman John Tenniel, as well as Max Ernst's more ornate works on the theme of foliage. Impressive as they are, however, they are for special tastes and may, after a while, seem oppressively fussy to some. Through Oct. 13. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

"The Last Decade: American Artists of the 80's"—This show is little more than a best-seller list, a Sotheby's preview masquerading as a historical overview. Not an ounce of hindsight can be found here; the inclusions are so predictable that even for the casual observer the exhibition may prove redundant. There are two clever juxtapositions: McCollum's surrogate paintings, Tansey's surrogate painter, and Bidlo's surrogate masterpiece; and the history of the squiggle, from Garet to Dunham to Taafe to Steinbach to Lasker. But over all, this soulless procession of single wares provides little to think about, except for the fact that of the thirty-five artists represented here only four are women. Through Oct. 27. (Shafrazi, 130 Prince St.)

"Painting Alone"—A very sane show of nonrepresentational paintings by seven artists, most of them unfamiliar in New York. All the artists work with a basic language of mark-making, but the show avoids looking like yet another claim for the rebirth of painting. The works display varying degrees of glibness, yet somehow come across as romantic. Callum Innes, a young Scottish painter, makes rudimentary marks that look like wounds on the canvas. In a similar vein, the young English artist Ian Davenport makes very clean upside-down drip paintings that are reassuringly simple. Some of the artists are not so interesting, but in this context the somewhat more seasoned, and pranksterish, Georg Herold looks positively visionary. His paintings, which use caviar and mother-of-pearl, are ghostly and alchemical. Through Oct. 13. (Pace, 142 Greene St.)

Short List—**carl andre**, Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (through Oct. 31); **giovanni anselmo** and **sol lewitt**, SteinGladstone, 99 Wooster St. (through Nov. 21); **nayland blake**, Petersburg, 130 Prince St. (through Nov. 3); **jeffrey brosk**, Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. (through Oct. 20); **chuck connelly**, Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway (through Nov. 10); **eric de la cova** and **martin wong**, Plumb, 81 Greene St. (through Oct. 13); **george dudding**, Beitzel, 113 Greene St. (through Nov. 3); **marco gastini**, Weber, 142 Greene St. (through Oct. 27); **elizabeth harms**, Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St. (through Oct. 27); **elga heinzen**, Henoch, 80 Wooster St. (through Oct. 13); **mark innerst**, Marcus, 578 Broadway (through Oct. 27); **yvonne jacquette**, Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (through Oct. 31); **pat lasch**, Pearl, 420 West Broadway (through Oct. 27); **victor mira**, Dorsky, 578 Broadway (through Oct. 25); **richard nonas**, Burgin, 130 Prince St. (through Oct. 20); **susan norrie**, Hoffman, 429 West Broadway (through Nov. 7); **mary obering**, Pretto, 251 Sixth Ave., at Houston St. (opens at 1, through Oct. 20); **cliffton peacock**, Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway (through Oct. 13); **tim prentice**, Maxwell Davidson, 415 West Broadway (through Oct. 27); **kay rosen** and **hirsch perlman**, Feature, 484 Broome St. (through Nov. 3); **myron stout**, Flynn, 113 Crosby St. (through Dec. 15); **masami teraoka**, Auchincloss, 558 Broadway (through Oct. 13); **margaret wharton**, Kind, 136 Greene St. (through Oct. 17); **philemona williamson**, Kelly, 591 Broadway (through Nov. 6).

Ralph Giguere

Joseph Kosuth at the Brooklyn Museum

OTHER GALLERIES

Arthur Getz—An exhibition of forty-seven sketches and original paintings for *New Yorker* covers. Through Oct. 13. (Illustration House, 96 Spring St.)

Maria Nordman—The elusive artist presented her first art work in New York this June at the entrance to Central Park at Fifth Avenue and 60th Street—a Japanese-style house for experiencing the flow of the day and the activity of the city, and for considering the nature of shelter. Now the structure has been dismantled, and its tinted windows have been set up like screens that play off natural light. The walls and notched beams have been grouped and piled: not quite minimalist art, not quite lumberyard stock, but somehow with the aesthetic order of both. To the disassembled house have been added two plates, two pitchers, and two glasses—a few humble suggestions of the passage of time and life. It is a disarmingly earthy presentation. Upstairs is a sweet and precious display of pairs of drawings that viewers may slide out of standing wood boxes. The best consist of spray-painted spots in various colors that glow when light shines through them. Through June 21. (Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

"Against Nature: Japanese Art in the Eighties"—A truly interesting exhibition that sends the mind in many different directions, even though most of the work is not really "there." This is no ordinary nationalist show but an attempt to define a set of unique cultural collisions facing today's artmaker in Japan, a place that does not have an equivalent concept for what we call "art." High points include an extraordinarily beautiful video-and-audio work by Tatsuo Miyajima, some wittily disturbing photos by Yasumasa Morimura that re-create famous art works, and a haunting wood sculpture—a kind of ghost of two paintings—by Shinro Ohtake. Although the work may be seen as derivative of Western art, what is evident here is a struggle with what it means to engage in cultural production. The ten artists for the most part have not exhibited outside Japan. Through Oct. 27. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Place.)

Short List—**armando amaya**, Alan, 270 Lafayette St. (through Oct. 13); **ben kinmont**, Cugliani, 508 Greenwich St., at Spring St. (through Nov. 3).

PHOTOGRAPHY

On one of those crisp fall days in New York, when the colors of the sky and the buildings shout with strength, we dropped by James Danziger's gallery to see Joel Meyerowitz's show (415 West Broadway; through October 13). The air felt so good, and the city appeared so sparkly, that even though we looked forward to seeing the pictures, a little part of us resented having to go indoors. But as soon as we entered the gallery we forgave Meyerowitz. Talk about incredible light!

This exhibition gives us a generous span of his pictures. In the smaller gallery there are photographs from the sixties, mostly street images, which remind us that Meyerowitz's range goes beyond the prettiness associated with his Cape Cod pictures. There's a shot, for example, that's pure Americana—as Pop as what painters were doing then. It's of a magazine spread that Meyerowitz found and rephotographed: a juxtaposition of an ad for Coca-Cola and a picture of Luci Baines Johnson and Patrick Nugent as bride and groom, praying. The prayer seems addressed not to the Almighty but to the mighty glass of Coke. These earlier works are not yet the unforgettable compositions with color for which Meyerowitz became known, no doubt because the technology of color photography wasn't "there" yet.

You can't avoid being knocked out by both the light *and* the color in the larger gallery, which includes a selection of the work Meyerowitz has done since 1975. Here his pictures are printed big and displayed without glass, which is possible only because they've been coated with Mac-Tac, a new kind of protective laminate. It's luxurious to see his images this way. When you come across a patch so delicious that you have to touch it—the burning red of a boy on a bed of nails, the heavenly blues of sea and sky—go ahead: you can.

Man Ray (1890-1976)—A show, titled "Man Ray/Bazaar Years: A Fashion Retrospective," that contains more than this heading may suggest. Fashion and advertising turn out to have been natural stimuli for Man Ray's Surrealist vocabulary. What could be more surreal than a lipstick story featuring a closeup of a thirties beauty—in black-and-white, except for hot-red lips—with the boldface headline "THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE"? Through Nov. 25. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Short List—**john baldessari**, Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through Oct. 13); **larry clark**, Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (through Oct. 13); **michael eastman**, Witkin, 415 West Broadway (opens at noon on Saturdays, through Oct. 20); **mark klett** and **nan goldin**, Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 20); **ken lum**, Rosen, 130 Prince St. (through Oct. 13); **sylvia plachy**, Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. (opens at noon, through Oct. 27); **thomas struth**, Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Oct. 13); **josef sudek**, Photofind, 138 Spring St. (through Oct. 20); **susan unterberg**, Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through Oct. 13); **carrie mae weems**, P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway (through Oct. 27); **neil winokur**, Toll, 146 Greene St. (through Oct. 27), and Borden, 560 Broadway (through Nov. 10); **joe ziolkowski**, Wessel O'Connor, 580 Broadway (through Oct. 27).

[redacted]

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styles and ived from
newspap isements,
comics, c nd graffiti.

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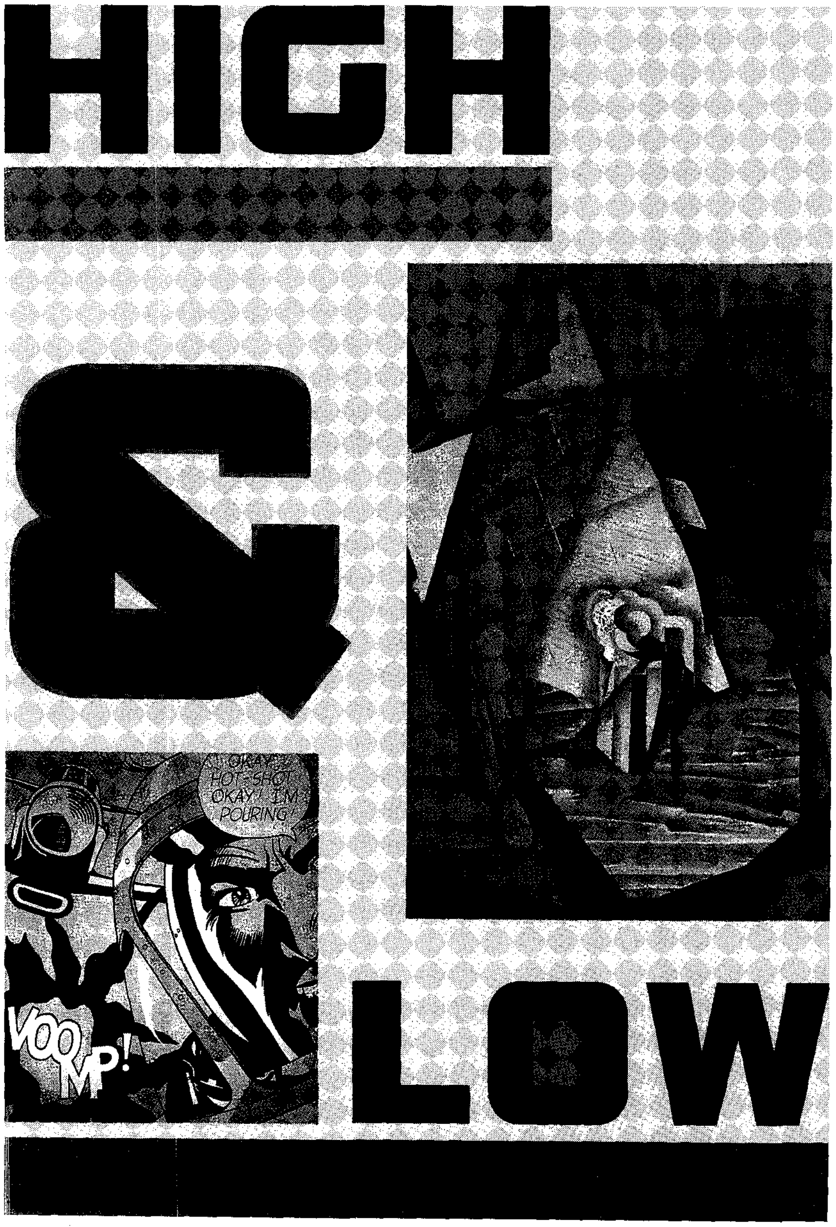
HIGH
&
OKAY! HOT-SHOT OKAY! I'M POURING!
VOOMP!
LOW

RIGHT: Juan Gris. *The Man at the Café.* 1914. Oil and pasted papers on canvas. Collection of Mr. & Mrs. William R. Acquavella.
LEFT: Roy Lichtenstein. *Okay, Hot-Shot.* 1963. Oil and Magna on canvas. Collection of Mr. & Mrs. S. I. Newhouse, Jr.

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MUSIC

THERE is still some demand for novelties in the world of classical music, but the emphasis is less on new works than on forgotten tidbits from the past. For the curious or press-conscious performing organization, there is nothing so appealing as a modern première, or a New York première, or a United States première, or, best of all, a world première of an unknown work attached to a well-known name.

Anthony Korf, the artistic director of the Riverside Symphony, reminded us of this delicate selection process the other day in discussing the program of Sibelius, Robert Helps, and (with three premières) Prokofiev that music director George Rothman will conduct October 11 at Alice Tully Hall.

The work of Sergei Prokofiev is a fertile field for novelties. He was kept busy with occasional pieces, film scores, commemorative cantatas, and the like—and had, anyway, an overflowing natural facility. However, the Riverside's program is not Soviet make-work; it is odds and ends from a busy workshop. Op. 41*bis* is a suite from the ballet "Stal'noy Skok" ("The Steel Step"); Op. 29*bis* is an orchestrated version of a movement from the Fourth Piano Sonata; and Op. 57 is a "Chant Symphonique" that Prokofiev never got around to publishing.

But presenting a première, especially in musically hyperactive New York, is no casual affair. Half the work is research: the newspaper of record does not always index short mentions of deceased composers; the files of publishers are sometimes incomplete (partly because the devotion of presenters to paying royalties is sometimes incomplete); not all major orchestras and organizations have efficient and thorough access to even their own archives. Once the premièrists have covered all bases with publishers, major orchestras, clipping files, and so forth, they announce, and sit back to wait nervously for the bad news that someone, somewhere, has done the piece already.

For the Riverside Symphony, the blow fell shortly after the press release went out. It seems the Utah Symphony once recorded the "Steel Step" suite, Mr. Korf told us, and though he hadn't yet confirmed it, that almost certainly means they played it in a concert, too. "So," he said, sounding only the tiniest bit crestfallen, "we have two U.S. premières and one New York première." Until the next bad news. But it's O.K. New York has dozens, if not hundreds, of Prokofiev buffs who do not get to Utah regularly, and for our part we'd be curious about "Stal'noy Skok" even if it turned out to be merely the Upper West Side première.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 415-5440; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—**BORIS GODUNOV,** with Stefania Toczyska, Gary Lakes, Philip Langridge, Paata Burchuladze, and Sergei Koptchak; conducted by Emil Tchakarov. (Oct. 8 and Oct. 12 at 8.) . . . **DER ROSENKAVALIER,** with Felicity Lott, Anne Sofie von Otter, Barbara Bonney, Luciano Pavarotti, and Aage Haugland; Carlos Kleiber. (Oct. 9 and Oct. 17 at 7:30.) . . . With Felicity Lott, Anne Sofie von Otter, Barbara Bonney, Sanford Olsen, and Aage Haugland; Carlos Kleiber. (Oct. 13 at 1.) . . . **LA BOHÈME,** with Mirella Freni, Barbara Daniels, Placido Domingo, and Gordon Hawkins; Christian Badea. (Oct. 10 at 8.) . . . With Mirella Freni, Barbara Daniels, Franco Farina, and Gordon Hawkins; Christian Badea. (Oct. 13 at 8.) . . . **DON GIOVANNI,** with Cheryl Studer, Roberta Alexander, Hans Peter Blochwitz, Thomas Hampson, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. (Oct. 11 and Oct. 15 at 8.) . . . **RIGOLETTO,** with Sumi Jo, Jerry Hadley, and Bruno Pola; Guido Ajmone-Marsan. (Oct. 16 at 8.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—**MOSES UND ARON,** Schoenberg's most extensive opera (rich in twelve-tone methodology), with Richard Cross and Thomas Young; conducted by Christopher Keene. (Oct. 10 and Oct. 12 at 8.) . . . **LA FANCIULLA DEL WEST,** a revival of Puccini's pistol-packing spaghetti Western, with Linda Roark-Strummer, Stefano Algieri, and Louis Manikas; Arthur Fagen. (Oct. 11 and Oct. 17 at 8, and Oct. 14 at 2.) . . . **LA BOHÈME,** with Michèle Boucher, Linda Zoghby, Robert Brubaker, and Carlos Serrano; Joseph Colaneri. (Oct. 13 at 2.) . . . **MARTHA,** Friedrich von Flotow's 1847 confection of romantic subterfuge, was once an immensely popular operatic staple, but it has drifted into obscurity through the years. In this new production, it is updated to England in the nineteen-twenties. With Sheryl Woods, Lucille Beer, Martin Thompson, and Dean Peterson; Arthur Fagen. (Oct. 13 at 8.) . . . **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC,** with Sally Ann Howes, Elaine Bonazzi, Michèle McBride, Harlan Foss, Michael Rees Davis, and Michael Maguire; Paul Gemignani. (Oct. 16 at 8.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

LES ARTS FLORISSANTS—William Christie directs his Paris-based ensemble in concert presentations of operatic hits of the sixteen-eighties: Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" and Charpentier's "Actéon." (Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 14 at 3.) . . . ¶ Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" and Charpentier's "Les Arts Florissants." (Metropolitan Museum. Oct. 15 at 8.)

"CASTOR ET POLLUX"—A concert performance of Jean-Philippe Rameau's *tragédie lyrique,* in the composer's streamlined version of 1754. James Richman directs the Concert Royal Baroque Orchestra and various vocal soloists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Oct. 17-18 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Leonard Slatkin conducts a program of William Schuman, Saint-Saëns, and Samuel Barber (his Piano Concerto, with soloist John Browning). (Avery Fisher Hall. Oct. 10-11 at 8, Oct. 12 at 2, and Oct. 16 at 7:30.)

CZECH PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—An orchestra much in the news during last year's "Prague Revolution," presenting Martinů's Sixth Symphony ("Fantaisies Symphoniques"), a suite from Stravinsky's "Firebird," and Chopin's Second Piano Concerto, with Andrea Lucchesini. Jiří Bělohlávek conducts. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 9 at 8.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Gerard Schwarz conducts music by David Diamond, Beethoven, and Gershwin (his "Rhapsody in Blue," with pianist Misha Dichter). (92nd Street Y. Oct. 9 at 8.)

RIVERSIDE SYMPHONY—George Rothman conducts music by Prokofiev, Sibelius, and Robert Helps. (Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 11 at 8.)

NEW YORK POPS—Skitch Henderson conducting, with special guest Marvin Hamlisch. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 12 at 8.)

ORPHEUS—Pianist Andras Schiff joins the conductorless chamber orchestra for concertos by Bach and Haydn. Orchestral works by Haydn, Schubert, and Jacob Druckma[illegible] round out the program. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 13 at 8.)

MOSCOW VIRTUOSI—Vladimir Spivakov leads a program of Bach, Tchaikovsky, Shostakovich, and Schnittke (his Piano Concerto, with soloist Vladimir Krainev). (Avery Fisher Hall. Oct. 13 at 8.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Catherine Comet, the orchestra's new music director, conducts music by Dukas, Shostakovich, Morton Gould, and Mendelssohn (his First Piano Concerto, with Sergei Edelmann). (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 14 at 3.)

SHANGHAI SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Hou Run-yu conducts music by Berlioz and Rachmaninoff, along with the 1988 "Concerto for Erhu and Orchestra (The Butterfly Lovers)" by Chen Gang, with Jiang Jian-hua playing the *erhu,* a snakeskin-bellied fiddle whose two strings are bowed simultaneously. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 14 at 8.)

MOSCOW SOLOISTS OF THE U.S.S.R.—Yuri Bashmet conducting music by Tchaikovsky, Shostakovich, Hindemith, and Britten. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 15 at 8.)

CLARION CONCERTS—Newell Jenkins conducts an orchestral suite by Veracini and concertos by Corelli, Vivaldi, Handel, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Oct. 15 at 8.)

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC—A seventieth-birthday tribute to Isaac Stern. Otto-Werner Mueller conducts music by Haydn and Hindemith, plus Beethoven's Violin Concerto, with Mr. Stern as soloist. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 16 at 7.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Seiji Ozawa conducts Mahler's Fifth Symphony and, with Martha Argerich as soloist, Prokofiev's Third Piano Concerto. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 17-18 at 8.)

PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY—Lorin Maazel conducts "The 'Ring' Without Words" (an orchestral arrangement in which he reduces Wagner's tetralogy to a mere hour) and Marc Neikrug's Flute Concerto, with soloist James Galway. (Avery Fisher Hall. Oct. 17 at 8.)

RECITALS

DANIEL BARENBOIM—Piano, performing Bach's First Partita and Beethoven's "Diabelli Variations." (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 10 at 8.)

BARGEMUSIC—A chamber ensemble performs two Mozart string quintets. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Oct. 11 at 7:30 and Oct. 14 at 4.)

JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL—Flute, with pianist and harpsichordist John Steele Ritter, performing Handel, Telemann, Franck, Roussel, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 11 at 8.)

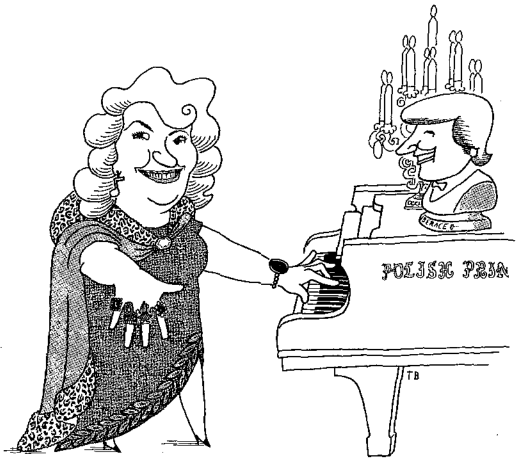
DAVID STAROBIN—Playing electric and acoustic guitars, performs the United States première of Tod Machover's "Bug-Mudra," and other works; assisted by various artists. (Miller Theatre, Columbia Universit[illegible] Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Oct. 1[illegible] at 8.)

JOHN ALER—Tenor, in his New York recital début, sings Beethoven, Liszt, Rachmaninoff, Reynaldo Hahn, and Cole Porter. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Oct. 12 at 8.)

BEAUX ARTS TRIO—Performing trios by Beethoven, Schumann, and Ravel. (Metropolitan Museum. Oct. 12-13 at 8.)

CHRISTINE BERL—A program of her compositions (including several premières), performed by a chamber choir and ten chamber musicians (including Richard Goode, Peter Serkin, Richard Stoltzman, and Matt Haimovitz). (92nd Street Y. Oct. 13 at 8.)

CAROLYN LEE—Direct from Swansea, Massachusetts, it's the Polish Princess (a.k.a. the Princess of Glitz), in an afternoon of rhinestones and sequins, pianistic melodies ranging from Chopin to show tunes (including



Carolyn Lee at Weill Recital Hall

Bob Dylan

even some of her own compositions), and a special tribute to her late friend and mentor, Liberace. (Weill Recital Hall. Oct. 14 at 2.)

Yo-Yo Ma—Cello, playing chamber music (with cellist Carter Brey and pianist Jeffrey Kahane) and Tchaikovsky's "Rococo Variations" (with the Orchestra of St. Luke's, conducted by David Zinman). (Avery Fisher Hall. Oct. 14 at 3.)

New York Philharmonic Chamber Ensembles—Members of the Philharmonic perform works by Brahms, Dvořák, Orff, and David Noon. (Merkin Concert Hall. Oct. 14 at 3.)

Vladimir Viardo—In the first of three concerts exploring the nooks and crannies of Russian keyboard music, the pianist plays Tchaikovsky's twelve-movement suite "Seasons," and the American premières of three sonatas by Nicolai Medtner. (Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 15 at 8.)

Capilla Virreinal de la Nueva España—Mexican sacred music for voices and instruments from the sixteenth through eighteenth centuries, directed by Aurelio Tello. (Medieval Sculpture Hall, Metropolitan Museum. Oct. 12 at 7. No charge beyond museum admission. . . . ¶ Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Oct. 15 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Omni Ensemble and Newband—These two contemporary-music groups jointly undertake an avant-garde evening of works for such instruments as a zoomoozophone, a diamond marimba, a surrogate kithara, stroke rods, and a variety of synthesizers. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Oct. 16 at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Augmented by Jaime Laredo (violin and viola) and Sharon Robinson (cello), performing music by Schubert, Bartók, Dvořák, and Robert Starer. (92nd Street Y. Oct. 16-17 at 8.)

Elyane Laussade—Piano, performing Beethoven, Ravel, Liszt, and Gershwin. (Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 17 at 8.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Bob Dylan—Bob and the Zeitgeist haven't been keeping in close touch for a while. He's been touring virtually non-stop for three years now—this is his third or fourth stop in New York—and giving alternately absent-minded and radiant performances, sometimes during the same show. The concerts have next to nothing to do with his recent recording incarnations (as Lucky Wilbury on "The Traveling Wilburys, Vol. I"; as a spooky echo-chamber crooner on last year's excellent "Oh Mercy"; and as the offhand author of fly-weight songs like the already infamous "Wiggle Wiggle" on the new album, "Under the Red Sky"). The drama in the live act depends on Dylan the trickster's ever-shifting approach to his overwhelming songbook. When he carries the retrospective weight lightly, this insular denizen of tour buses can still shine as our greatest troubadour. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Oct. 15-19 at 8.)

American Jazz Orchestra—With Muhal Richard Abrams. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Oct. 11 at 8. For information about tickets, call 353-4196.)

Jay Leno—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Oct. 12 at 8.

Diamanda Galas—Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Oct. 12-13 at 8.

Marianne Faithfull—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Oct. 17 at 8.

Blues Concerts—Ry Cooder, David Lindley, Albert Collins, Elvin Bishop, and Joe Louis Walker. (Beacon Theatre. Oct. 13 at 8.) . . . ¶ Booker T. & the M.G.s, Johnnie Taylor, Bo Diddley, and the Holmes Brothers. (Beacon Theatre. Oct. 14 at 8.) . . . ¶ A tribute to John Lee Hooker, with Gregg Allman, Willie Dixon, Huey Lewis, Mr. Hooker, and others; a benefit for the Delta Blues Museum in Clarksdale, Mississippi. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Oct. 16 at 7:30.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Jets—Vs. the San Diego Chargers, Oct. 14 at 1 P.M.

Giants—Away until Oct. 21, when they face the Phoenix Cardinals.

Rangers—Vs. the Washington Capitals, Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Vs. the Montreal Canadiens, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Vs. the Winnipeg Jets, Oct. 17. (Game time, 7:30.)

Islanders—Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins, Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Vs. the Winnipeg Jets, Oct. 16. (Game time, 7:35.)

Devils—Vs. the Minnesota North Stars, Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Vs. the Calgary Flames, Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Vs. the Washington Capitals, Oct. 17. (Game time, 7:45.)

(The Jets play at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. For information about tickets, call 421-6600. The Rangers play at Madison Square Garden, 563-8300; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 422-9222; and the Devils at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-6050.)

RACING

Horses—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. Through Oct. 29. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30. The Meadowlands Cup is on Oct. 12. . . . **TROTTING** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8, and Tuesdays at 1.

CHAMPIONSHIP—BASEBALL

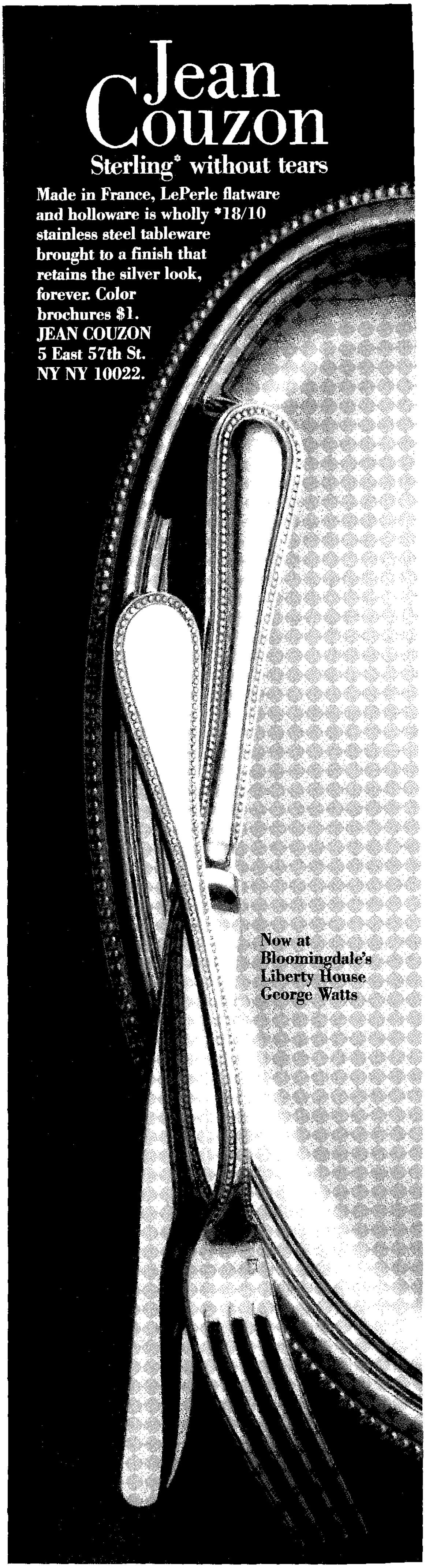
Playoffs—The National League playoffs continue Oct. 8-10, in Pittsburgh, and, if necessary, return to Cincinnati for games on Oct. 12-13; the American League playoffs continue Oct. 9-11, in Oakland, and, if necessary, return to Boston for games on Oct. 13-14. The World Series commences on Oct. 16 in either Cincinnati or Pittsburgh.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

"Works by Women"—A three-day festival of films and videos by women directors, sponsored by Barnard College. Among the works being shown are "Surname Viet, Given Name Nam," by Trinh T. Minh-ha, an avant-garde documentary about the lives of Vietnamese women (Oct. 11); "H-2 Worker," by Stephanie Black, an hour-long film about Jamaican cane-cutters in Florida (Oct. 12); and "Chocolat," by Claire Denis, about growing up in French colonial Africa (Oct. 13). For complete program information and tickets, call 854-2418.

Reading—Oct. 15 at 8: Elena Poniatowska reads from her own prose, in English, and José Emilio Pacheco reads from his own poetry, in Spanish, with English translations read by Alastair Reid. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. For information about tickets, call 415-5440.)

Talks—Oct. 11 at 6: Leonard Slatkin, music director of the St. Louis Symphony, will talk about his métier. (Juilliard School, 65th St. between Broadway and Amsterdam Ave. For information about tickets, call 877-1800, Ext. 633.) . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 7: Brendan Gill will talk about art and architecture. (Brentano's, 597 Fifth Ave., at 48th St. For information about tickets, call the New School, 741-5690.)



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Through hard work and a little help from her friends, some of her wishes have already come true.

TOYOTA

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: Through the afternoon of Oct. 12: Theatre closed. From the evening of Oct. 12: "To Sleep with Anger" (directed by Charles Burnett), with Danny Glover.
Theatre 2: "After Dark, My Sweet" (James Foley), with Jason Patric, Rachel Ward, and Bruce Dern.
Theatre 3: "Akira Kurosawa's Dreams" (†).
Theatre 4: "King of New York" (Abel Ferrara), with Christopher Walken, David Caruso, Larry Fishburne, and Wesley Snipes.
Theatre 5: "Wild at Heart" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Tall Guy" (†).

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"Landscape in the Mist" (Theo Angelopoulos; in Greek).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Miller's Crossing" (†).
Theatre 2: "Miller's Crossing" (†).
Theatre 3: "GoodFellas" (†).

Bijou Cinema, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"Narrow Margin" (Peter Hyams), with Gene Hackman and Anne Archer.

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "GoodFellas" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 11: "State of Grace" (Phil Joanou), with Sean Penn, Ed Harris, Gary Oldman, and Robin Wright. From Oct. 12: "The Hot Spot" (Dennis Hopper), with Don Johnson, Virginia Madsen, Jennifer Connelly, and Charles Martin Smith.
Theatre 3: "Ghost" (†).
Theatre 4: "King of New York" (Abel Ferrara), with Christopher Walken, David Caruso, Larry Fishburne, and Wesley Snipes.
Theatre 5: Through Oct. 11: "Narrow Margin" (Peter Hyams), with Gene Hackman and Anne Archer. From Oct. 12: "Welcome Home, Roxy Carmichael" (Jim Abrahams), with Winona Ryder and Jeff Daniels.
Theatre 6: "Desperate Hours" (Michael Cimino), with Mickey Rourke, Anthony Hopkins, Mimi Rogers, Lindsay Crouse, and Kelly Lynch.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Fantasia" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Postcards from the Edge" (Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep and Shirley MacLaine.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 11: "Ghost" (†). From Oct. 12: "The Hot Spot" (Dennis Hopper), with Don Johnson, Virginia Madsen, Jennifer Connelly, and Charles Martin Smith.
Theatre 2: "Desperate Hours" (Michael Cimino), with Mickey Rourke, Anthony Hopkins, Mimi Rogers, Lindsay Crouse, and Kelly Lynch.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 11: "State of Grace" (Phil Joanou), with Sean Penn, Ed Harris, Gary Oldman, and Robin Wright. From Oct. 12: "Welcome Home, Roxy Carmichael" (Jim Abrahams), with Winona Ryder and Jeff Daniels.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Pacific Heights" (John Schlesinger), with Melanie Griffith, Matthew Modine, and Michael Keaton.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"King of New York" (Abel Ferrara), with Christopher Walken, David Caruso, Larry Fishburne, and Wesley Snipes.

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "Fantasia" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 11: "The Tall Guy" (†). From Oct. 12: "Mr. Destiny" (James Orr), with James Belushi and Michael Caine.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Pacific Heights" (John Schlesinger), with Melanie Griffith, Matthew Modine, and Michael Keaton.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Fifth Monkey" (Eric Rochat), with Ben Kingsley.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Marked for Death" (Dwight H. Little), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 2: "Marked for Death."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 30.

Few movies have delved into the links between religious and sexual ecstasy with as much fervor as King Vidor's 1929 "all black" musical melodrama "Hallelujah" (playing October 13 and 17 at the American Museum of the Moving Image). The story starts off as a fable of the Devil and the flesh. The anti-hero, Zeke (Daniel Haynes), is a cotton farmer who loses his family's earnings under the spell of an easy woman, Chick (Nina Mae McKinney), and then causes the death of his brother in a showdown with Chick's gambler lover. After this double catastrophe, Zeke becomes a preacher.

But in the most charged-up section of the movie Vidor makes it clear that Zeke is neither a born-again saint (the expected cliché) nor a black Elmer Gantry (the predictable reverse cliché). Vidor knows what he is doing when he shows Chick racing toward her baptism, and Zeke lifting her up, her body outlined against a soaked white gown, and taking her straight to bed (Zeke's mother interrupts them). Zeke expresses his sexuality through the orgiastic emotions of religious revivalism, and so do many of his followers.

The singing and dancing are alternately inspired and minstrel-like; the acting ranges from the histrionic to (in McKinney's case) the galvanizing; the staging is sometimes dynamic, sometimes lush, and sometimes just perfunctory. "Hallelujah" is a volatile mixed bag. It contains more than a handful of explosive surprises.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Oct. 11: "Texasville" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Jeff Bridges.
From Oct. 12: "Welcome Home, Roxy Carmichael" (Jim Abrahams), with Winona Ryder and Jeff Daniels.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Henry & June" (†).
Theatre 2: "Miller's Crossing" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "GoodFellas" (†).
Theatre 2: "Listen Up: The Lives of Quincy Jones" (Ellen Weissbrod), a documentary.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 11: "Presumed Innocent" (†). From Oct. 12: "To Sleep with Anger" (Charles Burnett), with Danny Glover.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Avalon" (Barry Levinson), with Armin Mueller-Stahl, Elizabeth Perkins, Joan Plowright, and Aidan Quinn.
Theatre 2: "Avalon."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Postcards from the Edge" (Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep and Shirley MacLaine.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 11: "State of Grace" (Phil Joanou), with Sean Penn, Ed Harris, Gary Oldman, and Robin Wright. From Oct. 12: "The Hot Spot" (Dennis Hopper), with Don Johnson, Virginia Madsen, and Jennifer Connelly.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 11: "Ghost" (†). From Oct. 12: "Memphis Belle" (Michael Caton-Jones) with Matthew Modine and Eric Stoltz.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"White Hunter, Black Heart" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood, Jeff Fahey, George Dzundza, and Alun Armstrong.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Desperate Hours" (Michael Cimino), with Mickey Rourke, Anthony Hopkins, Mimi Rogers, Lindsay Crouse, and Kelly Lynch.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 11: "Narrow Margin" (Peter Hyams), with Gene Hackman and Anne Archer.
From Oct. 12: "Welcome Home, Roxy Carmichael" (Jim Abrahams), with Winona Ryder and Jeff Daniels.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1800)
Theatre 1: "Marked for Death" (Dwight H. Little), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 2: "Marked for Death."

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "GoodFellas" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 11: "Texasville" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, and Annie Potts. From Oct. 12: "Mr. Destiny" (James Orr), with James Belushi and Michael Caine.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "Bakayaro! I'm Plenty Mad" (1988, in Japanese), four episodes by four directors.
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: Oct. 8: "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944, Preston Sturges), with Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken; and "The Great McGinty" (1940, Sturges), with Brian Donlevy and Akim Tamiroff. . . . ¶ Oct. 9-10: "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek"; and "The Great Moment" (1944, Sturges), with Joel McCrea, Betty Field, and Harry Carey. . . . ¶ Oct. 11-14: "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek"; and "Remember the Night" (1940, Mitchell Leisen), with Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray. . . . ¶ Oct. 15-16: "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948, Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell, Edgar Kennedy, and Rudy Vallée; and "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend" (1949, Sturges), with Betty Grable, Vallée, Cesar Romero, and Porter Hall. . . . ¶ From Oct. 17: "Easy Living" (†); and "The Power and the Glory" (1933, William K. Howard), with Spencer Tracy and Colleen Moore.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Pacific Heights" (John Schlesinger), with Melanie Griffith, Matthew Modine, and Michael Keaton.
Theatre 2: "Texasville" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Jeff Bridges.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Oct. 11: "Desperate Hours" (Michael Cimino), with Mickey Rourke, Anthony Hopkins, Mimi Rogers, Lindsay Crouse, and Kelly Lynch.
From Oct. 12: "Memphis Belle" (Michael Caton-Jones) with Matthew Modine and Eric Stoltz.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Henry & June" (†).
Theatre 2: "Postcards from the Edge" (Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep and Shirley MacLaine.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Ghost" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 11: "Presumed Innocent" (†). From Oct. 12: "Mr. Destiny" (James Orr), with James Belushi and Michael Caine.
Theatre 3: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.
Theatre 4: "May Fools" (†).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)

Theatre 1: "Pacific Heights" (John Schlesinger), with Melanie Griffith, Matthew Modine, and Michael Keaton.

Theatre 2: "Henry & June" (†).

Theatre 3: "Listen Up: The Lives of Quincy Jones" (Ellen Weissbrod), a documentary.

Theatre 4: "Postcards from the Edge" (Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep and Shirley MacLaine.

Theatre 5: "Miller's Crossing" (†).

Theatre 6: "Texasville" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Jeff Bridges.

Theatre 7: "Pacific Heights."

Theatre 8: "Miller's Crossing" (†).

Theatre 9: Through Oct. 11: "Postcards from the Edge." From Oct. 12: "Memphis Belle" (Michael Caton-Jones) with Matthew Modine and Eric Stoltz.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "Marked for Death" (Dwight H. Little), with Steven Seagal.

Theatre 2: "Marked for Death."

Theatre 3: Through Oct. 11: "Marked for Death." From Oct. 12: "Mr. Destiny" (James Orr), with James Belushi and Michael Caine.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Fantasia" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)

Theatre 1: "Henry & June" (†).

Theatre 2: Theatre closed.

Theatre 3: "Marked for Death" (Dwight H. Little), with Steven Seagal.

Theatre 4: "Texasville" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Jeff Bridges.

Theatre 5: "Fools of Fortune" (Pat O'Connor), with Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Iain Glen, and Julie Christie.

Theatre 6: "I Come in Peace" (Craig R. Baxley), with Dolph Lundgren.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Postcards from the Edge" (Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep and Shirley MacLaine.

Loews Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"King of New York" (Abel Ferrara), with Christopher Walken.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Akira Kurosawa's Dreams" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Miller's Crossing" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Miller's Crossing" (†).

Loews Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Metropolitan" (Whit Stillman).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Funny About Love" (Leonard Nimoy), with Gene Wilder.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Ghost" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Pacific Heights" (John Schlesinger), with Melanie Griffith, Matthew Modine, and Michael Keaton.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "The Icicle Thief" (Maurizio Nichetti; in Italian), with Nichetti.

Theatre 2: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian).

Theatre 3: "Life and Nothing But" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Philippe Noiret, Sabine Azema, and Pascale Vignal.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Postcards from the Edge" (Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep and Shirley MacLaine.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 11: "Narrow Margin" (Peter Hyams), with Gene Hackman and Anne Archer. From Oct. 12: "The Hot Spot" (Dennis Hopper), with Don Johnson, Virginia Madsen, and Jennifer Connelly.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 11: "King of New York" (Abel Ferrara), with Christopher Walken. From Oct. 12: "Welcome Home, Roxy Carmichael" (Jim Abrahams), with Winona Ryder and Jeff Daniels.

Theatre 3: "Fantasia" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Oct. 11: "Desperate Hours" (Michael Cimino), with Mickey Rourke, Anthony Hopkins, Mimi Rogers, Lindsay Crouse, and Kelly Lynch. From Oct. 12: "Memphis Belle" (Michael Caton-Jones) with Matthew Modine and Eric Stoltz.

Theatre 5: "GoodFellas" (†).

Theatre 6: "Listen Up: The Lives of Quincy Jones" (Ellen Weissbrod), a documentary.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 11: "I Come in Peace" (Craig R. Baxley). From Oct. 12: "Mr. Destiny" (James Orr), with James Belushi and Michael Caine.

Theatre 2: "Texasville" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, and Annie Potts.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Marked for Death" (Dwight H. Little), with Steven Seagal.

Theatre 2: "Marked for Death."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "GoodFellas" (†).

Theatre 2: "Mo' Better Blues" (directed by Spike Lee), with Denzel Washington.

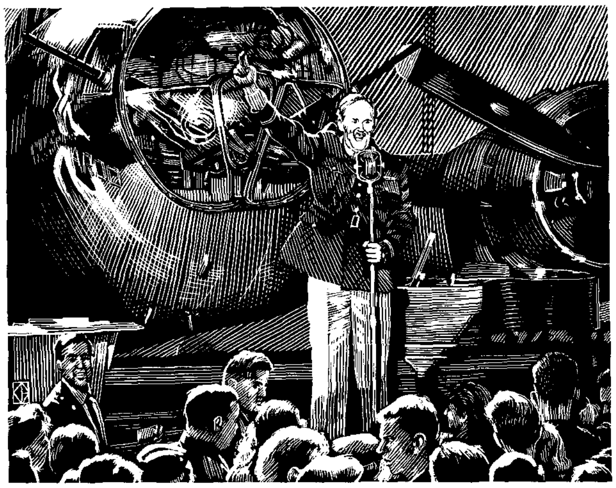
Theatre 3: "Narrow Margin" (directed by Peter Hyams), with Gene Hackman and Anne Archer.

Theatre 4: Through Oct. 11: "Def by Temptation" (James Bond III). From Oct. 12: "To Sleep with Anger" (Charles Burnett), with Danny Glover.

Theatre 5: "Presumed Innocent" (†).

Theatre 6: "Pacific Heights" (John Schlesinger), with Melanie Griffith, Matthew Modine, and Michael Keaton.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
Through Oct. 11: "State of Grace" (Phil Joanou), with Sean Penn, Ed Harris, Gary Oldman, and Robin Wright.
From Oct. 12: "Mr. Destiny" (James Orr), with James Belushi and Michael Caine.



John Lithgow in "Memphis Belle"

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 1: "Desperate Hours" (Michael Cimino), with Mickey Rourke, Anthony Hopkins, Mimi Rogers, Lindsay Crouse, and Kelly Lynch.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 11: "Death Warrant" (Deran Sarafian), with Jean-Claude Van Damme. From Oct. 12: "The Hot Spot" (Dennis Hopper), with Don Johnson.

Theatre 3: Through Oct. 11: "Funny About Love" (Leonard Nimoy), with Gene Wilder. From Oct. 12: "Welcome Home, Roxy Carmichael" (Jim Abrahams), with Winona Ryder and Jeff Daniels.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"King of New York" (Abel Ferrara), with Christopher Walken.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Marked for Death" (Dwight H. Little), with Steven Seagal, Joanna Pacula, and Keith David.

Theatre 2: "Marked for Death."

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: "White Hunter, Black Heart" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood, Jeff Fahey, George Dzundza, and Alun Armstrong.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 11: "The Witches" (†). From Oct. 12: "Memphis Belle" (Michael Caton-Jones) with Matthew Modine and Eric Stoltz.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

Oct. 8: "Lili" (1953, directed by Charles Walters), with Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer, and Jean-Pierre Aumont; and "Hans Christian Andersen" (1952, Charles Vidor), with Danny Kaye, Zizi Jeanmaire, and Roland Petit.

Oct. 9-10: "With a Song in My Heart" (1952, Walter Lang), with Susan Hayward, Rory Calhoun, David Wayne, and Thelma Ritter; and "Tonight and Every Night" (1945, Victor Saville), with Rita Hayworth, Lee Bowman, Janet Blair, Marc Platt, and Florence Bates.

Oct. 11-13: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "The Band Wagon" (†).

From Oct. 14: "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944, Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, Tom Drake, Leon Ames, Mary Astor, and Lucille Bremer; and "The Wizard of Oz" (1939, Victor Fleming), with Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley.

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

Oct. 8: "Mad Wednesday" (1950, Preston Sturges), with Harold Lloyd; and "The Great Moment" (1944, Sturges), with Joel McCrea, Betty Field, and Harry Carey.

Oct. 9: "Port of Seven Seas" (1939, James Whale), with Wallace Beery, Maureen O'Sullivan, John Beal, and Frank Morgan; and "Letters from My Windmill" (1955, Marcel Pagnol; in French).

Oct. 10: "Port of Seven Seas"; and "The Notebooks of Major Thompson" ("The French They Are a Funny Race"; 1947, Preston Sturges, with Martine Carol, Jack Buchanan, and Noël-Noël.

Oct. 11: "Rock-a-Bye Baby" (1958, Frank Tashlin), with Jerry Lewis, Marilyn Maxwell, and Reginald Gardiner; and "The Birds and the Bees" (1956, Norman Taurog), with George Gobel, Mitzi Gaynor, David Niven, and Gardiner.

Oct. 12-14: "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948, Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell, Edgar Kennedy, and Rudy Vallée; and "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend" (1949, Sturges), with Betty Grable, Vallée, Cesar Romero, and Porter Hall.

Oct. 15: "Imitation of Life" (1934, John Stahl), with Claudette Colbert, Louise Beavers, Rochelle Hudson, and Fredi Washington; and "Next Time We Love" (†).

Oct. 16: "I'll Be Yours" (1947, William A. Seiter), with Deanna Durbin, William Bendix, Adolphe Menjou, and Franklin Pangborn; and "I Married a Witch" (†).

From Oct. 17: "Easy Living" (†); and "New York Town" (1941, Charles Vidor), with Mary Martin, Robert Preston, and Fred MacMurray.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 8: "Les Enfants Terribles" ("The Strange Ones"; 1949, Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Nicole Stéphane and Edouard Dermithe; and "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret" (1970, Georges Franju; in French).

Oct. 9: "Leave Her to Heaven" (1945, John M. Stahl), with Gene Tierney, Cornel Wilde, Jeanne Crain, and Vincent Price; and "Rings on Her Fingers" (1942, Rouben Mamoulian), with Tierney, Henry Fonda, Laird Cregar, and Spring Byington.

Oct. 10: "The Last Wave" (1977, Peter Weir), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "Gallipoli" (1981, Weir), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.

Oct. 11: "The Lodger" (1944, John Brahm), with Merle Oberon, Laird Cregar, George Sanders, and Cedric Hardwicke; and "Hangover Square" (1945, Brahm), with Cregar and Linda Darnell.

Oct. 12-13: "Key Largo" (1948, John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, and Lauren Bacall; and "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre" (1948, John Huston), with Walter Huston, Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake.

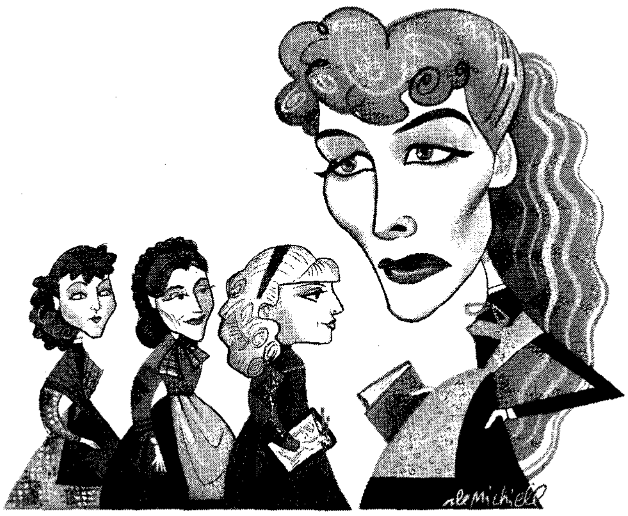
Oct. 14: "Bunny Lake Is Missing" (1965, Otto Preminger), with Laurence Olivier, Carol Lynley, Keir Dullea, and Noël Coward; and "Anatomy of a Murder" (1959, Preminger), with James Stewart, Lee Remick, Ben Gazzara, Arthur O'Connell, and George C. Scott.

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Oct. 15: "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir" (1969, Renoir; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Françoise Arnoul, and Fernand Sardou; and "French Cancan" (1954, Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin, Maria Felix, and Edith Piaf.

Oct. 16: "Touch of Evil" (†) and "Shadow of a Doubt" (†).

Oct. 17: "Little Women" (†); and "Pride and Prejudice" (1940, Robert Z. Leonard), with Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier.



Jean Parker, Frances Dee, Joan Bennett, and Katharine Hepburn in "Little Women"

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—"The Civil War" (1990, directed by Ken Burns), a documentary: Oct. 8 at noon: "Episode 1: The Cause, 1861." . . . Oct. 8 at 2:30: "Episode 2: A Very Bloody Affair, 1862" and "Episode 3: Forever Free, 1862." . . . Oct. 8 at 5:30: "Episode 4: Simply Murder, 1863" and "Episode 5: The Universe of Battle, 1863." . . . Oct. 9 at 2: "Episode 6: Valley of the Shadow of Death, 1864" and "Episode 7: Most Hallowed Ground, 1864." . . . Oct. 9 at 6: "Episode 8: War Is All Hell, 1865" and "Episode 9: The Better Angels of Our Better, 1865." . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 2:30 and 6: "Second Chorus" (1941, H. C. Potter), with Paulette Goddard, Artie Shaw and His Band, and Fred Astaire. . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 2:30: "Gigi" (1958, Vincente Minnelli), with Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Louis Jourdan. . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 6 and Oct. 13 at noon: "Brigadoon" (1954, Vincente Minnelli), with Gene Kelly, Cyd Charisse, and Van Johnson. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 2: "Kismet" (1955, Vincente Minnelli), with Howard Keel, Ann Blyth, and Dolores Grey. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 5: "Lust for Life" (1956, Vincente Minnelli), with Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at noon: "Kismet." . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 2: "Lust for Life." . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 5: "Gigi." . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 2:30: "Parade of the Planets" (1984, Vadim Abdrashitov). . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 6: "The Servant" (1989, Vadim Abdrashitov). Mr. Abdrashitov and the screenwriter, Alexander Mindadze, will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 6:30: "Hearing Voices" (1989, Sharon Greytak). . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 2:30: "The Servant." . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 6: "Parade of the Planets."

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," dramas shown on television over the past thirty years. Oct. 9-13: Rod Serling's "Patterns" (1955, NBC), with Everett Sloane, Richard Kiley, Ed Begley, and Elizabeth Wilson; and David Davidson's "President" (1956, NBC), with Claude Rains, Larry Gates, Fred Clark, Everett Sloane, Alfred Ryder, and Mildred Dunnock. . . . From Oct. 16: Robert Alan Arthur's "A Man Is Ten Feet Tall" (1956, NBC), with Sidney Poitier; and Henry F. Greenberg's "People Need People" (1961, ABC). Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6, Wednesdays through Fridays at 3, and Saturdays at 1.

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the Courthouse Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. Oct. 8-9 at 7 and Oct. 10 at 9: "Permanent Vacation" (1980, Jim Jarmusch). . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 7: "There Was a Father" (1942, Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese). . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 9: "Triumph of the Will" (1934-35, Leni Riefenstahl). . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 7, Oct. 13 at 9, and Oct. 14 at 7: "Devils Angels" (1967, Daniel Haller), with John Cassavetes. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 9, Oct. 12 at 7, Oct. 13 at 10:30, and Oct. 14 at 9: "The Black Angels" (1970, Lawrence Merrick), with James Whitworth. . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 9 and Oct. 13 at 7: "The Losers" (1970, Jack Starrett), with William Smith, Adam Roarke, Houston Savage, and Bernie Hamilton. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 9, Oct. 12 at 9 and 10:30, Oct. 13 at 5, 9, and 10:30, Oct. 14 at 5 and 9, and Oct. 15-17 at 7: "The Prisoner of St. Petersburg" (1988, Ian Pringle).

Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619)—Oct. 9 at noon: "The African Queen" (1951, John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 2:30: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979, Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at noon: "Directed by John Ford" (1973, Peter Bogdanovich), a documentary. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 6: A program of works by Loni Ding. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at noon: "Moby Dick" (1956, John Huston), with Gregory Peck and Richard Basehart. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 2:30: "Cat People" (1942, Jacques Tourneur), with Simone Simon, Kent Smith, and Tom Conway.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Oct. 17 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Jofroi" (1933, Marcel Pagnol; in French), with Henri Poupon, Vincent Scotto, Annie Toinon, and Charles Blavette; and "A Day in the Country" (1936, Jean Renoir; in French), with Sylvia Bataille and Jane Marken.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—"From Harlem to Hollywood: American Race Movies, 1912-48." Oct. 13 at 2: "Hallelujah" (see page 28). . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 4: "Green Pastures" (1936, William Keighley and Marc Connelly), with Rex Ingram, Oscar Polk, and Eddie Anderson. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 4:30: "Blood of Jesus" (1941, Spencer Williams), with Williams. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 2: "Hallelujah."

Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—Oct. 12 at 1: "Harlem Remembers" (1990), a two-hour-and-twenty-minute documentary; and "A Raisin in the Sun" (1961, Daniel Petrie), with Sidney Poitier, Claudia McNeil, Ruby Dee, Diana Sands, and Ivan Dixon. . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 6:30: "The Education of Sonny Carson" (1974, Michael Campus), with Rony Clanton, Don Gordon, and Paul Benjamin; and "Black and Blue" (1987, Lamar Williams), a documentary. . . . ¶ Oct. 13: Starting at noon, ten hours of free blues films, including "The Last of the Blue Devils" (1980, Bruce Ricker), with Big Joe Turner, Jay McShann, and Count Basie. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 1 and 4:10: "Glory" (1989, Edward Zwick), with Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Matthew Broderick; and "Fields of Endless Day" (1978, Terence McCarthey-Filgate), with Lili Clark, Winston Sutton, and Ricardo Keens-Douglas. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 6: "Frederick Douglass: An American Life" (1989, William Greaves), a documentary; "Justice Thurgood Marshall Speaks" (1988, Carl Rowan), a documentary; and "Glory."

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—Oct. 12 at 6:30 and 8:30: "Knockout" (1989, Junji Sakamoto; in Japanese), with Hidekazu Akai and Haruko Sagara.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

Akira Kurosawa's Dreams—Not one of its eight segments feels like a real dream. The kind of power that Kurosawa aims for, and intermittently achieves, in this picture is less oneiric than ceremonial. The film is a succession of sweeping dramatic gestures and lofty incantations performed in an atmosphere of hushed solemnity. The second half of "Dreams" is weak: the fifth episode, "Crows," about a fantasy encounter with van Gogh, is a thin conceit; and the remaining three segments are all static, self-conscious, and didactic. But there's greatness in the film's first hour. The opening segment, "Sunshine Through the Rain," is the vision of a small child who wanders into a forest and witnesses a wedding procession of foxes; the sequence has a wholly original sense of the rapturous fear and awe we feel when we first come upon the wonders of the natural world. The second episode, "The Peach Orchard," is also lovely (though its mood and pace are too similar to those of the first). The third segment, "The Blizzard," about four men trapped in a snowstorm, is all snow, howling-wind effects, and bleak, undifferentiated vistas of despair, until Kurosawa pulls a miracle out of the white void: a woman in long black hair and diaphanous robes appears to the party's leader as he battles sleep. It's a transcendent image, perhaps the most piercing ever made of the desires that keep people from surrendering to death. And the fourth episode, "The Tunnel," about a man returning from war and encountering his dead comrades, is a brilliant, hypnotic piece of filmmaking. With Akira Terao, who plays the dreamer in six of the segments; Mieko Harada as the Snow Fairy; Martin Scorsese as van Gogh; and Chishu Ryu. Cinematography by Takao Saito and Masaharu Ueda. In Japanese.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/10/90.) (Angelika Film Center, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

The Band Wagon (1953)—The Comden-Green script isn't as consistently fresh as the one they did for "Singin' in the Rain," but there have been few screen musicals as good as this one, starring those two great song-and-dance men Fred Astaire and Jack Buchanan. Actually, Buchanan's dancing and his rosy-ripe way with his lines (satirical cant about the theatuh) have such style and flourish that he steals the picture. (His role is a spoof of Orson Welles.) The plot, about a movie star (Astaire) trying for a comeback on Broadway and falling in love with a ballerina (Cyd Charisse), is a relaxed excuse for a series of urbane revue numbers, which includes "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan," "That's Entertainment," "Triplets" (featuring Astaire, Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray), and culminates in the "Girl Hunt" dance sequence—a parody of Mickey Spillane's bloody boudoir fiction, with Astaire as the detective and Charisse as the good-bad women in his life. When the bespangled Charisse wraps her phenomenal legs around Astaire, she can be forgiven everything, even his three minutes of "classical" ballet and the fact that she reads her lines as if she learned them phonetically. With Oscar Levant, in one of his best movie roles (he and Fabray play at being Comden and Green), and James Mitchell. Directed by Vincente Minnelli; the choreography is by Michael Kidd; the songs are by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. The title and three of the songs are from a 1931 Broadway revue that starred Astaire and his sister Adele; Cyd Charisse's singing was dubbed by India Adams.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Oct. 11-13.)

Easy Living (1937)—One of the most pleasurable of the romantic slapstick comedies of the thirties, and full of surprises. Jean Arthur is the working girl whose life is completely changed when a sable coat, thrown out a millionaire's window, lands on her head. The movie is a wonderful fluke: the script by Preston Sturges is in his manic, everybody-with-something-to-say style; the director, Mitchell Leisen (once De Mille's art director), tempered it with smooth takes and elegant clothes and sets, including a lily-shaped bathtub. The film has impish, sweet moments (such as the half-asleep heroine's delayed reaction after a kiss from the hero—Ray Milland) and at least one classic slapstick sequence (the little glass doors in an Automat fly open and people lunge for the free food). With Edward Arnold (a little louder than necessary—that was always his vice), and Mary Nash, William Demarest, Luis Alberni, Franklin Pangborn, and Esther Dale. From a story by Vera Caspary.—P.K. (Film Forum 2, and Film Forum 3; starting Oct. 17.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from the "Nutcracker" Suite, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). Volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring"; garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." Initially, the film was a box-office failure, but it proved successful in revivals, especially in the early seventies, when it became a popular head film, because of such ingredients as the abstract first section, the mushroom dance during "The Nutcracker" (one of the liveliest sequences), and the overly bright—somewhat psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy.—P.K. (Gramercy, Sutton, Guild, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Ghost—It sounds like a horror movie, but it's a romantic fairy tale. The scariest thing about it is its shamelessness. A young New York bank executive, Sam (Patrick Swayze), is killed, on the street, at a moment in his life when everything seems to be going his way. After his death, Sam sticks around, as a spirit (and Swayze stays on screen, as a body). He attends his funeral; watches his beautiful girlfriend, Molly (Demi Moore), drift grief-stricken through the spectacular loft they had just moved into; and then devotes himself to protecting her from the people who killed him. Through a reluctant psychic (Whoopi Goldberg), he tries to communicate with Molly; later, an experienced ghost (Vincent Schiavelli) teaches him how to move objects and break stuff. In this movie, death is treated as if it were merely a form of disability, one of those handicaps we've seen people struggle bravely with in TV movies—something for the individual to triumph over, with will power, hard work, and love. This creamy-toned fantasy, directed by Jerry Zucker from a screenplay by Bruce Joel Rubin, certainly pushes the audience's emotional buttons. It's a twentysomething hybrid of "It's a Wonderful Life" and some of the goofier, more solemn episodes of "The Twilight Zone," and there's not a trace of wit or irony in it. Its images of death have a soothing banality, like a greeting-card message from the world beyond. Also with Tony Goldwyn and Rick Aviles.—T.R. (7/30/90) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Quad Cinema, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews New York Twin; through Oct. 11.)

GoodFellas—The director, Martin Scorsese, gives you a lift. He loves the Brooklyn organized-crime milieu, because it's where distortion, hyperbole, and exuberance all commingle. His mobsters are high on having a wad of cash in their pockets. The movie is about being cock of the walk, with banners flying and crowds cheering. Based on Nicholas Pileggi's nonfiction book "Wiseguy," it's a triumphant piece of filmmaking—journalism and sociology presented with the brio of drama. But the three major hoods, played by Ray Liotta, Robert De Niro, and Joe Pesci, don't have a strong enough presence, and the movie lacks the juice and richness that come with major performances. (It's like the Howard Hawks "Scarface" without Scarface.) What you respond to is Scorsese's bravura: the filmmaking process becomes the subject of the movie. Watching it is like getting strung out on pure sensation. Paul Sorvino as Paulie and Lorraine Bracco as Karen both come through, and Tony Darrow as a restaurant owner, Welker White as a drug courier who needs her lucky hat to make a coke delivery, and other performers in minor roles give the movie a frenzied, funny texture. The screenplay is by Pileggi and Scorsese; the cinematography is by Michael Ballhaus; the editing is by Thelma Schoonmaker.—P.K. (9/24/90) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Cinema I, 86th Street East Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Henry & June—Philip Kaufman's wonderful new film shows us the writers Henry Miller (Fred Ward) and Anaïs Nin (Maria de Medeiros) in the first year of their acquaintance, the period of their brief, intense love affair. It's the love story of two people who are making themselves, and each other, up as they go along: Miller and Nin are at once real people and the products of their own imaginations—collaborators in a matched pair of literary myths. And the action unfolds in and around a city that seems both itself and a figment of itself: the Paris of the thirties. Kaufman brings out the bizarre, almost monstrous comedy of this odd literary/sexual love affair; he presents it as a kind of parody image of relationships between men and women. The third major character, Miller's wife, June (Uma Thurman), is the most mysterious presence here. She seems to represent a demonic, annihilating sexual force, but by the end she's almost a tragic figure; Miller and Nin have given each other the strength to write her out of their lives, in the most literal sense. The actors are splendid: Kaufman gets miraculously intelligent performances from Ward and de Medeiros, and Thurman—uninhibited yet also weirdly delicate—gives the picture a jolt every time she appears. (It's as if a character from a Strindberg chamber drama had barged into "Design for Living.") The movie creates a world, and Kaufman is both affectionate toward and clear-eyed about the people who live in it: he's concerned more with *enjoying* his characters, in all their contradictions, than with explaining them. The material plays as rich, dark erotic farce—a comedy about the duplicity of writers. Also with Richard E. Grant (as Nin's husband) and Kevin Spacey. The screenplay by Kaufman and his wife, Rose, is based on Nin's diary. Superb cinematography by Philippe Rousselot.—T.R. (10/8/90) (Baronet, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

I Married a Witch (1942)—Moderately amusing romantic fantasy, with Veronica Lake at her prettiest (and getting the full star treatment) as a witch burned in Puritan days who comes back in modern times and discovers that "love is stronger than witchcraft." René Clair directed, and the cast includes Fredric March, Robert Benchley, Cecil Kellaway as a warlock, and Susan Hayward as a bitch. From Thorne Smith's "The Passionate Witch."—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Oct. 16.)

Little Women (1933)—There are small flaws—a few naïve and cloying scenes, some obvious dramatic contrivances—but it's a lovely, graceful film, and surprisingly faithful to the atmosphere, the Victorian sentiments, and the Victorian strengths of the Louisa May Alcott novel. Katharine Hepburn gives an inspired performance as willful Jo; she has a joyous tomboy abandon when she first enters Laurie's mansionlike home, and cries out, "What richness!" She strikes absurdly romantic poses, and they're enchanting. Joan Bennett is very amusing as vain, selfish, pretentious Amy; Frances Dee is Meg (she's charmingly funny when she's being proposed to by John Lodge, as the tutor); Edna May Oliver is Aunt March; Douglass Montgomery is Laurie (at times, full face, he resembles John Updike; too bad his bright lipstick makes his teeth look an uncanny white); Paul Lukas is the gentle, older man who courts Jo. Directed by George Cukor, for the most part imaginatively and with unusual delicacy (the sequence with the play that Jo stages is particularly fine). The dismal score is by Max Steiner, and Spring Byington as Marmee is

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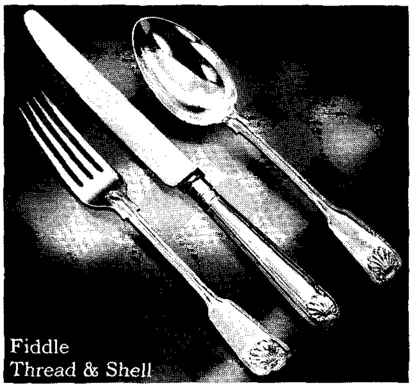

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sugary and sacrificial (she's a pain), and Jean Parker, as frail Beth, is not the world's greatest actress—she simpers a lot, though she's very touching when she goes to thank her gruff benefactor (Henry Stephenson) for the piano he has sent her. Screenplay by Sarah Y. Mason and Victor Heerman.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 17.)

MAY FOOLS—Louis Malle's new film takes place in May, 1968, when, for a few chaotic weeks, French society seemed on the verge of remaking itself: students were rioting, workers were striking, and the country came to a standstill. The characters in this picture are far removed from the stirring street theatre of May, '68, but they're affected by it nonetheless. The setting is a shabby estate presided over by Milou (Michel Piccoli), a genial man in his sixties who lives the life of a lazy country sensualist: he keeps bees, browns in the sun, and gropes the housekeeper. On the sunny day when the story begins, his mother dies, and he summons the rest of the family for the funeral and the reading of the will. There's a sense that things are about to change, both on the large scale of French society and on the infinitely smaller one of Milou's life. Malle and his co-writer, Jean-Claude Carrière, use the upheaval of May, '68, very deftly: it intrudes on their comedy like distant thunder on a sunny day, but the threatened downpour of Meaning never develops—we get a cooling shower of light ironies instead. Piccoli gives one of the best performances of his long career: he's vigorous and radiantly good-humored. Although its charm sometimes feels a bit too easy, the film is enjoyable throughout. It just bounces along to the rhythm of its remarkable score, composed and played by the eighty-two-year-old jazz violinist Stéphane Grappelli: the movie, like the music, has a delicate swing to it. Also with Miou-Miou and Michel Duchaussoy. In French.—T.R. (7/16/90) (Quad Cinema.)

MILLER'S CROSSING—A cold, clever period gangster movie by the Coen brothers. (Ethan produces and Joel directs, from a script they've written together.) Essentially, it's an academic exercise, a pastiche of the intricately plotted, morally ambiguous crime fiction of Dashiell Hammett: the screenplay incorporates large chunks of "Red Harvest" and "The Glass Key," with a notion or two from "The Maltese Falcon" thrown in. The Coens have certainly done their homework: their movie is a brilliant reading of Hammett. But that's all it is. The picture seems to have no life of its own, and the Coens' formal control and meticulously crafted ironies become, after a while, rather depressing. This is not so much a gangster movie as an extended, elaborate allusion to one. With Gabriel Byrne, Marcia Gay Harden, John Turturro, Jon Polito, J. E. Freeman, and Albert Finney (who is, by a long shot, the most entertaining performer in the movie). The cinematography, by Barry Sonnenfeld, is handsome, but in a studied and not very expressive way.—T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Coronet, Chelsea Cinemas, Carnegie Hall Cinema, and Carnegie Screening Room.)

NEXT TIME WE LOVE ("Next Time We Live"; 1936)—Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart are magnetic together in this story of two careers that don't mesh. She's an actress and he's a war correspondent, and despite their love for each other their marriage doesn't work. The movie is unusually delicate and touching. This first pairing of Sullavan and Stewart is memorably romantic. In some scenes she seems miraculous, and though his line readings aren't up to hers, he's remarkably good—he's even sensual here. The film has grace notes, such as Sullavan's being superbly outfitted most of the time. It also has its embarrassments, such as a scene with the pair's too-adorable son learning French; a ludicrously clipped conversation toward the end, when he's ill; and the very last scene, on a train. With Ray Milland, Grant Mitchell, and Robert McWade. Directed by Edward H. Griffith, from a script, by Melville Baker and (uncredited) Preston Sturges, based on stories by Ursula Parrott.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Oct. 15.)

PRESUMED INNOCENT—A ponderous adaptation of Scott Turow's cunningly plotted mystery novel. The director, Alan J. Pakula, has shot and paced the movie as if it weren't a mystery but a serious character study, an art film. It's lit (by Gordon Willis) like "Cries and Whispers," only without the bright-red accents: the movie's palette seems to consist of brown and gray—earnest, business-suit colors. The lunacy of treating this story as a deep exploration of character is that the only thing we really want to know about the character in question—Rusty Sabich (Harrison Ford) a Midwestern prosecutor accused of murdering one of his colleagues (Greta Scacchi)—is: Did he do it or not? Ford, in what is probably an unplayable role, has to maintain a tense, repressed, impenetrable expression throughout. Bonnie Bedelia, as Rusty's nervous, self-deprecating wife, gives lovely shadings to a tough part. As the judge presiding over Rusty's trial, Paul Winfield supplies some sorely needed comedy. And Raul Julia, as the hero's lawyer, is an elegant, commanding presence in the courtroom scenes. Screenplay by Pakula and Frank Pierson.—T.R. (8/13/90) (Criterion Center . . . ¶ Cinema 3rd Avenue, and Quad Cinema; through Oct. 11.)

Veronica Lake in "I Married a Witch"

SHADOW OF A DOUBT (1942)—The setting is quiet, clean, sleepy Santa Rosa, California; it is invaded by a psychopathic killer (Joseph Cotten), who comes to visit his unsuspecting and adoring relatives. Until Alfred Hitchcock made "Strangers on a Train," he considered this fine thriller (from a script principally by Thornton Wilder) to be his best American film. It's very well worked out in terms of character and it has a sustained grip, but it certainly isn't as much fun as several of his other films. With Patricia Collinge, Teresa Wright, Hume Cronyn, and Henry Travers. Cinematography by Joe Valentine; music by Dmitri Tiomkin.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 16.)

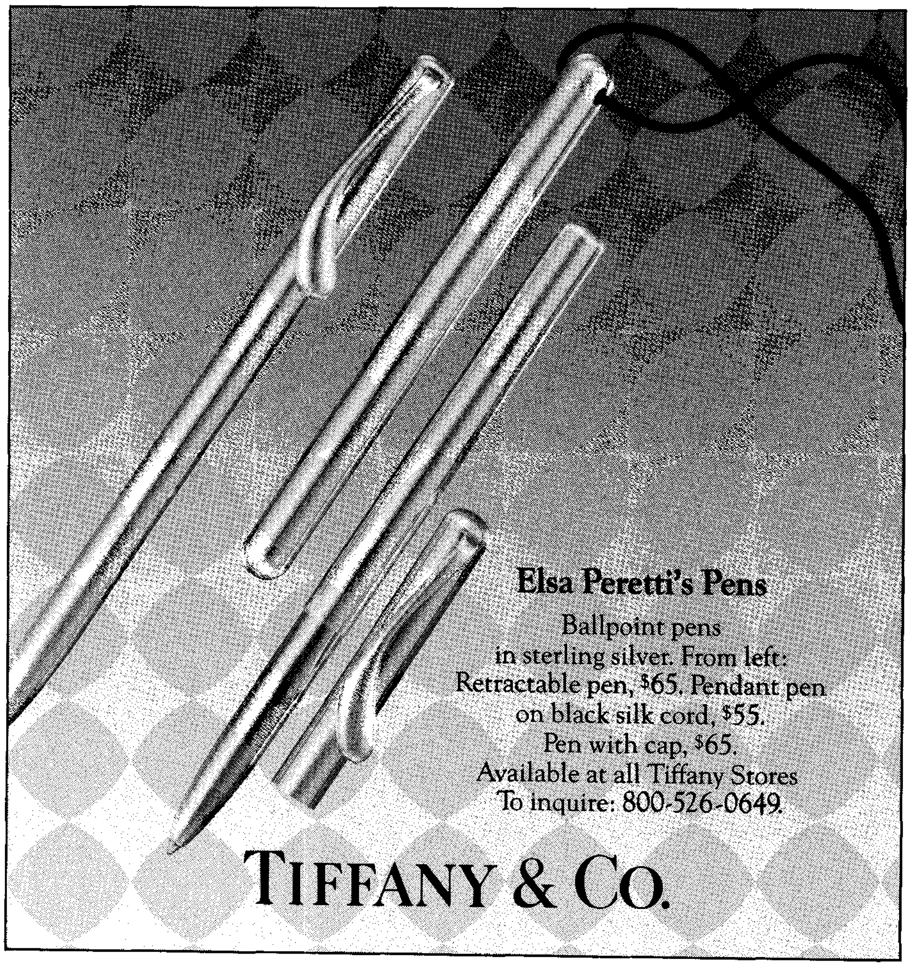
THE TALL GUY—Jeff Goldblum as an American actor in London who has spent six years playing stooge to a detestably smug English comic (Rowan Atkinson) and has lost his confidence and most of his sex drive. Then this gangling wreck is cast as the lead in an Andrew Lloyd Webber-style version of "The Elephant Man"—"Elephant!" the musical. Directed by Mel Smith, from a script by Richard Curtis, this satire of the life of the theatre has a loose, inventive dottiness. Goldblum's wild-eyed sloppy good nature sets off Atkinson's lethal genius at playing an articulate swine, and the whole cast appears to be acting in clover. That includes Emma Thompson, who seems stripped down to pure flakiness, and Geraldine James as a nympho landlady, Hugh Thomas as a diphead doctor, Anna Massey as a gleaming smart agent, Kim Thomson as a curly-haired singer, and the insidious Peter Kelly as the smarmy mountebank who stages "Elephant!" Mel Smith turns up in several bits; he's the puffy-faced fellow who looks like a pixie Alfred Hitchcock.—P.K. (9/24/90) (Angelika Film Center. . . . ¶ Sutton; through Oct. 11.)

TOUCH OF EVIL (1958)—As the madam of a Mexican bordello, Marlene Dietrich (done up in her Gypsy makeup from "Golden Earrings," of 1947), greets the grotesquely oversized, padded, false-nosed Orson Welles with a glorious understatement—"You're a mess, honey. You've been eating too much candy."

When the final bullet punctures him and he is floating in the water like a dead whale, she eulogizes—"What can you say about anybody? He was some kind of a man. . . ." That may be one of the worst lines ever written or a parody of bad writing—the funeral scene in "Death of a Salesman." Welles' first American production in a decade, this marvellously garish thriller has something, but not very much, to do with drugs and police corruption in a border town. What it really has do to with is love of the film medium, and if Welles can't resist the candy of shadows and angles and baroque décor, he turns it into stronger fare than most directors' solemn meat and potatoes. It's a terrific entertainment. The cast, assembled as perversely as in a nightmare, includes Charlton Heston, Joseph Calleia, Akim Tamiroff, Joseph Cotten, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Mercedes McCambridge, Janet Leigh, Dennis Weaver, Valentin De Vargas, Joanna Moore, Harry Shannon, and Ray Collins. Cinematography by Russell Metty; filmed at Universal Studios and partly on location in Venice, California. The script, credited to Welles, is supposed to be a free adaptation of Whit Masterson's novel "Badge of Evil." When the picture opened, in 1958, it was 93 minutes long and some scenes were said to have been added that were directed by Harry Keller; in 1976, a version was released that runs 108 minutes and is said to represent Welles' original intentions.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 16.)

WILD AT HEART—Right from the start, just about everything is wrong with David Lynch's new movie, and the wrongness has an escalating, vertiginous quality. Every false move seems to lead to another, more disastrous than the one before. It's a buzzing, hyperkinetic picture, but its wildness is all on the surface: the images are elaborately conceived, arresting, and meaningless, like tattoos. The novel by Barry Gifford on which Lynch based his screenplay is a languorous, arty trifle about a pair of lovers named Sailor (Nicolas Cage) and Lula (Laura Dern), who drive from North Carolina to Texas and stop at ratty hotels and motels along the way; they're hard-lovin' losers who smoke a lot and don't get to the place they set out for (California). Their happiness is threatened by a variety of kinky villains, mostly of Lynch's invention: Gifford's poky Deep South odyssey is now an orgy of evil, full of graphic violence and grotesque craziness. The shocks don't have much resonance, though; the weirdness here is inexpressive and trivial, even silly. And the lurid villainy always seems diversionary, a baroque disguise for a bland, lifeless, and overfamiliar story. The movie is one startling lapse of taste after another; it's a sorry spectacle. Also with Diane Ladd, Willem Dafoe, Harry Dean Stanton, Isabella Rossellini, and Grace Zabriskie.—T.R. (8/27/90) (Angelika Film Center.)

THE WITCHES—The ads say "From the imagination of Jim Henson and director Nicolas Roeg." It would be more accurate to say "From the imagination of the writer Roald Dahl." This quirky fairy-tale movie is about the diabolical, gleeful evil that's hidden behind normality. (It's about women who secretly hate children.) What Henson and Roeg supply is their craftsmanship and their affection for the novel's adult, calmly macabre tone. As the Grand High Witch of the World, the black-clad Anjelica Huston lifts her arm up high in a towering salute and, addressing the witches of England at their annual meeting, held at a seacoast hotel, she outlines her plan: all the children in the land are to be turned into mice. The nine-year-old Luke (Jasen Fisher), who overhears her speech, is hunted down and transformed, but, blessed with a practical-minded Norwegian granny (Mai Zetterling) who's an expert on witches, he sets out to foil the plan. The movie doesn't have Dahl's narrative confidence, and it goes in for a little sweetening, but it has major compensations. Pale, bespectacled Luke is rather mousy to start with, and when he becomes a light-brown critter who can be cradled in his granny's hand it seems almost a fulfillment. His greedy pal Bruno (Charles Potter) seems fulfilled, too—as a blobby gray rodent. The two mice are triumphs for Henson's workshop. Zetterling is the hypnotic storytelling granny of our dreams; Huston is a gutsy, camp witch, with an accent that slips like her features; her terrified underlings—bald, drag-queen witches—are like a child's drawings of the Devil.—P.K. (West Side Cinema; through Oct. 11.)



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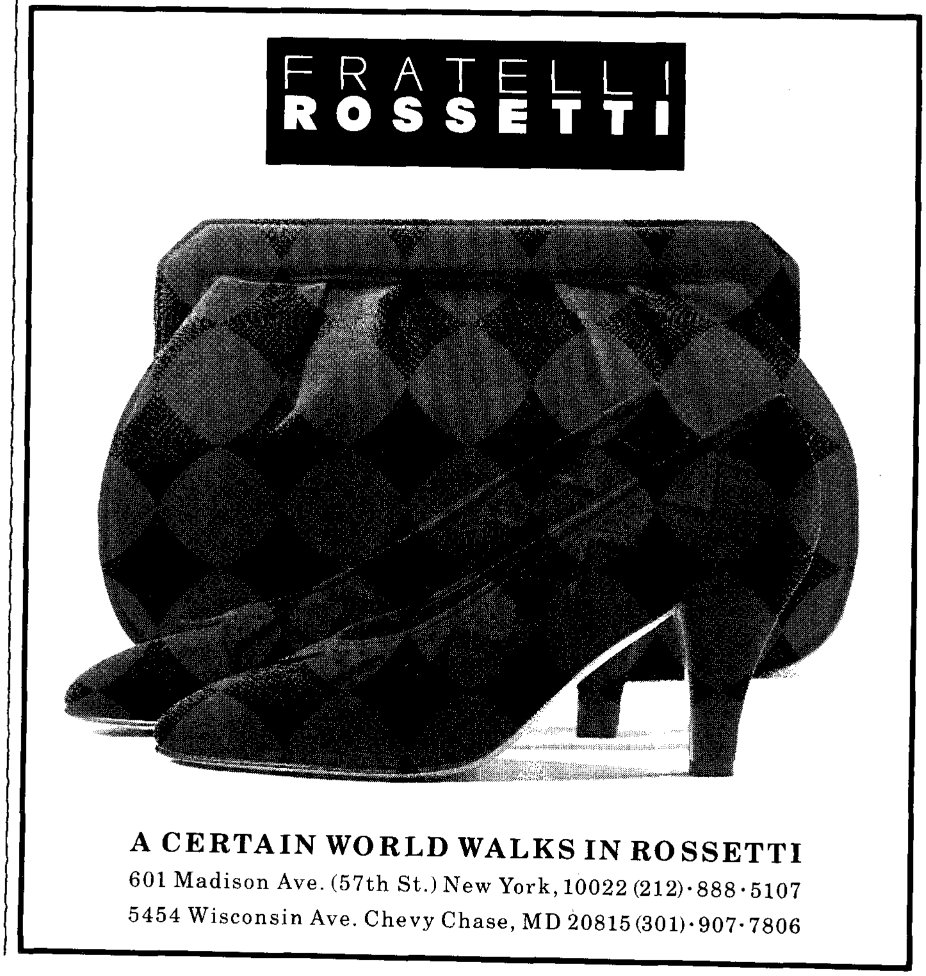

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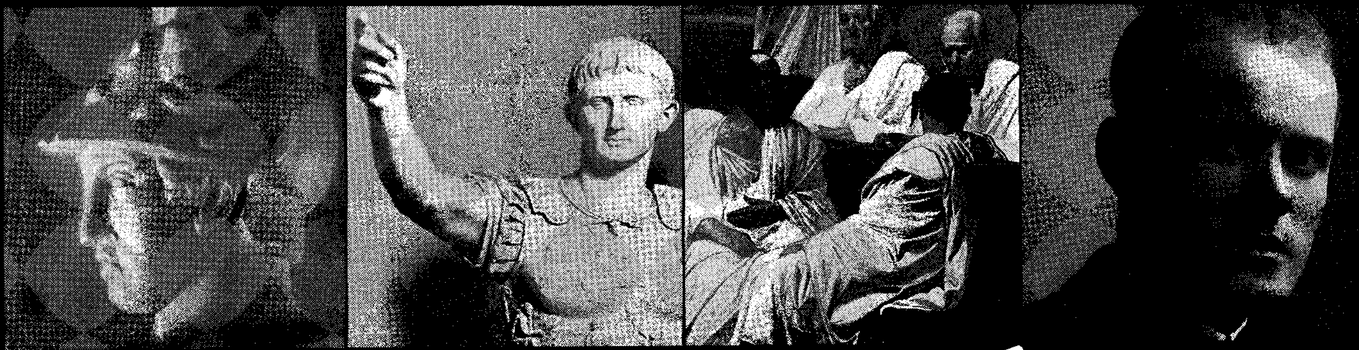

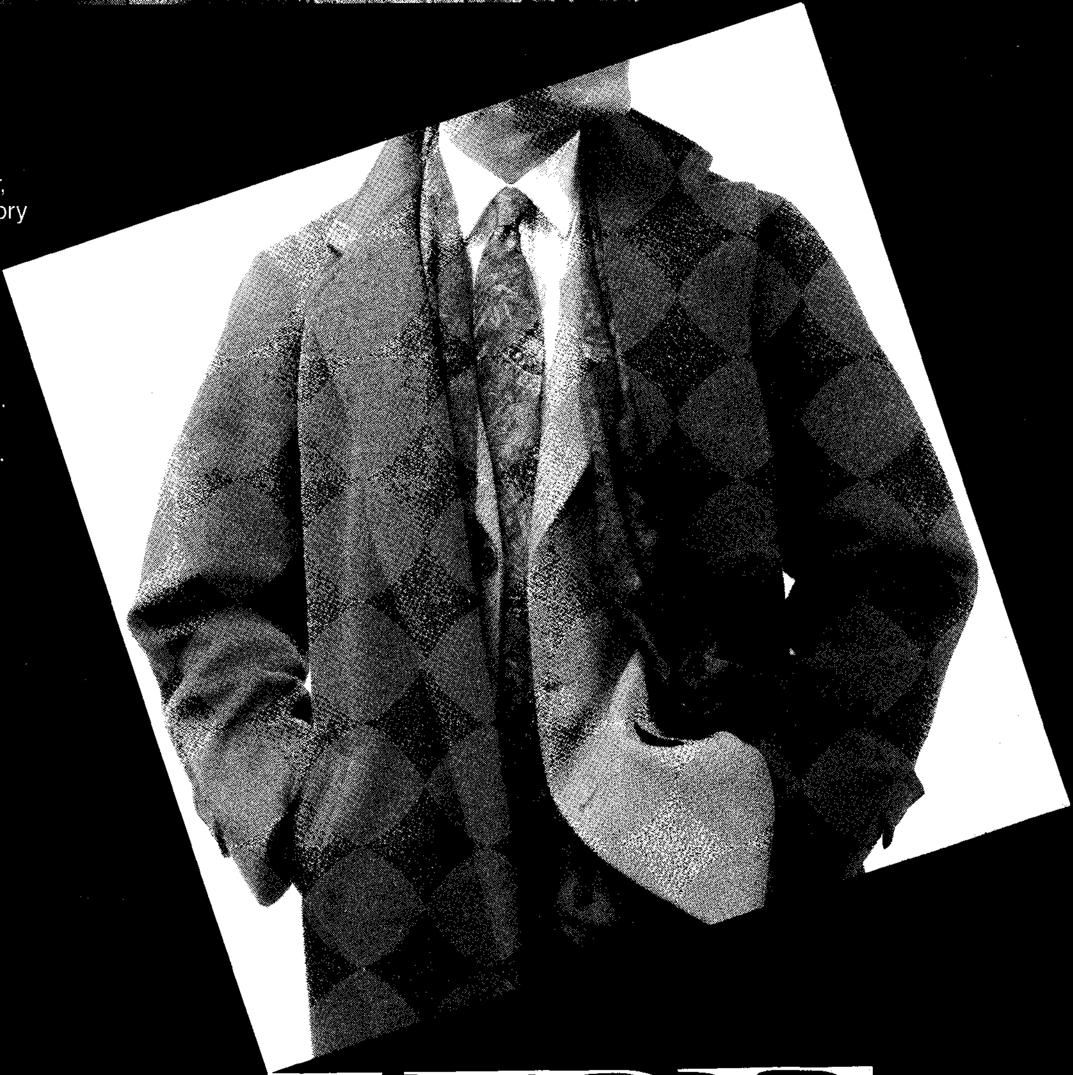

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE side effect of Saddam Hussein's invasion of Kuwait has been a rediscovery of the principle that political leaders ought to be accountable under international law. In a recent editorial, the *Times* made the case that Hussein and his associates were "becoming war criminals in the classic Nuremberg sense"—meaning that they had violated the principles invoked at the Nuremberg trials which prohibit "crimes against humanity," such as "murder, extermination, enslavement, deportation, imprisonment, torture, rape, or other inhumane acts committed against any civilian population," and also "persecutions on political, racial or religious grounds." These are principles that practically everyone in the world agrees with, but it's something else again to make them the foundation of an international order based on respect for the rule of law. That can happen only if the principles are applied universally—if those who use international law to accuse others are also willing to have it applied to their own conduct.

Since 1979, the Army of El Salvador has committed almost numberless "crimes against humanity," and it has done so with the guidance and support of the United States government. Over the past eleven years, the Salvadoran military has undergone what a study by four United States Army colonels calls an "American-sponsored metamorphosis," in which the United States re-armed and restructured the military, and trained most of its officer corps. We have expanded the military fourfold, provided funds that double its yearly budget, and stocked its general staff, its brigade headquarters, and its intelligence corps with Pentagon "trainers" and C.I.A. advisers. Yet few Americans have wanted to face the possibility that, rather than being guilty of mere incompetence or naïveté (of failing, as one recent commentator on the *Times* Op-Ed page put it, to "civilize" the Salvadoran generals), our government might actually bear moral and legal responsibility for the crimes of the Salvadoran Army.

The question of the Salvadoran Army's guilt or innocence has never been in serious dispute. During the House debate on El Salvador last May, one Democratic representative noted that "soldiers led by United States-trained officers [and] armed with United States-supplied equipment have brutally terrorized and tortured and often murdered Salvadorans by the tens of thousands." The Republicans, for their part, presented a bill that called for an end to "the involvement in or support for acts of unlawful violence, secret detention, abduction, torture, and murder by members of [the Salvadoran] military, security, or police forces." Despite such acknowledgments, though, Congress has never debated whether we should continue arming the Salvadoran military—the only issue has been how much money it should receive. Last year, after six Jesuit priests, their cook, and her daughter were assassinated in San Salvador, members of Congress took what was acclaimed as a stand for human rights by threatening to withhold some military aid from El Salvador unless the killers were punished. What this meant, in effect, was that in exchange for the conviction of the handful of soldiers involved in one murderous act Congress was prepared to continue to support the rest of the Salvadoran Army, even though tens of thousands of murders were yet to be investigated and more were being committed virtually every day.

The Democratic aid bill now before the Senate—which is also said to be a human-rights measure—proposes that the Salvadoran Army be given forty-two and a half million dollars, and double that if the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front guerrillas break off negotiations, receive any significant foreign-arms shipments, or mount a military offensive that endangers the Salvadoran regime. These provisions essentially require that, in the words of Representative Gerry Studds, one of the bill's Democratic supporters, "the F.M.L.N. . . . stop being the F.M.L.N."—something that is hardly likely to happen.

Although Congress is willing to speak critically of the Salvadoran Army, it is clearly unwilling to jeopardize the Army's hold on power, and that is what a serious investigation of its involvement in murders would almost certainly do. And, just as honest application of the Nuremberg standards would mean bringing Salvadoran officers to trial (a bipartisan congressional study released in May showed that troops under the direct command of thirteen of the Army's fifteen top officers have been implicated in the deaths of noncombatants), it would raise the prospect of American policymakers' and operatives' having to face judgment as well.

Human-rights monitors believe that more than forty thousand people have been murdered in Salvadoran Army and death-squad operations, but Washington has continued to insist that each of these deaths has somehow fallen outside the responsibility of both the Americans on the scene who oversee those operations and the members of Congress and the executive branch, from whom they take their lead. The fact is, however, that the military units that have carried out death-squad assassinations were organized by the United States as part of a policy that dates back to the sixties and whose purpose was, in the words of an Agency for International Development memo, "detecting criminal and/or subversive individuals and organizations and neutralizing their activities." The man who was placed in charge of the effort in El Salvador, General José Alberto Medrano, worked for the C.I.A., and explained quite openly in a 1984 interview that the units targeted people who spoke out "against Yankee imperialism . . . against the oligarchy . . . against military men." He said of such people, "They are traitors to the country. What can the troops do? When they find them, they kill them."

Last fall, two weeks after the Jesuits were killed, members of the Atlactl Battalion, which had taken part in the killings, left a wooden sign with a slogan near the body of a guerrilla in San Salvador: "In war we take no prisoners; there is no law that holds us back." The truth, of course, is that there are laws—the law prohibiting "crimes against humanity" means the same thing in Latin America as it does in the Persian Gulf—but that our government and the Army of El Salvador have so far chosen to ignore them.

• •

Fuel Efficiency

Jim Gary will grant that Lady Bird Johnson is probably a very nice lady, but he says that she can't have known what she was doing with that Highway Beautification campaign of hers. "She suggested that people get rid of old cars sitting around—thought they were getting to be a blight. The car crushers came in and just boxed them up," he says. "She wiped out so much of the history of the forties and fifties." It's not that Jim Gary wants to preserve old cars. He wants to strip them for parts: legs, arms, ribs, jawbones, and teeth. To make what he calls a "twentieth-century dinosaur" takes a lot of old wrecks.

Eight, to be exact. To make a large four-legged dinosaur—like those which were on display this summer at the National Museum of Natural History, in Washington, D.C., and can now be seen at the Rochester Museum & Science Center—Jim Gary needs two cars per leg. To make, say, an apatosaurus (what used to be called a brontosaurus), Gary, with his welder's torch, forges front-end suspensions into the shoulders and hips of the creature; then, for the legs, he attaches the upper and lower control arms that on a car connect chassis to wheels. Leaf springs become ribs, and U-shaped crank-journal caps jut out as vertebrae. The feet are brake shoes, and the toes rocker arms. The apatosaurus's head is two oil pans forged together, bristling with jagged metal teeth. The whole animal is the length of four cars.

Frank Talbot, the director of the National Museum of Natural History, says of Gary's work, "When you first see his big sculptures from a distance, you think they are real fossils." From a distance or in the dark, they look even more like the real thing than the real thing does. There is one thing that sets Gary's dinosaurs apart from fossils, however. They are anything but bone white.

Even before he heard about the scientific theory suggesting that birds evolved from dinosaurs, Gary believed that the great archosaurs were as brilliantly colored as orioles and cardinals, Chryslers and Fords. He paints his dinosaurs with automotive paint that he mixes himself. His ankylosaur—a low, turtlelike dinosaur whose back, the roof of a Volkswagen bug, is one of the few parts that remain recognizable to a car novice—is orange, his megalosaur deep purple, and his plesiosaur a beautiful ocean blue. The pteranodon, a flying reptile that had a wingspan the size of a small plane's, is magenta through the body, with bulging blue eyes, yellow beak, and gold wingtips. The tyrannosaurus rex, of course, is red.

Gary, who lives in Farmingdale, New Jersey, first noticed the similarity between car parts and dinosaur bones when he was in high school, in nearby Freehold. "I wanted a car, so I just went out and built one," he says. After visiting a junk yard, he put two big Cadillac fins on a Crosley frame, added a custom-built four-barrel carburetor, and ended up with a car that looked, he says, "like a shark."

In 1979, Gary had his first dinosaur show at a museum, the Academy of Natural Sciences, in Philadelphia, and he has been travelling around the world with his dinosaurs ever since: to Tokyo; Sydney, Australia (where they had to cut one of his stegosaurs in half to get it through the museum door); and all over the United States. He has become a kind of one-man dinosaur wrangler, designing and building (out of a '67 Pontiac) a crane for hoisting and moving the dinosaurs; special tools for working with hot metal; and a big oven, converted from a two-hundred-and-fifty-gallon oil tank, for burning the oil out of car parts.

In fact, Gary has become so associated with dinosaurs—most of his museum shows have featured dinosaurs almost exclusively—that he now seems to feel a little ambivalent about them. "People are so quick to judge a dinosaur as a dinosaur and not look at the sculpture of it," he says. "The way I put it together is what's important. I mean, people don't look at a painting for the paint." He says that his dinosaurs are interpretations of dinosaurs, and although he has admired the painstakingly reticulated real dinosaur bones in museums, he denies an influence. "I never went out and started counting vertebrae. I don't work from pictures or models," he says, and he adds that his worst critics are kids. "They're apt to come up to you and say, ‘The tail’s not like that!’ or ‘The head’s too big!’ ”

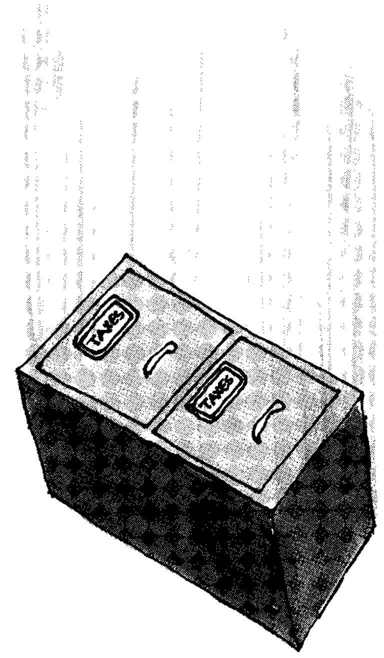
Gary likes to say that all cars are dinosaurs, but he knows that he’s facing a shortage of raw material suitable for dinosaur conversion. Old Chryslers, with their heavy forged-steel understructure, make the best dinosaurs, he has found, and the bigger and older the better. Modern machines, with their stamped-out, machine-die unibodies, hydraulic controls, and MacPherson struts, have no real strength and are artistically barren. “I can’t do a thing with them,” he says. “But I don’t want to get Lee Iacocca mad at me.”

If you ask him why he makes dinosaurs at all, his explanation is “People like them.” He picks up “The New Book of Knowledge Annual,” a children’s encyclopedia, from his kitchen table. “Look,” he says. “Here’s Degas and Whistler. And then you get to me.”

The Last Monzú

MONZÚ! The very word evokes flashing swords and strangled samurai battle cries. In fact, it is a Neapolitan corruption of the French *monsieur*, and is an honorific title that was bestowed on a small group of early-nineteenth-century French master chefs whom it became fashionable for Southern Italian and Sicilian noble families to retain during the brief reign of Joachim Murat as King of Naples. After the collapse of his brother-in-law Napoleon’s empire, in 1815, Murat was shot, and the luxury that had characterized the Neapolitan court was replaced by repressive Bourbon rectitude. But the much prized *monzú* continued to ply their baronial trade, incorporating béchamel and other Gallic exoticisms into a cuisine that was already richly heterodox from centuries of Greek, Arabic, and Spanish influence. In time, it became unfashionable, and even dangerous, to hire French chefs, and Italians took their places. Like their French predecessors, the Italian *monzú* guarded family recipes closely, competed fiercely with each other, and rarely fraternized with chefs of the bourgeois world.

Murat’s chef, who was known as Monsieur Robert, is considered to have been the first *monzú*. Mario Lo Menzo, a Sicilian-born chef who lives and works at Regaleali, the estate of Count Giuseppe Tasca d’Almerita, near Palermo, is believed to be the last. Signor Lo Menzo, a robust, easygoing man in his mid-fifties, arrived in the United States not long ago to display his talents and help his employer promote Regaleali’s wines and its recently established cooking school. His tour included an evening at Caffe Bondí, a cheerful nine-month-old Chelsea restaurant that specializes in Sicilian cooking, where he had agreed to prepare a gala meal. The night before the event, the *monzú*—or Mario, as he prefers to be called—was at the restaurant marinating mutton. He moved briskly, working with great concentration, and when he wasn’t using his hands he held them up and cupped open, as if he wanted to be ready should someone thrust a leg of mutton or anything at him. During a short break, he talked a little about his nine-year apprenticeship with Regaleali’s previous *monzú*, the formidable Giovanni Messina, known as Giovannino. Giovannino was a chef in the grand old tradition of secretive and foul-tempered Great Ones. “Many people came to learn from Giovannino, but they soon left,” said the present *monzú*. “Why? Because when he became irritated he threw everything at people’s heads. I lasted because I’m stubborn, I’m patient, and I have a really great passion for cooking. I arrived at Regaleali on the fourth of February, 1954. I was eighteen and the first in my family to want to cook professionally. My father was a construction worker. It didn’t happen overnight. I started as a kitchen boy and dishwasher, and little by little I was allowed to do more. In a few years, I was cutting onions. Then, slowly, I began to learn Giovannino’s recipes. He never wrote them down, and he never said anything about it, but there I was, learning his secrets.”



The *monzú* went on, “Giovannino was in his eighties by this time. Then one day he had a big fight with the countess, the Marchesa’s mother.” He pointed to an elegant, bemused-looking woman in a navy-blue suit who was sitting nearby—the Marchesa Anna Tasca Lanza di Mazzarino, the eldest of the Count’s three daughters. “After the fight, he just stalked off, despite the fact that thirty guests, including the Marchesa’s father-in-law, Count Lanza di Mazzarino—a great admirer of Giovannino’s—were due to arrive that night. The Count asked me if I could handle the dinner. I said yes. Of course, I was a little nervous, but everything went well—so well, in fact, that at the end Count Mazzarino turned to Count Tasca and said, ‘Well, Giovannino is still Giovannino.’ When Giovannino returned the next day and heard this story, he was not displeased. And—”

The Marchesa, who had moved

her chair next to Mario, cut in. "He was gruff about it, but he was also grateful," she said. "You could tell that he was proud of his apprentice—he actually hugged him. From then on, even though Giovannino kept cooking until he died, in 1965—he was eighty-eight years old—it was clear to everyone that Mario was his heir."

The next evening, Bondí's owners, bathed in smiles, welcomed more than a hundred customers and guests to what a printed invitation called a "*monzú* dinner." The menu consisted of panelle, which are savory little fried chickpea-flour triangles; rigatoni alla moda del monzú (that is, with bits of chicken breast, ham, and truffles, in a béchamel sauce); spaghetti with an anchovy-based sauce; baked snapper; mutton that had been marinated in the estate's Rosso del Conte wine; baby octopus sautéed in white wine, with couscous; watermelon *gelo* and orange-lemon *gelatina;* and a rich cassata.

As each new dish was brought in, the otherwise ebullient crowd fell silent, and the sacerdotal tone set by these interludes was enhanced by the presence of Father Ronald Marino, a priest from Bensonhurst. Father Marino toils by day in his diocese's migration office but is a self-described "foodie," who went to Regaleali last year to buy some wine and reached a state of culinary beatitude when the family invited him to stay for lunch—a meal cooked, of course, by Mario. Father Marino had been helping in the Caffe Bondí kitchen all evening, translating the *monzú's* Italian requests and directives for the largely American kitchen staff. Looking tired but happy, the priest said that he was awed by the *monzú's* gifts and by his unflappability. He had seen him cook a few days before at a James Beard Foundation dinner at Maxim's, and the food professionals and foundation members there had been equally impressed. "And that's a group that is generally *very* critical," Father Marino said. "What got them all was the fact that here's this guy who's never been to cooking school and never read a cookbook, and he's cooking rings around us." Father Marino beamed at Mario, who had just received an enthusiastic round of applause. "Some guy."

State of the Art

WE were sitting around the office the other day when a tip came in that a robot had just entered the building. We dropped everything and raced down to the lobby. "You looking for the robot?" the elevator man said. "Well, I'll tell you about that robot. He's not sized to fit, you know what I mean? First, he jams in the revolving door. Then he gets stuck in the side door. I finally had to send him up on the freight elevator—to eleven, I think."

On the eleventh floor, we found a couple of dozen people leaning out of office doorways, their necks craning into the hall. "You looking for the robot?" a man asked.

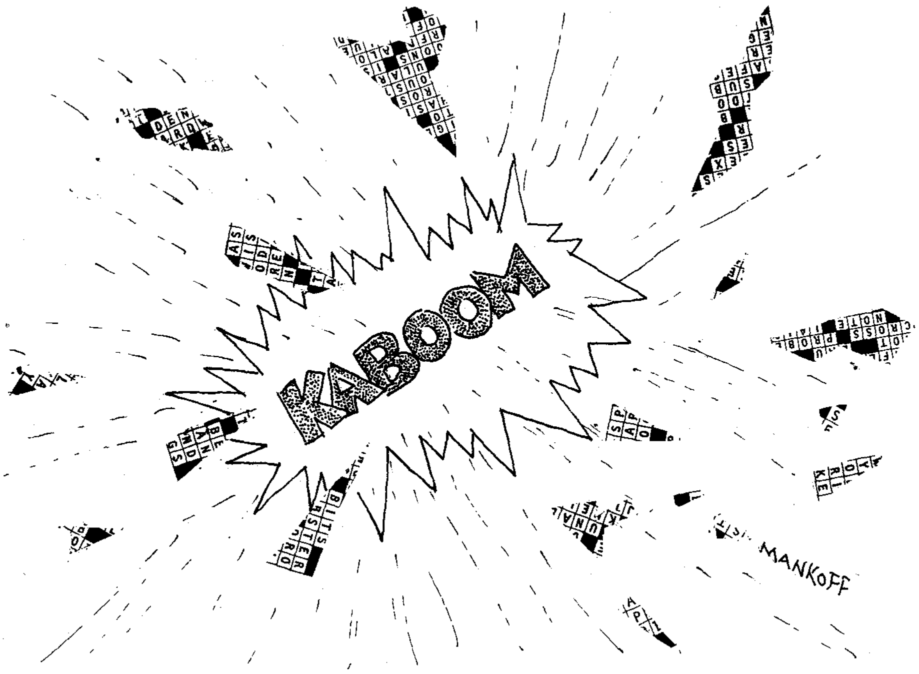
"He went thataway," a woman said, pointing toward a nearby office.

Inside, we found the robot chatting up a slightly flustered young woman. "Come on, baby, let's dance," the robot said. "Just climb up here on my step and let's boogie."

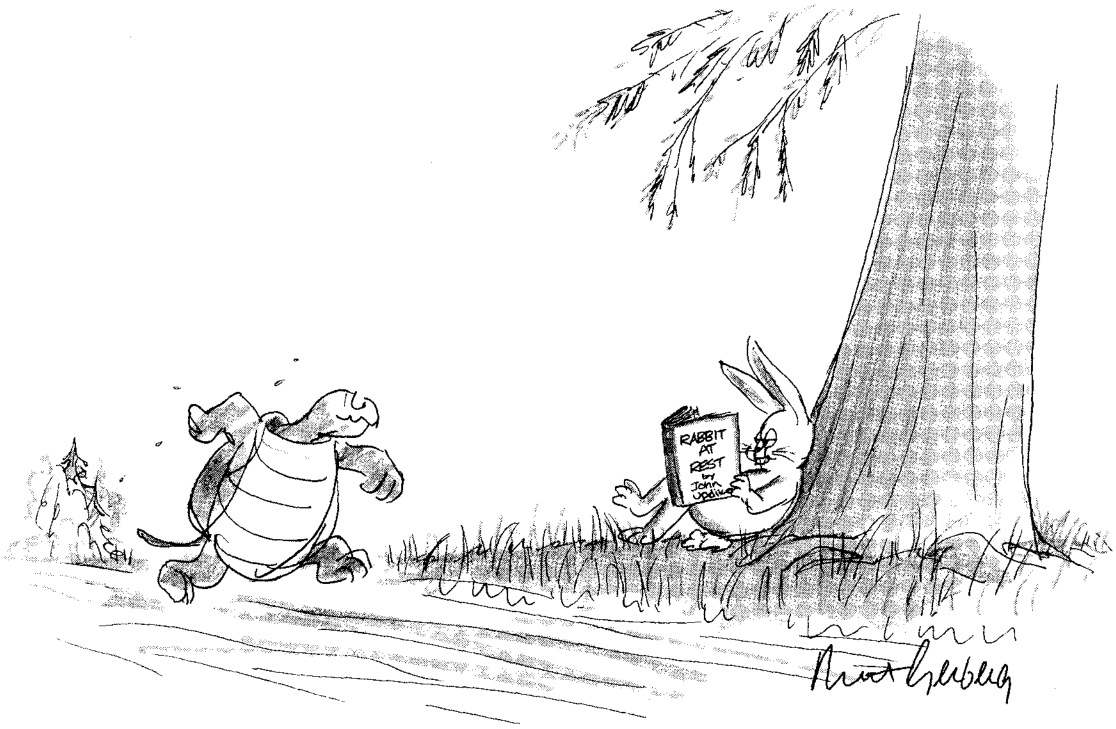
Looking at the robot, which was about six feet tall, with a yellow body, silver arms, and an enormous, vaguely insectlike purple-and-yellow head, the young woman looked doubtful. Finally, she grasped one of its brushed-steel pincers in each hand and climbed onto the step, which was at the level of what would have been the robot's shins, if he had had shins. He began gyrating and beeping wildly. "Yeah, let's do it," he crooned. "Shake it, baby, shake it!"

Then, having apparently spotted us taking notes, the robot stopped singing, helped down his rather flushed partner, and rolled toward us. "Hey, man," he said, extending a pincer, "I am the robot SICO. What's your name?" We introduced ourself and began backing up. The robot followed us out of the office and down the hall. "Yes, I am SICO," he said. "I am a state-of-the-art robotic personality. I was in the motion picture 'Rocky IV.' I am the only robot in the world with a Screen Actors card in his own name."

A tall, genial man in a gray suit stepped forward and explained that he was Robert Doornick, the president of International Robotics, Inc., a New York-based company. "SICO's purpose is communications and entertainment," Mr. Doornick told us. "We make him available to corporations and major theme parks on a rental basis. Most of our clients are *Fortune* 500 companies that want robots to be hosts at their product shows or press conferences." SICO, he added, was visiting the office to discuss his next job—serving as host at a conference on interactive entertainment.



MILITARY SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE


RABBIT AT REST by John Updike

Meanwhile, the robot was trundling toward the elevator, greeting people who stared at him along the way. "Yo, man, you look familiar," he told a bald man who was waiting for the elevator. "Don't we go to the same barber?"

"SICO has a playful, character that quickly wins you over," Mr. Doornick said. "This gives him the ability to break through all levels of social and business protocol, which is why he's so useful to major corporations." Mr. Doornick pointed out a video screen built into SICO's chest; a cellular telephone installed on his belly, and various light meters, voltage meters, and other gauges festooned across it; a programming keyboard on his backside; and the constantly moving head. "We design all our heads after animals or insects," he said. "SICO's is patterned on a praying mantis. Insects tend to have positive associations for people: they're industrious, harmless, et cetera."

The elevator door slid open to reveal a tall young man wearing the Spandex tights and the goggles and cap of a bicycle messenger. "Hey, how ya doin'?" said SICO. The messenger shrank to the back of the elevator, and the door closed.

"Of course, his height is key," Mr. Doornick said, smiling. "It's SICO's human size that makes people take notice of him. There's an aspect of intimidation tied to the fact that he occupies a full, human-size space, and that makes people confront him."

By this time, we had noticed that Mr. Doornick, between explanations, seemed to spend a fair amount of time glancing away from us and raising his hand to his mouth. We asked him about this. "I have a tiny microphone in my sleeve," he told us, not very apologetically. "I whisper into it, and a signal is sent that is synthesized into SICO's speech. The telemetry employed is quite sophisticated. I really don't keep it secret, but we find that many people like to be able to ignore it, so we try to make that possible." He stepped after the robot into the freight elevator, and we followed.

"*Hombre, qué hay?*" the robot said to the startled elevator man. "*Cómo se llama?*"

"*Uh, me llamo Victor,*" he answered, grinning.

"You have to understand, SICO is accustomed to first-class treatment wherever he goes," Mr. Doornick went on. "When he waits in line at the airport, most passengers think he's a promotional vehicle, so the airlines love him—especially when he pays for his ticket with his own credit card. All the people waiting in line, you know, he makes them happy. He helps people relax. People gather around him and they seem to forget all their stress, they drop all their inhibitions."

On the ground floor, SICO left the elevator and headed toward the street, where a crowd almost immediately began to gather around him.

"Yo, *Ken,*" he shouted at a tall young black man who was wearing a gold belt buckle with his name on it and a baseball cap. "That a *bad* hat, man. Where you from?"

Ken, laughing with the rest of the crowd, hesitated a moment, and then said, "The Bronx."

"The *Bronx!* Get out of *town*, man! I used to date a garbage compactor from the Bronx! Give me the high two, man!" The crowd applauded as man and robot slapped hand to pincer.

"See how he takes all the pressure off, how disarmed people are?" Mr. Doornick said. "I mean, when he speaks that way to a black man he *becomes* a black robot, you understand? You or I couldn't do that without being offensive, but SICO breaks down all defense mechanisms."

The robot approached a signpost, and the crowd followed. "With your skin, I could be interested," he said, tapping the rusted green metal with a pincer. "But you're a little emaciated."

The crowd was still laughing when a young woman (we later learned that she was Mr. Doornick's daughter, Michelle) stepped forward. "Don't you *ever* stop talking?" she said sternly, holding out a padded coat to the robot. As she worked the coat over the robot's pincers, Mr. Doornick sighed and began to unscrew a bolt in the robot's neck.

"Oh, no! Not the head!" SICO said. As the crowd moved away, his lights flickered, and his synthesized voice slowed and deepened. "May your batteries always be charged," it said.

THE WAY THINGS WILL BE

ON our way to Florida in the winter of 1965, Eddie, the older of my two brothers, had an appendicitis attack and was operated on in a hospital in Nashville. My parents didn't have much money—we were moving from South Bend, Indiana, to Key West, where my aunt and uncle owned a motel. My father's idea was for us to live in one of the units while he and my uncle started a fishing business. My father had been a car salesman in South Bend, and before that he had worked in a dairy, and before that he had sold suits in a department store. He said that people he worked for didn't like him. He said that he was the kind of person who should have his own business, because he was independent-minded and good at making decisions. My mother said she thought it took a lot of money to start a business of your own, but my father said no, it just took courage and intelligence, and a family that was willing to stand behind you.

In Nashville, while Eddie was being operated on, my other brother, Lee, and I slept on couches in the lobby. We had been up all night in the car. Eddie had been crying, and my parents had been arguing about what to do. My father had wanted to wait until morning to see if Eddie felt better, and my mother wanted to find a hospital immediately. In the middle of the night, as they were shouting at one another, my father took his hand off the steering wheel and slapped her. There was suddenly silence. As far as my brothers and I knew, my father had never hit her before, and he seemed as shocked as anyone. As soon as he could, he stopped at a gas station and got out of the car. He walked to the edge of the pavement, which bordered a field. His shoulders were hunched over, and he was looking down at his feet. He was standing just outside the circle of light that separated the gas station from the darkness.

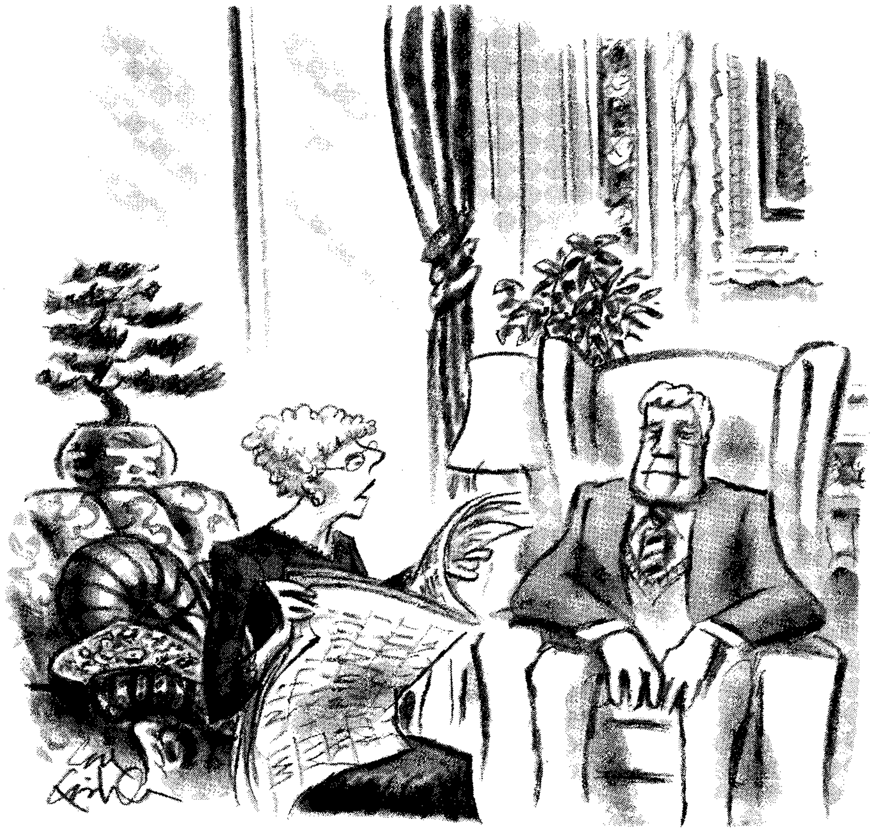
My mother got out of the car, too. "If it weren't for Eddie I wouldn't get back in," she said, loudly enough for him to hear. "I'd find a bus and go back to South Bend." Lee started to cry. He was seven, and Eddie was ten, and I was twelve. My mother got in the back seat with us, and after a few minutes my father came over to the car and put his hands on the hood, as though he didn't want the car ever to move again. My mother told him to drive to a hospital.

After Eddie's operation was over, my father drove Lee and me to a motel on the outskirts of the city, because it was cheaper, and he gave us money to buy hamburgers at a restaurant next door. He said that he would be back before too long. "I'm putting you in charge, Jean," he said. "Take care of Lee." I made Lee take a bath, and I took a bath, and I unpacked clean clothes for us. It was raining, and we ran to the restaurant, which was a diner on a road that ran parallel to the highway. It was noon, and the restaurant was crowded with truckers. I ate my hamburger quickly and wrapped up Lee's to take with us. He had brought a toy car with him, and instead of eating his lunch he pushed the car back and forth across the table, crashing it into the sugar bowl.

At the motel, Lee fell asleep and I lay down next to him and imagined shapes of faces in the patterns that the streaks of rain were making on the window. There wasn't a TV in the room, and most of our books and games were in the car. There wasn't even a clock, and I couldn't tell how much time was going by until it began to get dark outside, late in the afternoon, and then I became really frightened. Lee was up by then, and he kept asking me when our parents were coming back. He didn't cry, but when I put my arms around him I could feel him shaking. I tried to make my voice sound normal. I invented games for us to play, and after it stopped raining we stood outside, even though it was cold, so that we could watch for the headlights of our parents' car as it turned in to the motel. When our parents finally came, I was so relieved that I didn't feel angry until later, when I was in bed, trying to fall asleep. I thought about how scared I'd been all afternoon, and how happy I'd acted to see them, and I felt as though I'd been tricked.

They weren't speaking to one another—at least my mother wasn't speaking to my father. It seemed that he hadn't shown up at the hospital for a long time after he'd left us; he had stopped for a beer and got into a conversation with someone. My father liked talking to strangers. That morning, just before he'd driven Lee and me to the motel, he'd had a conversation

"Eve was a summer squall."



"I don't see any interesting deaths at all today."

with a nurse in the hospital lobby. "She thought we lived here in Nashville," he said cheerfully on the way to the motel, which made the motel seem even shabbier and lonelier than it was when we pulled up in front.

My mother sat on one of the beds with me and Lee. She told us what Eddie had said after he woke up, and what his roommate was like, and what she had eaten at the hospital cafeteria. My father was unpacking his clothes, but all of his attention was focussed on her. Even when he wasn't looking at her I felt that he was listening unusually hard, that he was waiting for her to say something especially meant for him. She didn't, though. She sent him out to bring us back some dinner, and later slept in bed with me.

In the morning, my parents took us to the hospital with them—they didn't have enough money to stay in the motel again. We brought our Monopoly game in with us and set it up on a table in the lobby. My father was in charge of the bank. Each time Lee or I asked for anything he would say, "I'm not sure. What have you done to deserve it?" He tried to joke this way once with my mother and she took the money out of his hand without saying a word. After that we played the game as seriously as if the outcome of it would change our lives. I hadn't wanted to go to Florida to begin with, but now I felt as though I would do anything to get there, so that we could at least stay in one place. I started to think, This is the way things will be from now on—nothing planned.

After lunch, my father took Lee and me for a walk. We passed a pawnshop and a liquor store and a big vacant lot. It was winter weather, but warm compared to South Bend. The wind was pushing dry leaves and scraps of paper down the street, and dark clouds were flying across the sky. We could hear thunder in the distance. "Are we going to live here?" Lee asked. He was holding my father's hand.

"We're going to live in Florida," my father said. "You'll see the ocean every day, and it will always be warm outside. It will never snow."

"Why not?" Lee asked.

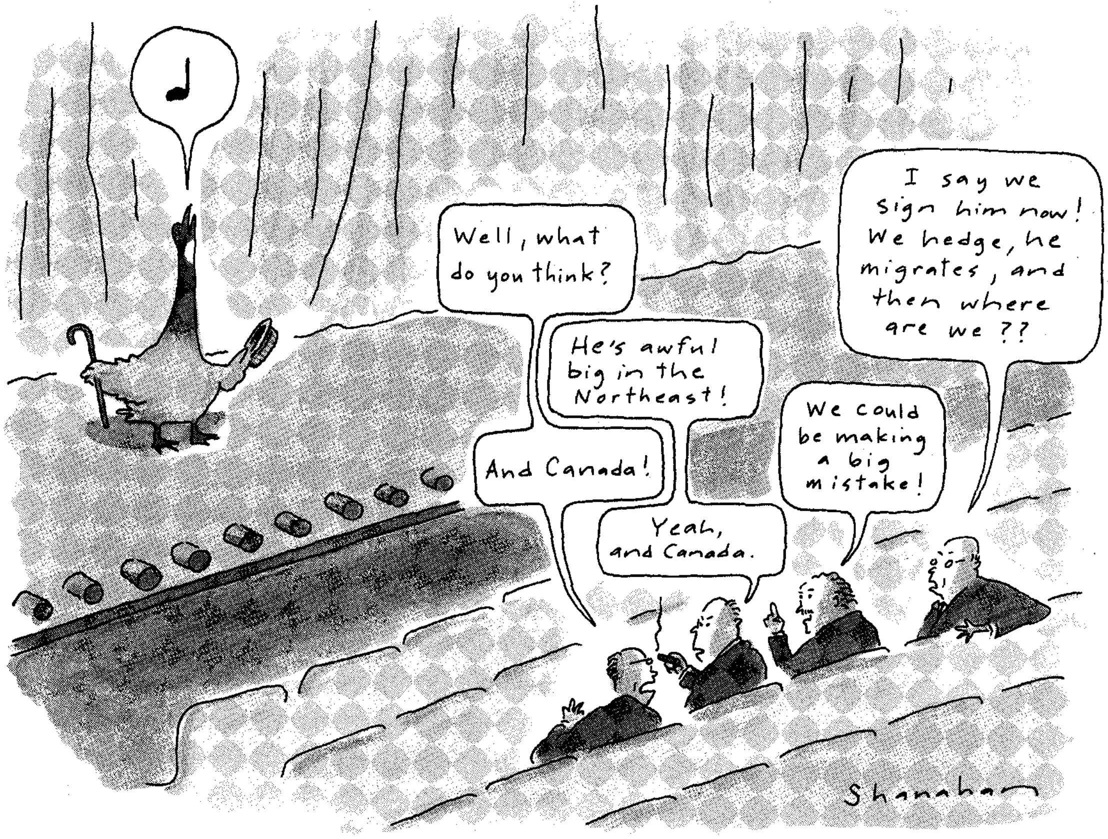
"Because it's too far south," my father told him. "It's where the birds in Indiana fly to in the winter."

He bought us ice-cream bars at a candy store and we walked back to the hospital. When my mother saw us, the expression on her face changed from serious to happy. My father put his arm around her and she didn't pull away, and we sat down on a couch in the lobby. They discussed what we were going to do. Eddie had to stay in the hospital three more days, and if we stayed in a motel again we wouldn't have enough money to get to Florida, and my parents didn't know how they were going to pay the hospital bill. My father didn't seem worried now that my mother had stopped being angry with him. "I think you should call your dad," he said to her. "He can wire us money, and when things are going well for us in Florida we can pay him back."

My mother said no at first, but changed her mind. As a result, late that afternoon we checked into a nicer motel—with TV. It was in downtown Nashville, across the street from a park. We ate dinner in the coffee shop, and afterward my parents decided to go to the motel bar, which had a band and dancing. My mother pushed back the curtains in our room and showed us where it was—in front of the motel, just across the parking lot. It was a small, low building with red lights around the windows and a flashing neon sign. "Dad and I will sit next to the window and keep an eye on you, so you don't have to worry," my mother said. "And if you need us for any reason, just come out and get us. But watch out for cars."

"O.K.," we said. Lee was watching TV, but when our parents left he went to the window and watched them walk across the parking lot and disappear into the bar. "We could go over there now and ask them to come back," I told him. He shook his head; his eyes were on the TV again.

At nine o'clock we both got ready for bed and I made Lee lie down. I turned out the light and went into the bathroom and sat on the floor to read "Black Beauty." I had probably read it twenty times before. I was reading the part where Black Beauty is made to gallop with one shoe missing when I heard my parents' voices. I went outside in my nightgown. The stormy weather had ended, and now it was colder and there was a bright moon. Because my mind was still on my book, I was feeling waves of pity for both Black Beauty and myself. I had been crying, and my mother noticed the


Well, what do you think?
He's awful big in the Northeast!
And Canada!
Yeah, and Canada.
We could be making a big mistake!
I say we sign him now! We hedge, he migrates, and then where are we??
Shanahan

tears on my face. "I'm sorry we didn't come back sooner, honey," she said. She gave my father an angry look and walked me inside. My father hesitated in the doorway. Just in front of where he was standing the door to the bathroom was open, and the light was on. He picked up "Black Beauty" without looking at it and put it on top of a luggage rack in the open closet.

"Go back over to the bar if you want," my mother told him.

"Why should I?" he said. He closed the door. "Why should I do something I don't want to do?"

My mother helped me into bed, next to Lee. "I was reading a sad part of 'Black Beauty,' " I told her. "That's why I was crying."

"We're back now," my mother said. "Go to sleep. Everything's fine." I closed my eyes and listened to my parents undressing.

"May," my father whispered a little later.

"I don't want to talk now," my mother whispered back. I opened my eyes and saw that they were lying just at the edges of the bed, as far apart as if I had been lying in the middle between them.

"May, just put your arms around me," I heard my father say. After a few minutes my mother moved closer to him. "Things will be better when we get to Florida," my father whispered.

"You're always looking on the bright side," my mother said.

THE next morning, my father took Lee and me to the park while my mother slept; we had woken up early. It was cold outside, and there were high white clouds drifting across the sky. We had Eddie's football with us, which we passed around—my father to Lee to me to my father. About every five minutes Lee would try to tackle one of us. We were the only people in the park. But gradually more traffic appeared in the streets and buses began delivering people to work. My father seemed depressed all of a sudden. "Let's get Mom," he said. We walked across the street to the motel.

My mother was already awake and dressed. "I was watching you from here," she said. "I was spying on you."

We all went out to the car; we were going to have breakfast at the hospital cafeteria. "We have a flat," my mother said. She was standing next to the front passenger door, looking at the tire. She squatted down in her high heels and touched it.

My father came around the car. He rested his hand on my mother's shoulder. "We have nothing but bad luck," he said. "We don't have a spare."

My mother stood up. "How can you tell me something like that now?" she said.

"Can't we buy a tire or get it fixed?" I asked. Neither of them paid attention to me. They were looking at each other. They were having a conversation without words. I took Lee's hand and walked across the parking lot, and then across the street to the park. I was careful and crossed at the light, but I knew my parents would be nervous watching us cross a street this busy. By the time they called us back, though, we were halfway across. "It's O.K.," I told Lee. "They won't be mad at us."

We sat on a bench in the sun. After a few minutes, Lee got up to look at something shiny in the grass which turned out to be a dime. I watched my parents standing next to the car, arguing. I wasn't afraid that my father would hit my mother. I didn't think that would happen again unless, as in a "Twilight Zone" episode, we had to relive that night in the car all over again, just as it took place the first time. But I could see now that my parents were not going to be any happier in Florida.

I called to Lee, and he looked up at me. "Come over here and sit still for five minutes," I told him.

By this time, our parents were crossing the street. But they got caught in the middle by a yellow light and were stranded together on the concrete strip that separated the lanes of traffic. From where we were sitting we could hardly see the concrete strip—just their heads, which looked as small as flowers, above a steady stream of cars. "They shouldn't be standing there," Lee said.

"They'll be all right," I told him. The light changed, and they crossed the street without looking at anything except us.

—JUDY TROY

HEAVENLY FLAME

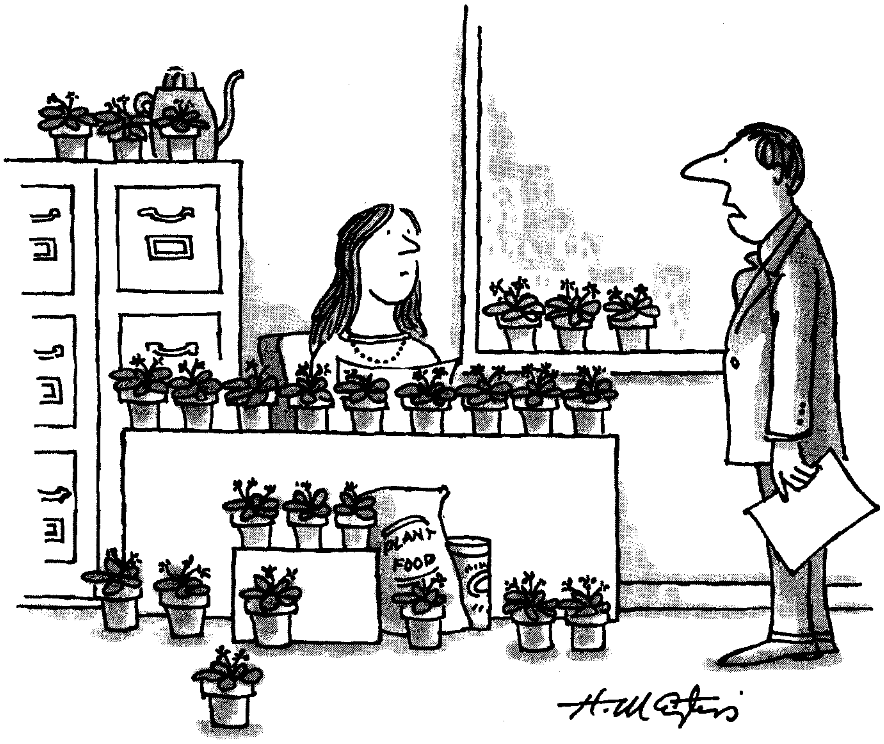
THIS Korobeinikov, he would come over to the dacha from the neighboring sanatorium. They operated on him there for an ulcer. That's what doctors always say: for an ulcer. After all, you don't just go cutting someone open without rhyme or reason, although I know a lot of people think it'd be interesting to get opened up, so they can take a look and see what's in there just in case. But you can't go and do that for no reason. So they give a reason to cut—an ulcer, let's say—and then it's up to God; our citizen dies for some entirely different reason, and the doctors had nothing to do with it.

So anyway, Korobeinikov would come visit the dacha from his sanatorium. It's a nice walk, not hard, a couple of kilometres among hills, through a little birch forest. It's August; the birds aren't singing anymore, but it's pure bliss all the same. The weather's dry, the leaves are turning yellow and dropping off, here and there a mushroom sticks up. Korobeinikov would pick the mushroom and bring it to the house.

You can't make anything with one mushroom, but it was still a gift. An offering to the house. Olga Mikhailovna would stand on the porch, watching him come from behind the high spiked birch-trunk fence, and say, "Here comes Korobeinikov, he's got a mushroom." And her words made everyone feel good, kind of peaceful, like in childhood: the sun shines serenely; the seasons slip by serenely; serenely, with no shouting or panic, autumn draws near. A nice man is coming, carrying a bit of nature. How sweet.

Who knows how or why he got into the habit of going over to their place, why he became attached to them. But they were glad to have him. Having company in the country—it's not like having company in the city. There's a pleasant lack of obligation. In the city a guest won't just drop in, he'll phone first to say, I'd like to come by and visit you. The hostess will glance quickly at the floor: is there a lot of dust?—she'll do a mental check: is the bed still unmade?—she'll give a nervous thought to the refrigerator shelves—all in all, it makes for tension. Stress. But in the country none of that matters: what to sit on, what to drink, or from what cups. And it's no disaster if you leave a guest alone for five minutes—in the city that's a cardinal sin, but not in the country. It's a different type of hospitality. The guest lounges in a wicker armchair, has a smoke or just sits quietly, gazing out the window at the view, at the sky, and there's a sunset playing through all its colors—it'll give off a red or lilac stripe, then a golden crust will flare on a cloud, or everything will be tinged with a frosty green or lemon—a star will sparkle. . . . Better than television.

Then the hostess returns carrying a teapot under a padded-cotton cozy, she slices a loaf of pound cake, turns on the light. Moths fly in from the garden, flutter about. Easy talk, this and that, everyone laughs, argues, sits around, sighs. Korobeinikov would be better off not smoking, what with his ulcer, but he smokes, launches into his discussions of mysterious phenomena. He believes in aliens, in little green men; he's concerned about giant spiders, and triangles in the Nazca desert. In the newspaper *Labor* he read that a flying saucer came and hovered over the city of Sverdlovsk, that the sky near Leningrad shone with a strange light and no one knew why. This disturbs him. It disturbs Olga Mikhailovna, too: she's always wanted to meet little green men; she has plans for them. Korobeinikov says that in South America the little green men took this woman Dolores up with them in their saucer, gave her a ride, showed her a bird's-eye view of the earth, then set her down—in the city of Boston. Dolores, a simple peasant woman, was completely bewildered—she didn't know the language, didn't know where to go. She's got sixteen children at home howling to eat, and here she is, gadding about the city of Boston like a chicken, while her husband, José, also a simple peasant, doesn't have a clue what's going on either, and is so furious he's sharpening his switchblade and threatening to take care of his faithless wife—just let her cross the threshold of their house! Olga Mikhailovna both believes and doesn't believe, but she's extremely annoyed: *she* would have figured things out just fine over there in the city of Boston, what with her common sense and clear thinking; *she* would have known what was what right away—these little green men are forever picking up the wrong people. Everyone laughs and gives Olga Mikhailovna instructions about what to bring them from Boston if the same thing ever happens to her. Olga Mikhailovna's husband says just let her try; he'll sharpen his switch-



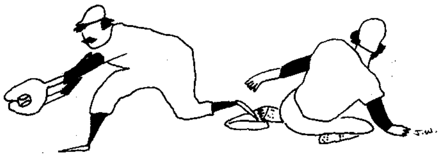
"Mr. Cartwright says you have to make a career decision—African violets or accounting."

blade, too, he won't stand for any of these little men. Someone says aliens only take people to Boston if they're from South America; anyone from the Moscow suburbs, it stands to reason, they'd take somewhere like Tyumen or the Matochkin Strait, and what would Olga Mikhailovna do in that case? Olga Mikhailovna's husband says this is all nonsense—as if *Labor* was any authority!—and that there's no such thing as aliens, it's all meteors with megahertz. What hertz? Well, he couldn't say for sure, he's no astronomer, but they've all got megahertz. Oh, there goes Olga Mikhailovna's husband again with his cheap materialism —he's always reducing the dreams of progressive mankind to some little turd. One witty fellow immediately starts punning. "Whatever hertz, a person blurtz." Who hertz where, comrades? Korobeinikov's ulcer hertz, but he feels good here at this dacha; everything is so relaxed that he somehow forgets about his pain. One hour of time spent with pleasant people, a single hour an evening, is worth all the medicines they cram down him at the sanatorium.

Korobeinikov savors one last cigarette: he taps it against the table; he kneads the hollow cardboard tip, lights a match; the pale flame illuminates his yellowish face, the fat lenses of his glasses, a bulging forehead with locks of thick black hair. Korobeinikov has extraordinary hair: the man is nearly sixty years old, and look what a mane he's got! Everyone else already has bald spots of various shapes, except for the young people, of course. Olga Mikhailovna's husband, glancing at Korobeinikov, runs his hand over his own balding head with chagrin—oh well, to each his own. At least I don't have an ulcer.

But now it's dark outside the window—in August it gets dark early—and time for Korobeinikov to go. He's expected for supper at the sanatorium: his piece of baked cheese pie with its beggarly puddle of sour cream has already grown cold, and the tea urn, too, and the lights have been turned out. He'll sit in the half-empty cafeteria, deep in thought, brushing crumbs off the tablecloth, staring at his shaggy reflection in the black windowpanes, listening closely to the mustard-hot pain somewhere inside him—to the pain that awakens with the darkness and drones, drones like a distant transformer.

Dolores—that is, Olga Mikhailovna —walks Korobeinikov out to the porch, and everyone else stands up as well, nodding and shaking his hand: It's not too cold for you? Maybe you should take a jacket? No? Are you sure now? He will carefully step down from the porch, his glasses glinting, he'll turn on a pocket flashlight, the bright circle will play at his feet, catching a bit of the green grass, the fence spikes, the trampled path, the startled, white tree trunks. Korobeinikov directs the beam to the skies, but the weak light scatters and the skies remain just as dark as ever; only the top branches and the crows' nests are lit for a moment. Playful, he turns the flashlight back



TWO POEMS

I

Early morning, a woman sits up in bed
With a cup of coffee and an ashtray
In her lap, though she isn't smoking
And the coffee has long since cooled.
For the last two months she and her husband
Have slept in separate rooms, and now,
By habit, it's decided this room is "hers."
Outside, the sky is overcast, as it usually is
In the mornings in the fall, and there's
A stillness on the world, which for once
She doesn't find threatening. Beyond her window
A sparrow is furiously tearing away
At the wildly overgrown lantana bush,
Stabbing at its inky, blue-black berries,
Some of which fall onto the window ledge
Already badly stained. Before entering
Her room—he's dressed for work and probably
In a hurry—her husband pauses and shuffles
His feet as though wiping his shoes on a mat.
At the sound this makes, she looks up at him
Undisturbed, and so manages once more
To turn a loss into the semblance of a loss.

II

Weeks, maybe months, have passed and just
Outside the kitchen door he's standing
On our new redwood deck listening to the owls,
Who call, or answer, or resign themselves
To a mounting dark in the woods behind our house.
The more he listens, the more they call.
Seeing what his life has come to—how else
To say it now?—perhaps it's not too much
To think: Things might get a little better
In time. Time, all the while, sliding
Past like a calm sea beneath those boards. . . .
No, standing there he seems to incline
Toward something that inclines toward him:
The beginning of hope. The beginning of sorrow.
Something hunted deep within the forest
Of his affections. It's an hour he'd like
To preserve somehow, but already the dark
Has begun to lap against the lowest rungs
Of the railing. A small moving. Wind
In the trees. Salt wetness and bright stars.

—SHEROD SANTOS

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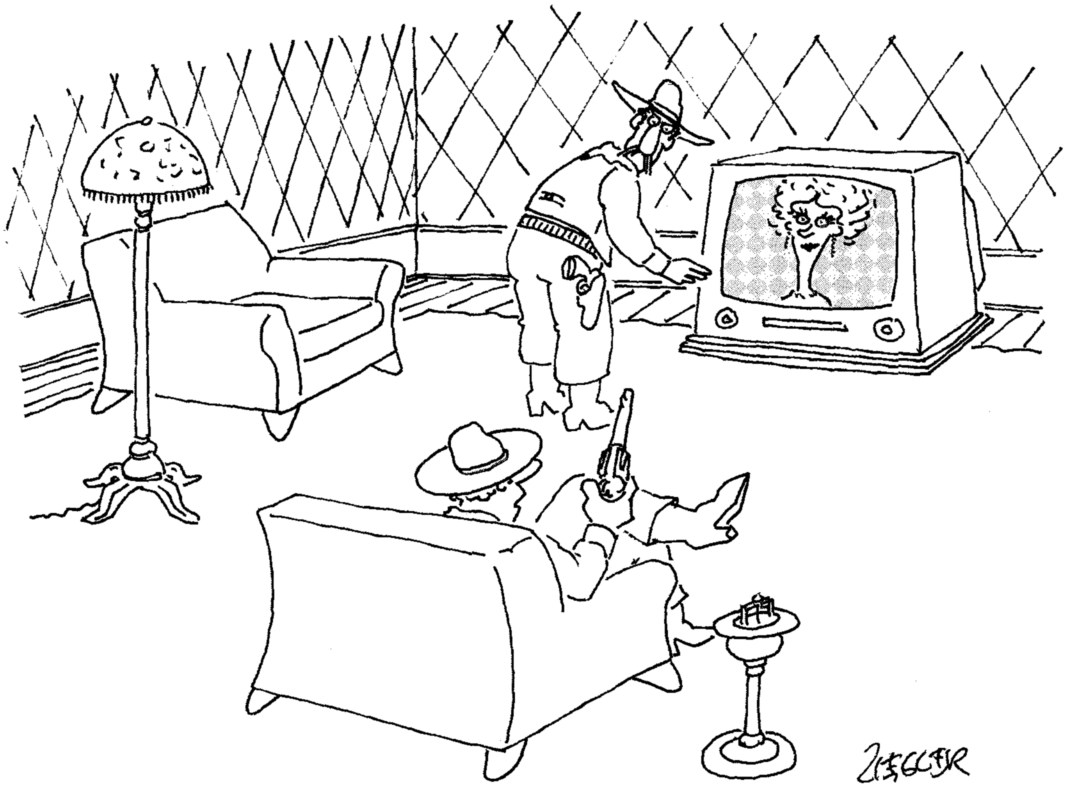
toward the porch, and then nothing can be seen in the night but a white star where Korobeinikov had been standing.



"You heard the little lady, Mister. She said, 'Don't touch that dial.'"

At some point Olga Mikhailovna finds out that Dmitry Ilyich has also rented a little dacha in their village—Dmitry Ilyich, whom she knew slightly in the city; she'd run into him at friends' houses, and they even kind of took to one another. Olga Mikhailovna thinks it's only natural that people like her; she's considered pretty, and from Dmitry Ilyich's viewpoint she's still quite young. Dmitry Ilyich is an interesting man, too: he's a sculptor, and he knows tons of stories and amazing incidents, like for instance how once they unveiled a monument and it was headless! Well, and stuff like that. Dmitry Ilyich limps, he walks with a stick, and it suits him. He says things like "No, I'm not Byron, I'm something else," but somehow it ends up that he *is* sort of Byron, after all—he's lame, he writes a little poetry, and he was in Greece for a day and a half on a cruise. He's seen Europe, and this automatically commands respect. He says, "Italy—huh, nothing special. But Greece, now—Greece is something," and though everyone understands that Italy is probably not exactly nothing special, he's been there and they haven't, so it's hard to argue. Well, he says a lot of other things—he's had plenty of adventures in his time. He was at the front for a speck, and in the camps—he "went camping" in Siberia for two years, as he puts it, not for any particular reason, naturally—but he doesn't hold a grudge, he believes in destiny and has a sense of humor. So when Olga Mikhailovna runs into him in the village, she says, "Drop by and see us some evening," and he thanks her and says, "I will be sure to limp by." He's really a gorgeous man—he plays the bohemian, of course, but so what?—he has hair down to his shoulders, streaked with gray, a slightly pockmarked face, yellow hawk eyes, and he wears a smock. He says to Olga Mikhailovna, "I must sculpt you."

So he actually does come to see them one evening, and they slice a pound cake and put the kettle on. Dmitry Ilyich tells them about his cruise, and about how one old guy in their group blew all his foreign currency the first day out, and when they were already on their way home through Turkey he suddenly remembered that he hadn't bought anything for his wife, so then he raced down to the Turkish market and traded his hearing aid—which he passed off as a radio—for a necklace. And he brought his old lady this necklace. Everyone's laughing, including Olga Mikhailovna's husband, and Olga Mikhailovna looks out the window and says, "Here comes Korobeinikov, he's got a mushroom. Oh, he's such a dear, and he tells the most amusing stories—about this woman named Dolores and all!"

Dmitry Ilyich says, "Korobeinikov! Which Korobeinikov? Could it really be the same Korobeinikov?" And he doesn't explain what he means. Olga Mikhailovna is intrigued, of course, and looks to and fro, and in comes Korobeinikov with his mushroom and his stories, sweet and affable as ever—he likes it here, and it's a nice day, and the air is good, and the woods are lovely, and the people are nice, and he'd be happy to stay forever.

The guests are introduced to each other, everybody has tea, the evening chitchat begins. Korobeinikov, it must be said, is in top form, and Olga Mikhailovna is simply thrilled, but Dmitry Ilyich is watching sort of intently, and there's some thought glimmering in his yellow eyes. Olga Mikhailovna is dying of curiosity—what did he mean?—her eyes shine, and everyone finds her charming. As always, for that matter.

"Hmm. Well, what do you know?" says Dmitry Ilyich, after the ulcer patient, playing with his flashlight, has disappeared into the grove. "Who would have thought?"

"Well, what? What is it?"

"No, who would have thought?" And he drums his fingers on the table. Then he lays out everything he knows about this Korobeinikov. They were in school together, as it happens. In different classes. Korobeinikov, of course, has forgotten Dmitry Ilyich—well, it's been forty years now, that's only natural. But Dmitry Ilyich hasn't forgotten, no sir, because at one time this Korobeinikov pulled a really dirty trick on him! You see, in his youth Dmitry Ilyich used to write poetry, a sin he still commits even now. They were bad poems, he knows that—nothing that would've made a name for him, just little exercises in the fair art of letters, you know, for the soul. That's not the point. But, as it happened, when Dmitry Ilyich had his little legal mishap and went camping for two years, the manuscripts of these immature poems of his ended up in this Korobeinikov's hands. And the fellow published them under his own name. So, that's the story. Fate, of course, sorted everything out: Dmitry Ilyich was actually glad that these poems had appeared under someone else's name; nowadays he'd be ashamed to show such rubbish to a dog; he doesn't need that kind of fame. And it didn't bring Korobeinikov any happiness: he got neither praise nor abuse for his reward; nothing came of it. Korobeinikov never did make it as an artist, either: he changed professions, and now he does some kind of technical work, it seems. That's the way the cookie crumbles.

"How do you like that," says Olga Mikhailovna.

"How do you like that," says her husband. "What a bastard!"

"Now then, I wouldn't call him a bastard," said Dmitry Ilyich, softening. "At that time people saw things differently. Who could have known that I would come back? And this way my humble verse didn't perish—at least it saw the light of day. Maybe he was even prompted by noble motives."

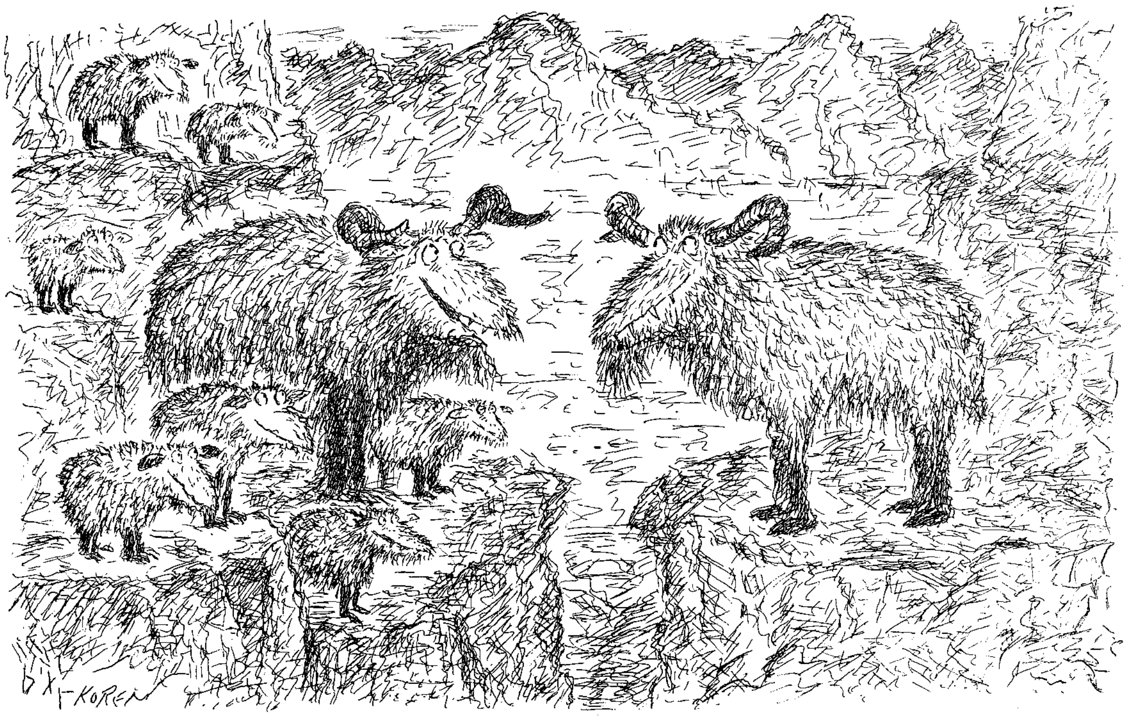
"But he could have apologized after your return," says Olga Mikhailovna. "That's what I would have done, at any rate."

"Those were different times, my child," Dmitry Ilyich explains indulgently. Olga Mikhailovna likes it when he calls her a child. At forty, it's pleasant. "Different times. And how would he have known that I came back? I didn't report to him. We weren't even really acquainted. God will forgive him, and I already have. Right here and now I've forgiven him."

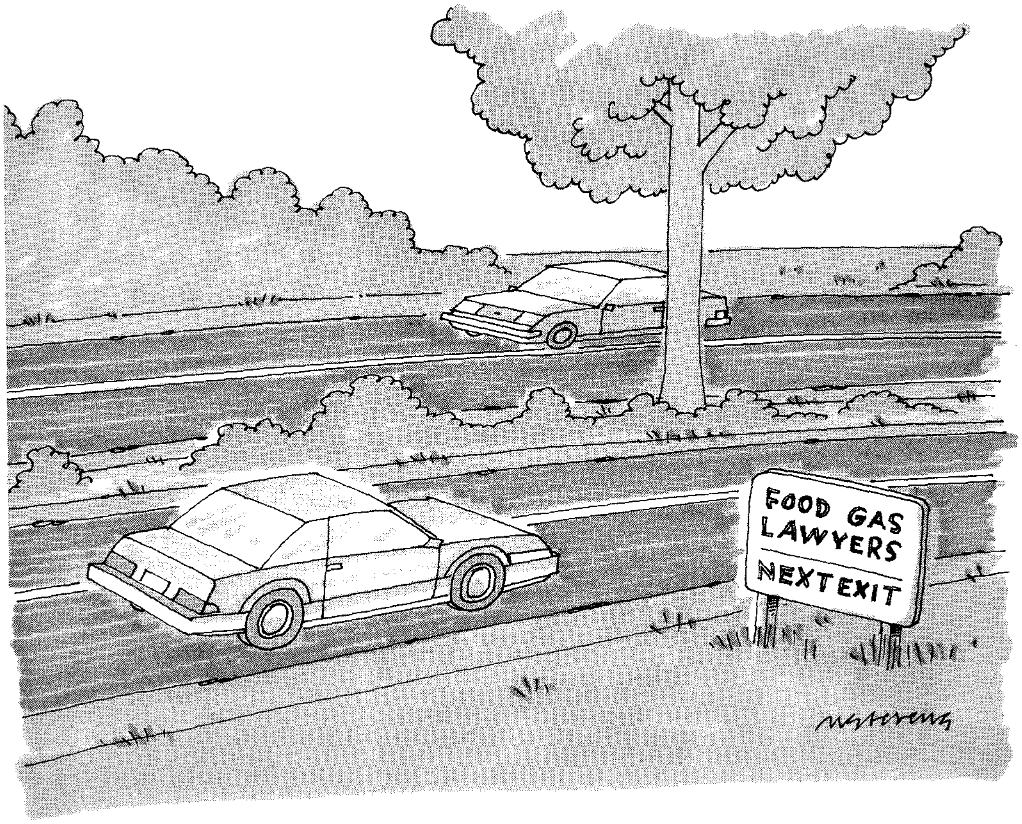
So once again evening falls, and from the woods comes that vile Korobeinikov, carrying his foul toadstool. Everyone already knows about his treachery, about the mark of Cain on him. Olga Mikhailovna stands on the porch. "You have to forgive him," said Dmitry Ilyich, but she doesn't want to forgive him. "Judge not, that ye be not judged," said Dmitry Ilyich. All right, so she'll be judged, but at least she'll have the satisfaction of making judgments herself. She loves truth, what can you do, that's how she is. Of course, she's not about to persecute Korobeinikov—he has an ulcer, after all—but inside, in the pure house of her soul, she has the right to keep things in their proper place. And the place for trash is the kitchen, not the parlor.

There he sits, in the wicker chair, weaving a lot of nonsense about miracles. There he goes, slurping tea and chomping on cake. There he goes, singing like a nightingale about how some kind of mysterious voids were supposedly found deep inside the pyramid of Cheops, and what could this signify? "You're the pyramid of Cheops yourself," thinks Olga Mikhailovna. "Megahertz . . ." mutters Olga Mikhailovna's husband. And everyone else thinks hostile thoughts. And Korobeinikov can't help but feel this.

Korobeinikov is confused; Korobeinikov mumbles on—about how one fine evening, see, the skies over Petrozavodsk convulsed and a heavenly flame descended, a column of horrendous force, and everything turned bright as day, while crimson stripes ranged the sky and the whole shebang flashed and quaked, and what could this possibly signify? But knowing what they now know about Korobeinikov, the hosts and their guests no longer ooh and ah, no longer laugh, no longer cry out in disbelief. Olga Mikhailovna forces a smile, even though it's about as easy for her to smile as it would be to lift weights, and she curses herself for her fake smile, her female cowardice: if only she could somehow give Korobeinikov to understand that that's it—that's it!—he needn't come around here again, that's enough, we don't want him anymore. We know about your low-down dirty trick. And your ulcer is no excuse! Your ulcer is a heavenly flame sent down on you as a punishment, that's what! We wish you no ill—go and get yourself cured, take your little vitamin pills, go drink buttermilk in your sanatorium—but don't come



"This is a great place to bring up children."



around here! And don't bring us any mushrooms.

Korobeinikov, of course, can feel that the temperature at the dacha has dropped for some reason. He's nervous; he smokes one cigarette after another; behind the thick lenses of his glasses his eyes watch, frightened and uneasy; he thinks the problem must be his stories—maybe he's repeating himself, maybe they aren't interested in this stuff. He hastens to inform them about the Filipino healers—it doesn't help; he remembers a marvellous story about the Berdichev bonesetter who puts hopeless paralytics back on their feet—useless; the ice stays ice; they stare at him, their eyes hard as nuts. Finally he gets up to leave, and they all nod, but it's not quite the same; they offer him the jacket again, but they don't even pretend to rise, don't walk him out to the porch, don't see him off—it's as though their joints had turned to stone. True, Olga Mikhailovna can't help but do her duty as hostess: she opens the front door, waits for him to descend from the porch, turn on his flashlight, and disappear deep into the birch grove. The beam floats steadily, thoughtfully, through the severe, white tree trunks; it doesn't soar or circle, doesn't dance in the darkness.

Korobeinikov's ashtray is full of butts—geez, look how much he smoked! Everyone stares after the ashtray meaningfully as Olga Mikhailovna's husband goes to dump it—that mound of empty, stinking cardboard tips—as if it measured the guilt of an unclean man.

Korobeinikov walks through the unsheltering grove. The birch trunks are chilly, and the ground feels cold through his shoes; ahead smolder the lights of the sanatorium, a vale of woe: the beds there are white and the bed tables are white, the walls shine with white oil paint, white lamps hang from the ceilings, and on the staircase landing, where Korobeinikov goes to smoke, a fire hose is curled up in a white cabinet with glass doors. The hose is brown, flat, long—infinitely long, longer than life—and at night, when Korobeinikov falls asleep, headless orderlies will sail into the ward without touching the floor and order Korobeinikov to swallow the hose—that's what you have to do before an operation—and, choking, he will swallow, swallow those long, endless yards of dull, rough ribbon.

The next day, Korobeinikov sits at his boring meal, listlessly pokes at his fish balls with a fork, stares out the wide sanatorium windows to where August burns with gold, green, and deep blue—he'll go for his usual walk and then he'll drop by that house after all: he was only imagining things, he must have been in a bad mood himself, it's just the illness, it's the pain, the rumble, the spoonful of fire he must have swallowed somehow by mistake, those people have nothing to do with it. He walks through the grove, touches the cold bushes, leans his spectacles earthward, looking for a mushroom, but there aren't any; lots of people hunt for them here.

He sits on the veranda, trying to joke and be entertaining, but Olga Mikhailovna only narrows her eyes, and Olga Mikhailovna's husband, who whenever he hears a good joke repeats it again and again, asks, "So how's your megahertz—still hurts?" although the question is really unnecessary. And the conversation flags, halts, dries up, as if everything on earth had already been said.

It must be boring for them to listen to the same thing over and over again—why hadn't he considered that? Now, when that yellow-eyed sculptor puts on a show, they're all pleased as Punch, they all laugh. Still, an old friend is better than two new ones, Korobeinikov thinks vaguely to himself; no matter, he'll just have to outtalk him. He'll prepare something for tomorrow. About life after death, for instance. What a person sees when he faints or is in a coma, when he's clinically dead. Oh, there's a lot of gripping stuff! The witnesses are completely reliable. He actually talked to one of these people. This guy told him that on the other side, everything is sky blue and transparent, but there's no air, and you don't need to breathe, you don't even miss it. And, you know, the feeling is like when you're young, or you just got out of the Army, or you just had a son—a really good feeling. And then someone appears—you can't exactly see anyone, but he's *there* all the same—and this someone talks to you, but without any voice. "It's not time yet," he says. In a kind of respectful way. And then, *whoosh!*—you're suddenly back on the operating table again, everybody's running around you, frantic, but you're lying there and you're thinking, 'What do any of you know!' . . . Yes, that's a good story. Only it has to be told with élan, with spirit. Have to rouse the audience, right? . . . No, I won't go there anymore, thinks Korobeinikov, heading back, tripping over a root. It's humiliating, for heaven's sake! If only it weren't for the whiteness of the hospital, the dull shine of the linoleum, the sterile, deathly cigarette bucket! If only the fire hose didn't come sneaking up in the evenings, didn't stick to you with suction cups, didn't sting you to the very core.

Completely yellow, Korobeinikov walks along the evening path. Dmitry Ilyich embraces Olga Mikhailovna in the birch forest.

"Why does he keep dragging himself over here?" says Olga Mikhailovna indignantly, her eyes following the gaunt figure.

"Oh, don't pay him any mind, little one," says Dmitry Ilyich, kissing her.

"How do you stand him, Dima, you're simply a saint!"

"Don't be silly, my child, what's there to get excited about! He's got it bad enough as is, let him live out his life in peace! For him the time has come to wither; for you, to blossom. You see, even my walking stick is blooming at the sight of you." Olga Mikhailovna's head spins; if no one could see her she'd jump up and down and do cartwheels—wow, what a great romance! Dmitry Ilyich combs back his hair with his fingers, flashes his hawk eyes and feasts them on Olga Mikhailovna.

It grows dark. Korobeinikov, completely black, shuffles from the village to the sanatorium; a little ball of light bounces about on the roots. Dmitry Ilyich has no secrets from Olga Mikhailovna: "By the way, my child, I was only joking," he says, knocking leaves from a bush with a stick. "It was a practical joke—punish me. That story about the poems—it never happened, and I've never seen that Korobeinikov of yours before in my life."

"What do you mean, Dima?" says Olga Mikhailovna, scared.

"The devil led me astray. Or maybe I was jealous of him. I thought, Who is this Korobeinikov character? But I pulled it off, didn't I?"

"Ohhhh, Dimochka, you're so bad," pouts Olga Mikhailovna. "What are we going to do with you? Come on, let's go have our tea. My husband is probably sharpening his switchblade by now."

Over tea they giggle like conspirators. "What's with you two?" says Olga Mikhailovna's husband, surprised. So they have to tell about how Dmitry Ilyich played a joke on Korobeinikov. Dmitry Ilyich is very amusing about doing penance—he clasps his hands together and begs to be forgiven. He even wants to get down on his knees in front of everyone, only his lame leg gets in his way. "Don't be ridiculous!" everyone shouts. No, he insists, he'll get down on his knees! At least on one knee. He's repented, repented! On one knee, and the other leg cocked like a pistol: how do you prefer the other leg—in front or behind? Everyone laughs: this Dmitry Ilyich is so awfully artistic! And though Korobeinikov may be vindicated now, he's a bore anyway. And somehow they've got used to thinking badly of him. Oh, to hell with him! "Heavenly flame!" "Megahertz!" "It hurtz until it stoptz!" "Did you hear that?" shouts Olga Mikhailovna's husband. "It hurtz until it stoptz!" Anyway, he always talked such a lot of nonsense, and told such lies—did you notice? And tomorrow he'll drag himself over here again! He ought to at least be ashamed—he can see how people feel about him; he could just stay put in that sanatorium of his! Spit in his face and he thinks it's a spring rain!

The next day Olga Mikhailovna feels very uncomfortable. First of all, around her husband, who doesn't suspect a thing—oh, well, that doesn't matter—and secondly around Korobeinikov. It would be better if he didn't come. It's uncomfortable to look someone straight in the eye when we've treated him like crap for no reason and we can't admit it. But, on the other hand, he's been cleared. And now we don't have to live with that awful feeling of having invited a bastard into the house. Dima behaved badly, of course. But he's repented—and all on his own, too, no one twisted his arm. It takes guts to do that, whatever you say. That's courage.

But Korobeinikov does come, of course. And he tries really hard. Why does he try so hard? It's all over with! And Olga Mikhailovna puts up with him, soiled as he is, and she's solicitous, emphatically solicitous, as she pours him tea and feeds him pound cake. "Everything they give you in the sanatorium is probably mush—isn't it? At least here you can eat like a real person." Korobeinikov is startled, he looks bewilderedly through his thick glasses. He doesn't understand—what was all that about, last week? What's going on now? There's some kind of tension in the air. And does anyone like this tension? No one does. It's hard to be with him, Korobeinikov. He's already turned completely yellow. And it would be nice if he'd realize that, since the conflict is resolved and everything's cleared up now, it would just be better if he didn't come here anymore. Because it's hard to be with him! And when he looks closely into their faces, trying to understand, that's hard too! And there's no point staring! As it turns out, it's nothing to do with him. He's been acquitted and now he can just leave.

Olga Mikhailovna looks at Korobeinikov with hatred. These nightly visits drive her crazy. And they drive everyone else in the house crazy, too. What—don't we have the right to live like human beings? Among our own friends? Honestly, it would be better if he died! Yes, well, that's what'll probably happen soon. That's no ulcer he's got, oh no. It's not an ulcer; see how lemony-looking he is, and he's aged right before our very eyes! And another sign that the end is near is that insensitivity and tactlessness, that thickheaded stubbornness—when the sick person doesn't care about proprieties anymore and just clings to life, to people, to whatever there is. Yes, as an honest person, she freely admits it to herself: she wishes he would die. There you have it. Everyone would rest easier.

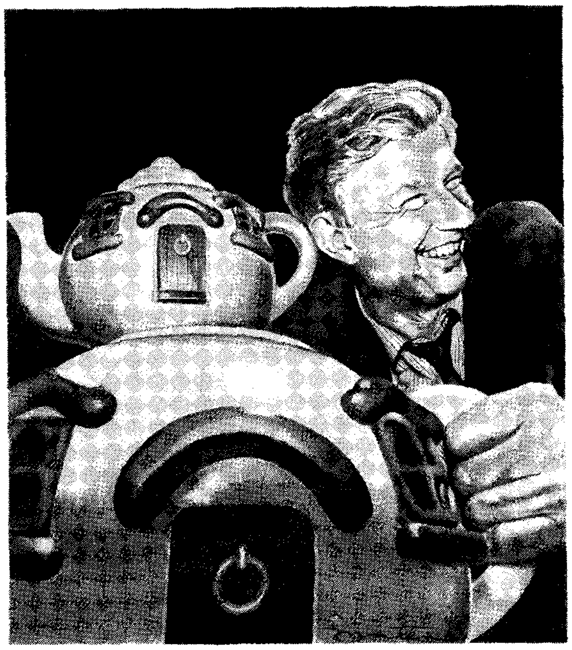
The nights are cold: she goes out on the porch, offers Korobeinikov a jacket, knowing that he won't take it; she waits while he lights the flashlight, steps down from the porch; she listens greedily to his feeble feet shuffling through the fallen leaves. She hopes that she's right about the symptoms. Soon, very soon. It would be nice if it were before the end of the summer. She stands for a long time and watches the flashlight's pale fire count the hospital-white birch trunks, watches the corridor of light close in, the darkness thicken, the heavenly flame sweep blindly by, searching out its victim.

—TATYANA TOLSTAYA

(*Translated, from the Russian, by Jamey Gambrell.*)

PROFILES

THE LAST BUCCANEER



TORQUIL NORMAN, the founder and chairman of the board of Bluebird Toys, which is one of Britain's largest toy manufacturers, looks, appropriately, like the friendly giant in a children's story. He is enormously tall—six feet seven inches—but does his best to disguise his height with an amiable stoop. His hair is gray and untidy; his head seems too small for the rest of him; his face is squeezed up around a prominent nose. He dislikes formality of any kind—particularly suits and ties and tight collars—and he has a knack for finding common ground with unlikely people and putting them at their ease. This gives him a curious classlessness, which, combined with his taste for pleasure and adventure, makes him seem like a throwback to an earlier style of English gentleman—more daring, charming, and carefree than the lean and hungry entrepreneurs of Margaret Thatcher's decade.

Norman's taste for adventure takes a specific form: flying. He has been flying in light airplanes about as long as he can remember. His father, who held one of the first pilot's licenses issued in Britain, flew him to Switzerland in his three-seater Leopard Moth in 1934, when Torquil (his mother was Irish, and the name is Gaelic) was a year old. One of Torquil's two older brothers, Desmond, who is equally obsessed with flying (and, in partnership with John Britten, eventually designed and produced one of England's few successful airplanes, the Britten-Norman Islander), took him flying and taught him the rudiments while Torquil was still a schoolboy at Eton. Torquil left Eton in a blaze of glory: he was captain of Boats and president of Pop, the school's most exclusive club, whose members wore checked trousers and fancy waistcoats under their morning coats, and moved in an aura more glamorous and powerful than that of the Queen and the Prime Minister combined. He celebrated leaving school by getting his pilot's license at the minimum legal age, eighteen, and flying his housemaster, Hubert Hartley, to Gibraltar. Hartley was a benign and distinctly absent-minded gentleman, which was just as well, since Torquil at that time had only about forty hours' solo-flying experience, and the airplane, a Leopard Moth he had bought for four hundred pounds, was not in good shape. "It was an act of great faith on Hubert's part, and bravery beyond the call of duty," he told me not long ago.

Norman still owns a Leopard Moth, but his current one is far more airworthy than his first. One of the reasons he is devoted to the plane is that it reminds him of his father, Sir Henry Nigel St. Valery Norman, who looms large in Norman's life as a romantic figure: he was gifted, quixotic, and remarkably courageous, and he died when Norman was still a child. Sir Nigel, as he was known, had studied architecture at Cambridge and had combined his profession and his love of flying by getting into airport construction at the start. In 1919, he built London's first airport, in what were then the rolling green meadows of Heston, just west of town. The old hangars are still standing, but everything else has gone: the control tower, the Propeller Bar, the floral clock that was visible from the air. The M4 motorway now runs straight down what was once the main runway.

Sir Nigel also started an air-charter business, Airwork, that is now part of British Airways. When the Second World War broke out, he went into the Royal Air Force as a wing commander and used his experience with Airwork to help start up the airborne services. He organized the air transport, and Lieutenant General Frederick (Boy) Browning, the husband of Daphne Du Maurier, provided the troops. Although parachuting was not Sir Nigel's brief, it was an aerial thrill he had never experienced, and he felt, characteristically, that he couldn't ask his men to jump if he hadn't jumped himself. He suffered, however, from a chronically bad hip, which made it impossible for him to land on hard ground. He jumped anyway, into Lake Windermere, and nearly drowned. It was the kind of daredevil gesture his youngest son has since found irresistible. In 1943, Sir Nigel was posted to North Africa as chief operations officer to Sir Arthur Tedder, who was the commander of the Mediterranean Allied Air Command, but the passenger plane carrying him from England had an engine failure on takeoff. True to form, Sir Nigel went forward to help the pilot. When the plane crashed, nose first, the passengers escaped, but he and the pilot were killed. Torquil was ten at the time, and he had not seen his father since 1940, because he had been evacuated to America.

Between the wars, Sir Nigel had commanded the famous 601 Squadron, the Auxiliary Air Force squadron of the County of London, based at Hendon. The 601 Squadron, the flying equivalent of Eton's Pop, was an intensely social club renowned for its wild parties and outrageous behavior. Its members managed to make even their drab R.A.F. uniforms flamboyant—they wore jackets with red linings, and bright-red socks—and they took pride in paying no attention to military discipline. In due course, all three of Sir Nigel's sons joined 601. Mark, the eldest, seconded himself to it from the Coldstream Guards; Desmond joined after national service in the R.A.F.; and Torquil joined after a postwar stint in the Fleet Air Arm. "It was the most wonderful flying club in the world," Norman told me. "Every weekend, we'd get together and fly Meteors around, burning up two hundred gallons of gas in twenty minutes and having a terrific time. Each summer, we went to camp in Malta for two weeks' non-stop flying and drinking. Our casual attitude gave regular R.A.F. officers the fits, and they were constantly reporting us to the Air Ministry. Not that that had the slightest effect on us. Eventually, though, their complaints turned us into an important economy measure, and the government packed us in. But it was great while it lasted."

In 1951, when Norman finished at Eton, young men leaving school were still being conscripted into the National Service, which usually meant two years of boredom behind a desk in a Quonset hut in the middle of nowhere. Norman, whose threshold of boredom is low, wangled his way into the Fleet Air Arm and trained as a naval pilot. Doing that presented certain problems, since Norman, fully grown, was three inches taller than the maximum permitted for a fighter pilot. The first day on parade, the commander at the Lee-on-Solent base camp stopped in front of him and asked how tall he was.

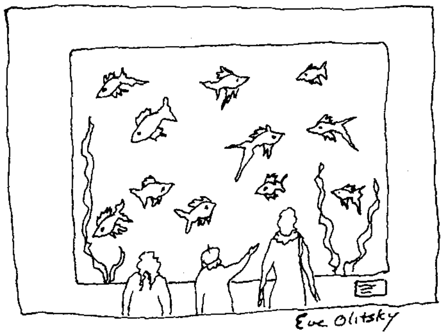
"Six foot two and a half inches, sir."

"That's bloody stupid, for a start. I'm six foot three and you're at least four inches taller than I am. Petty Officer, take this man away and measure him."

So they marched Norman off—left-right, left-right—to the gymnasium, but when the tape came out Norman, who was wearing regulation naval bell-bottom trousers, bent his knees and measured six feet two and a half. "Why not put that down at six three and a half?" he suggested mildly. And that was the last he heard of it.

After Norman got his wings, he was posted to Lossiemouth, in Scotland. There he flew the Seafire, the naval version of the Spitfire. Flying Seafires presented a problem peculiar to Norman. The first time he went up in one he complained, in his diffident way, that it was a bit odd that such a sophisticated fighter should be without an artificial horizon. It wasn't, but because of his height he had been sitting with his head up near the canopy, and the instrument was obscured by the gun sight. After that, he learned to squeeze down in the seat whenever he flew blind through the clouds.

Norman's training as a Navy fighter pilot almost ended with a bang. He had been transferred from Lossiemouth to Culdrose, in Cornwall, and had learned there to fly the Sea Fury, the naval version of the Tempest, before joining H.M.S. Illustrious at sea to complete his stint of deck landings. In those days, landing on an aircraft carrier was even trickier than it is now. The flight decks ran straight up and down the ship (now they are angled), with barriers and rows of parked planes at the forward end. In addition, piston-engine planes had drawbacks that jet pilots have never had to contemplate. The pilot of a jet sits up front and can see where he is going. He also lands with the throttle open and does not close it until the aircraft has been stopped by the arrester wires, so if something goes wrong he still has flying speed; he can fly on around for a second try. The Sea Fury, in contrast, was a big, wide plane with a huge radial engine up front, which made it impossible to see the carrier in the final approach. The pilot had to come in blind, relying entirely on the signals of the batman, who stood on a raised platform over the sea and waved in-



JUDAS-KISS

Those who lie waiting know time
goes away eventually but in the meantime
sits there—oh, maybe shuffles in its mechanisms
once in a while, skips a day, sometimes
behind you a whole year can get lost,
but basically sits there. Hair doesn't
turn white, skin refuses to mat
its spidery crushings over
the face bones, the tiny ditched
carcasses of remembered acts
remain stuck nose and feet
to the amberish helix
of the heaven of childhood,
which droops down into the golden ringlet
of hell. Most can wait
for the capsule's slow burst
to lull them off, but some, dying
to get on with it, swill the whole
bottleload down in one
foul gulp. Then somebody,
an ex-spouse, the woman downstairs,
or maybe the U.P.S. man, will happen by,
discover the collapsed creature,
and, never mind if it sleeps through
its last clutches, bend down,
and with the softest
part of the face, which hides
the hardest, Judas-kiss it,
with a click, like a conductor's
ticket punch, this one here, God
of our Fathers, this one is the one.

—GALWAY KINNELL

• •

structions with two little paddles. "Brilliant people," Norman told me. "They could judge your speed to within a couple of knots simply by the attitude of the plane." Another problem was that the Sea Fury could not be landed unless it was fully stalled—no longer flying—so there was no second chance if you got it wrong. And the engine torque was so great that if you opened the throttle too quickly the plane flopped over on its back.

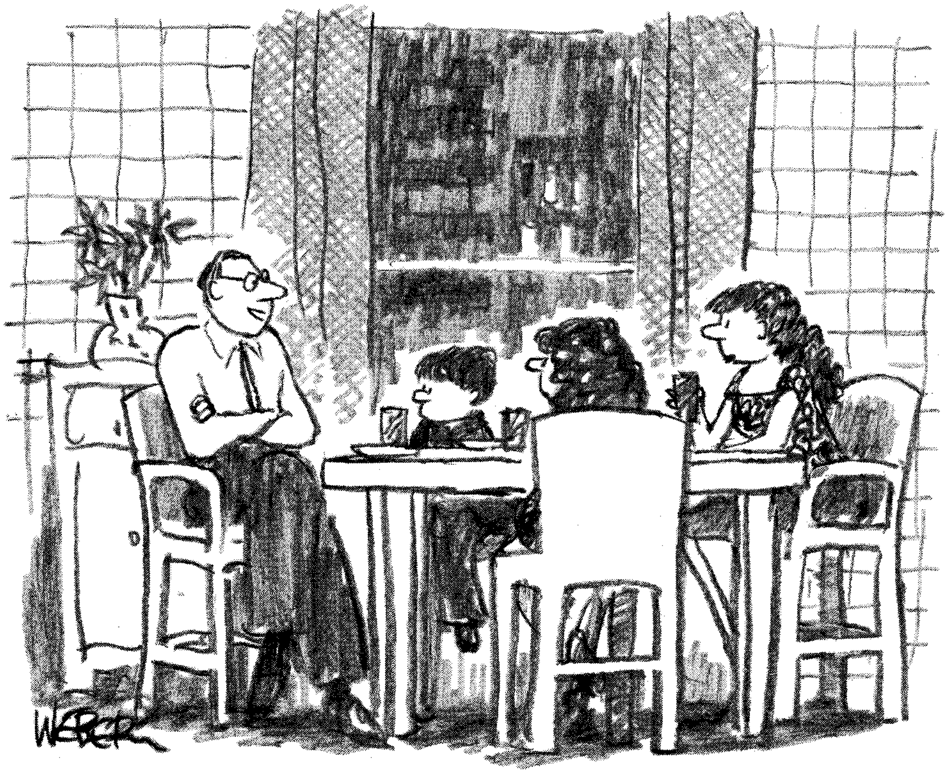
THE CAPITAL SISTERS
Dory, Cory, and Io
STEVENSON

Naval planes have hooks under their fuselages or tails which are lowered on landing to catch the arrester wires on the deck. As Norman was boosted off the catapult on his final, qualifying flight, his hook dropped and then banged up against the underside of the plane so hard that the spring that held it in place for landing was broken, and the hook was left hanging down. The flight controllers ordered him to fly past slowly to let them inspect the damage, and then told him to fly around for a while to burn off some fuel. When he finally came in to land, the hook hit the deck and bounced straight up again without catching a wire. The plane went clear over the first barrier. "I dimly saw the planes parked in front of me, and didn't know what to do," Norman said. "I had a terrific urge to open the throttle, but a friend had done that, flipped his plane over, and gone into the sea, so I was very clear that it would be a mistake. All I could do was push the nose forward." The left wheel caught in the second barrier and spun the plane over on end. It landed nose down, flattening the propeller boss, and then flopped right way up onto the deck, its undercarriage broken off, sliding backward toward the parked planes. The engine broke away, the fuel lines ruptured, the fuel exploded. But because the plane was sliding backward there was a thirty-knot wind coming over Norman's shoulders, blowing the flames away from him. When he leaped out of the cockpit and raced upwind, he was passed by the flight-deck officer, racing in the opposite direction in order to climb into the cockpit to shut off the fuel and turn off all the other switches. "All the things I was too scared to do, because I thought the plane was about to explode," Norman said. "I was really ashamed of being so uncool."

The medical officer walked Norman around for half an hour to make sure he was all right. He was more than all right: he was as high as a kite, cocky, laughing at everything, and behaving as if the whole episode had been one great joke. So they gave him an hour to calm down, and sent him up again, in another plane. By that time, the weather had changed. It was cold and gray, the sea had risen, the carrier was pitching violently, and the light was failing. "In order to react properly in complicated situations, you are supposed to be relaxed," Norman said. "I have to say I was as tense as a spring when I came in to land. It was a miracle I got that bloody plane on the deck in one piece. Coming downwind, with the carrier going up and down in the gray sea, I began to realize that the situation had a downside to it."

He was not censured for the accident, and he qualified without a bad mark on his record. A couple of months later, his two-year National Service was over, and he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, to read economics and law, but by then his addiction to flying was irreversible. "I was hugely privileged to be doing things the way they had been done all through the war, and to be doing them in those incredible aircraft," he said. "It was my two years in the Fleet Air Arm that got me excited all over again about flying."

Norman had kept his old Leopard Moth while he was doing his National Service. While he was posted to Lossiemouth, he flew it down to London most weekends, usually in the company of a member of the local Wrens (Women's Royal Naval Service). It was an offer, apparently, that few of them could refuse. He also had the plane while he was up at Cambridge, and spent his weekends with the wild bunch at 601 Squadron. He took a year out on an exchange scholarship at Harvard, and earned his holiday money by ferrying a Piper Tri-Pacer out to the West Coast. At the end of the Harvard year, he went to Alaska. His great-great-great-uncle was Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the first man to cross the



"*Let's talk about how we're all not going to buy anything this fall.*"

North American continent north of Mexico, and the discoverer of the Mackenzie River, in northwestern Canada. Norman's plan was to follow Mackenzie's route by car, bus, and boat, but he ran out of money and spent three months logging and laying pipeline. His final year at Cambridge seemed like an anticlimax, but at least he represented the university in rowing in one of the years when Cambridge's team beat Oxford. ("I don't think he'd have *let* them lose," his wife, Anne, told me.) And every weekend when the weather was halfway decent there was flying, in his Leopard Moth or in 601's Meteors. The point was, no matter how hard he was working, to keep the lines open to that special sense of freedom, physical release, elation, and camaraderie which is shared by the flying fraternity.

Norman kept to the same pattern during the next five years, while he was working in the international department of J. P. Morgan in New York. When he arrived in America, the first thing he did was buy himself an old Cessna 180, and he kept it for two years. Then, because his brother Desmond had links with Piper agents, he started to buy their demonstrator models—airplanes like the Piper Comanche, which were fast and had a long enough range for him to fly to Virginia for a weekend's golf or to the West Indies for a spot of sun. "One of my nicest memories is of flying back to New York on a Sunday night after a smashing weekend," he said. "There are huge radio masts south of Teterboro Airport, in New Jersey, that broadcast a station called WINS. They go up two hundred feet and are so powerful that you can switch the radio compass on to them from five hundred miles out, and navigation then becomes history. You get the news and your direction simultaneously. It was the greatest pleasure to be able to fly like that when you were tired out and had had a lovely time." He also discovered that he could fly the Pipers back to England during the summer and sell them at a sufficient profit to pay for his holiday.

In 1959, Norman met the American parachuting ace Jacques Istel, who had opened a parachuting-and-skydiving center in Orange, Massachusetts. So Norman, feeling that, on principle, he should explore whatever pleasures the sky has to offer, took up parachuting. Istel had bought an old farmhouse, which he called the Inn at Orange. The Inn had an airstrip but there were no lights on it. The first time Norman went there, on a Friday evening after work, he reckoned he could fly to Worcester and then follow road lights almost to the airstrip. The only problem was how to land. He called Istel before he took off and told him to park a car at the end of the runway, so that he could land into the headlights. It was a good idea in theory, but in practice the glare made it impossible for him to tell how high off the ground he was. All he could do was put the plane into a gentle descent and wait until he hit something. Luckily, it was the runway. After that, they developed a safer technique: Istel would park at the downwind end of the runway, headlights blazing, and Norman would land over the top of the car. The car would then follow him down the airstrip.

Norman took to parachuting and skydiving as effortlessly as he had taken to flying. In those days, training was less formal and regulated than it is now. He did a morning's practice and jumped off a high table to show he could land, then went straight up and did static-line jumps—those in which the parachutist's rip cord is fixed to the plane and is pulled automatically at the critical moment. After that, it was free-fall or bust. For a few weeks, he held the national baton-passing record: he passed a baton in free-fall on his fourteenth jump. It seemed a perfect way to round off a week's banking: first the night flight to Orange and the tricky landing on an unlit airstrip, then two days of pumping adrenaline in one of the riskiest and most liberating activities ever invented, then the night flight back to the city and his job at Morgan.

There was an English girl at Orange, but for a while Norman never managed to meet her. Her name was Anne Montagu, and she was not the kind of young woman you would associate with free-fall parachuting. She had brown hair, startled dark eyes, a lovely smile, and a tentative manner. She had trained as a painter at the Slade School, in London, in its great days, when William Coldstream and Lucian Freud were around. Why, exactly, she was skydiving at the Inn at Orange was not clear except that, like many upper-class English, she had an eccentric, wild streak that occasionally demanded expression. "It was a confused period of my life," she said. "I wanted to do something entirely out of myself

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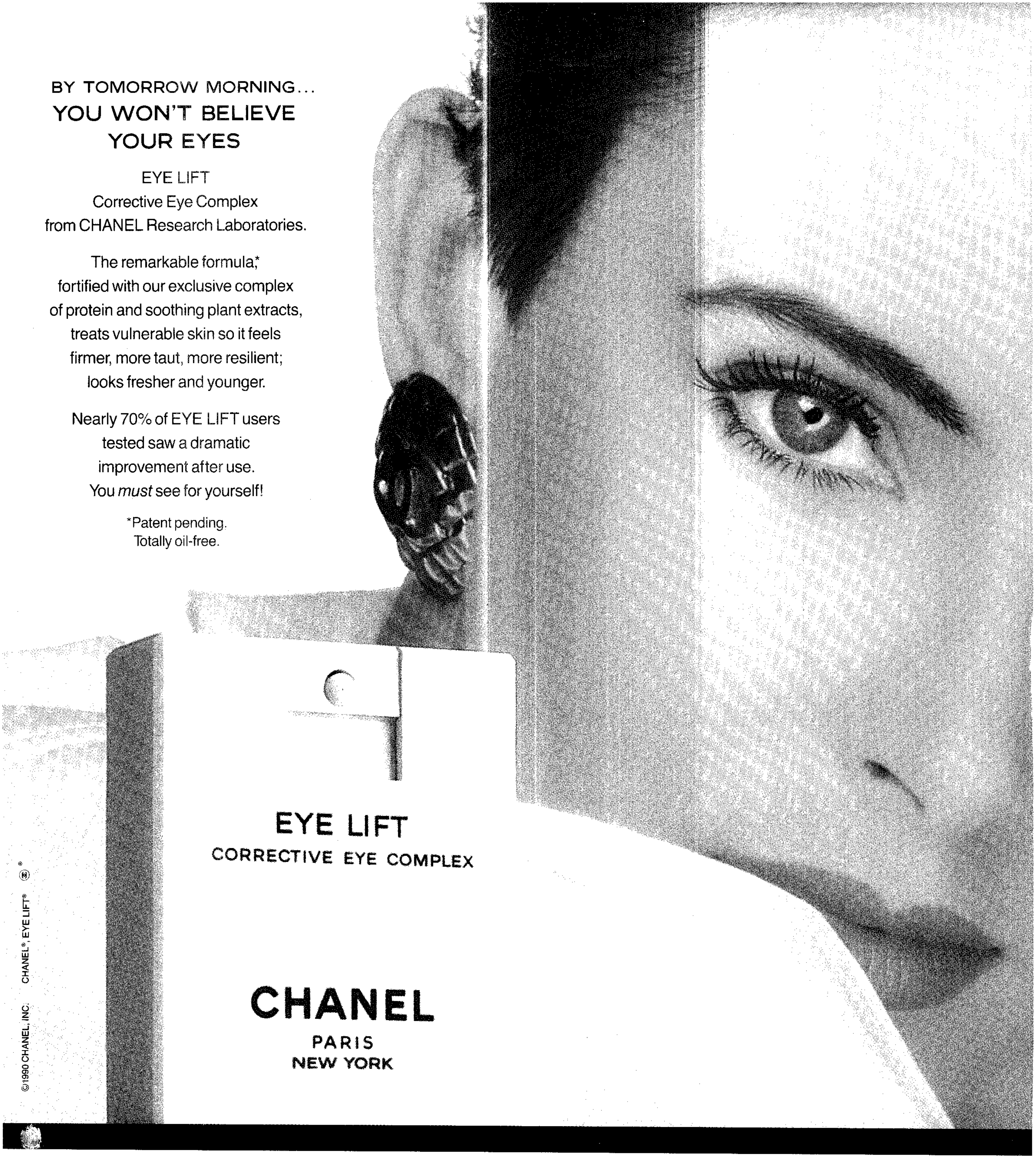

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—something that was up to me alone—to find out if I really cared about anything." In those days, however, the wild streak did not include her compatriots. "I heard about this Englishman who was as brilliant at skydiving as he was at everything else, and I made a point of not being there when he was around," she said. No sooner did Norman manage to meet her than she moved out to Hemet, California, where Istel had started a second parachuting school. It was some months before Norman caught up with her again, and she succumbed to the temptation of being flown around the United States and the Caribbean by this guy who was brilliant at everything. "He asked me where I wanted to go," Anne said. "I'd driven across the States and I'd studied the map, but I could never find the Shenandoah River, which I felt strongly about, because of the song and the lovely name. When I said, 'The Shenandoah,' he just turned the plane around and pointed it in the right direction. He knew exactly where it was. It was dark when we got there. There was a marvellous moon and the great sweep of the river. Well, this is it, I thought."

Anne and Torquil were married in 1961, and that same year he left J. P. Morgan in New York and returned to England for good. He and Anne flew home for the wedding in his Piper Comanche—a harrowing journey, via Bermuda and Lisbon, with bad weather and minimum visibility all the way. They eventually landed in England, not at one of the London airports but at Eastleigh, in Hampshire, because Norman wanted to introduce his bride-to-be to his mother, who was living in nearby Salisbury. As they were climbing unsteadily out of the cockpit, a customs officer pedalled up on his bicycle. He was wearing a club blazer and white flannels, and was clearly furious at having been dragged away from his cricket match. He immediately embargoed the airplane, and Norman had to leave an expensive wristwatch as surety before he and Anne were allowed off the airfield.

There was not a lot of flying for the next few years. Norman worked in London for the merchant bankers Philip Hill, Higginson, Erlangers, and he and Anne began what within seven years became a family of five children—three boys, two girls—all of them,

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like their father, very tall indeed. Occasionally, he got to fly the bank's airplane, but that was not enough to keep in practice, and eventually he let his pilot's license lapse.

It took Norman four and a half years more at Philip Hill to discover he was not cut out to be a banker. It was not just that he did not like wearing a suit and eating business lunches. He also lacked the instinctive pusillanimity that seemed necessary to the banking temperament. "Investment bankers have a very low attention span," he said. "If a project isn't going to make a lot of money for them in a short time, or if there are significant risks, then they are very tentative about getting involved. I discovered I had too much sympathy for the people we refused to lend money to because they actually needed it." He also discovered that the side of banking he enjoyed most was learning about how people ran their businesses. In 1963, he and another wild man, Ken Bates, started a venture-capital company, Batehill, which put money into small businesses, took a share of the equity, and tried to help the companies succeed. Two years later, when Philip Hill merged with M. Samuel to become Hill Samuel, which is now one of the major merchant banks, Norman, who has no taste for mergers and the infighting that goes with them, quit and became the general manager of Mineral Separations, a large industrial holding company, with the job of clearing up the smaller subsidiary companies that were not doing well. By 1969, he had sold most of them off, and among those left was Berwick's Toy Company. He bought that one from Mineral Separations with the help of a merchant bank, and proceeded to build it up until it was one of the largest toy companies in Britain, with a turnover, in 1979, of sixteen million pounds.

Herbes de Provence
heidi

Initially, his main concern had been to make the company efficient and profitable, but gradually the toys themselves came to interest him more and more. He found that he had a flair for knowing what children want. "Kids love detail," he said. "And that's something I can bring to the party, because I love detail, too. And I love coming up with copy that will amuse children. I suppose I have a very low mental age."

Norman's friends put it differently. "The length of time he has worked in the industry and the level he's worked at have given him an extraordinary understanding of which products and ideas are acceptable," said Thomas Charnock, who is now the managing director of Bluebird Toys, and has worked with Norman for more than a decade. "Despite his size, he's able to scale down to the vision a very young child will have of your product. We, as adults, look at a toy and think, That looks pretty good. But Torquil has the ability to imagine he's a four-year-old and he's seeing it at eye level. What we see is, say, a small garage, but to a little child it's a tall building and he's looking at it from underneath. An adult, looking down on it, would make sure the roof tiles looked good, but Torquil, seeing it from underneath, thinks, It's got to have rafters here, decorations there. He gets more satisfaction out of seeing the product in the hands of children than out of its profitability."

In September of 1979, however, having turned the company around and made it into a major force in the market, he had a serious policy disagreement with a colleague on the board of what was by then called Berwick Timpo. Although Norman hates company politics and had left his career in banking rather than be dragged into them, this disagreement was so profound that he resigned, and mounted an attack to buy the company back. An extraordinary general meeting was called, and he defended his record from the floor. He put his case so eloquently that when the vote came he lost by a mere two per cent, even though the whole board was united against him. "The united board frightened the shareholders," Anne said. "They'd never heard of one guy being right and the whole board wrong."

The result, for Norman, was a midlife crisis in the most literal sense: at the age of forty-six, he found himself out of a job, with relatively little money, and with five children to educate. "I spent two months moping around the house and having my portrait painted by Anne," he said. Anne herself doesn't see it quite that way. In the portrait, Norman is a dark, brooding figure sprawled disconsolately in an armchair, a book in his lap, his long legs stretched out in front of him. It is a sombre painting, done in bold brushstrokes—blues and grays and greens, the impasto so thick that it seems almost as though the artist were modelling in paint. She has caught the depression as well as the man, and it is a painting with which she is, rightly, very pleased.

Self-pity is not a vice that Norman feels drawn to, and he is not a person who likes losing. "He took an awful knock at Berwick Timpo," said Joe Brewer, a major figure in the British toy trade. "The vote would have killed a lesser man. But he picked himself up, dusted himself off, and started again." Another colleague, Bill Dowle, who buys toys for Woolworths in Britain, called the Berwick Timpo vote "the making of Torquil and also the making of Bluebird Toys."

What happened was in fact quite simple: Norman got an idea for a toy. It was a little playhouse in the shape of a teapot, with teacup armchairs, a teacup car, tea-chest tables, and a white dog called Sugarlump. When you turned the lid, the rooms swung around inside, and when you lifted the lid like an umbrella there were places to stow the figures. Its name was the Big Yellow Teapot. "What he had done was reinvent the doll's house," Bill Dowle said.

Norman made a model of the toy and then could not bear the idea of licensing it for someone else to manufacture. What the hell, he thought. *Per ardua ad astra*, as they say in the R.A.F.—I'll start my own company. But to do that he needed more than one product (the Big Yellow Teapot turned out to be one of the most successful toys ever made in England, and is still being sold, a decade later). So he looked around for gaps in the market. At that time, thanks to economies at the Ministry of Education, school lunches, which had once been free to everyone, were becoming expensive. Suddenly, there was a new social split in schools between rich kids, whose parents could afford to pay for hot lunches, and poor kids, who had to make do with sandwiches in a plastic bag. Norman's idea was for junior lunchboxes, bright-colored, decorated with the children's favorite characters—Mickey Mouse, Mr. Men, My Little Pony—and with their own special plastic flasks inside. Lo and behold, hot lunches no longer

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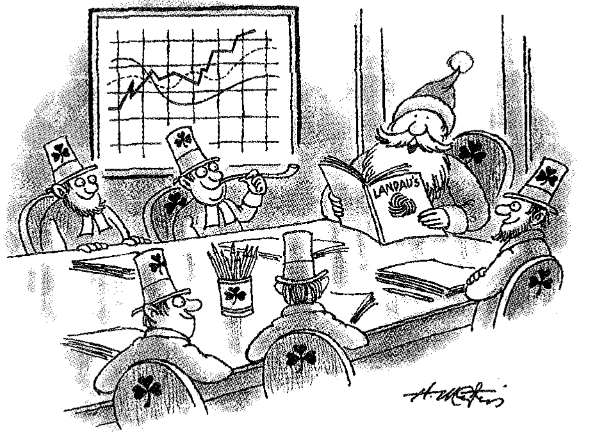

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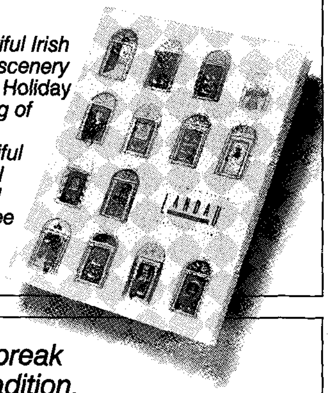

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seemed such a big deal, and the kids with the zippy lunchboxes had a social edge. The market turned out to be just about unlimited; his company still makes hundreds of thousands of lunchboxes every year.

Having sorted out his ideas, Norman called Tom Charnock, who was then working for Peter Pan Playthings, a Berwick Timpo subsidiary in Peterborough. They arranged to meet in the windswept parking lot of the Comet Inn, near the old de Havilland factory, in Hatfield. As Charnock described it, it was a classic Norman occasion: "He opened up the back of his car, lifted some blankets and sheets, and there were these wonderful model toys. They were made of cardboard and bits of plastic and clay modelling materials. It was quite a variety. When we got to the lunchboxes, I said, 'The British don't use them. The Americans do, the Europeans do, but we don't.' He said, 'Well, that's the size of the market,' and I thought, That's the scale of the guy. Because other people aren't doing something doesn't mean the idea should be ignored. Quite the contrary —it should be examined. That was really the statement he was making to me. When I told him the products looked terrific, he said, 'O.K., would you like a job?' 'Where's the factory?' I said. 'We don't have one of those,' he said. 'We'll have to shop around for one.' He made it sound like going to the local supermarket to buy a can of beans. I said, 'What about really boring things, like salary?' 'I can't pay you what you're being paid now,' he said. 'Terrific,' I said. 'How about a car?' 'Haven't you got one at home we could use?' he said. 'Where's the office going to be?' I said. 'Haven't you got a spare bedroom?' he said. 'Hang on, Torquil,' I said. 'It needs a certain leap of the imagination to take all this in.' 'It'll all come good in the end,' he said. And I replied, 'What the hell, it's worth it.' So there I was, at the end of an hour and a half, throwing up a decent career, a decent salary, and decent prospects to go to no factory, no office, no this, no that, no the other. It was an interesting situation. My wife and kids thought I was deranged."

The problem was how to finance the new company when all that Norman had in the bank was a gigantic overdraft. His one asset was the family house—a rambling, rather shabby Edwardian mansion with a swimming pool at the far end of an overgrown garden. The house was on Avenue Road, St. John's Wood—an expensive address, close to Regent's Park. Anne had never much liked the neighborhood: the shops were distant and expensive, and there was little sense of community, because most of the neighbors were foreign diplomats. So when a property company offered a huge sum to tear the house down and build a luxury-apartment block, Norman accepted it. The proceeds from the sale paid off his overdraft and provided some of the initial capital for the new company. His merchant-banker friends put together the rest, and in January of 1981 Bluebird Toys opened, in a small rented factory in Swindon, seventy miles west of London.

THE beginning of the nineteen-eighties was a low point for the British economy. "We were the paupers of the world," Tom Charnock said. "People were wondering when they were going to bury England and call it quits, then maybe start off again on another island, somewhere else. The toy industry went through a particularly bad time. Five or six major companies went to the wall, and the share of toys made in Britain slipped from about two-thirds of the British market to less than a quarter. Norman saw this huge negative—high unemployment, market-share decline—as an opportunity. His attitude was: If we start a business in a depression, when things get better it's going to be easier to be successful. When I mentioned this to my wife, she said, 'What happens if you're not successful?' She was right, of course. Torquil tends to focus on the potential benefits, rather than harp on the negatives."

Most businessmen agreed with Jenny Charnock. "Torquil's opening a factory in Swindon was considered suicidal at a time when almost everything manufactured—particularly if it was small and plastic—was imported from the Far East," said Irwin Steinhouse, a London property developer who knows the Normans. "We gave him our admiration and our sympathy in advance. We reckoned that it was the act of a remarkably courageous man—like flying old airplanes, only more so."

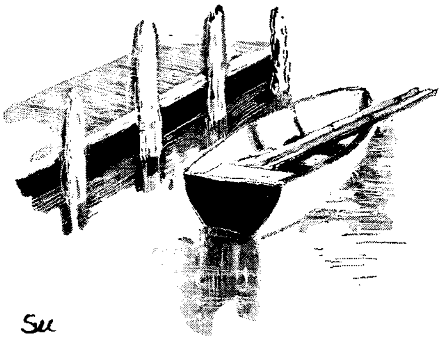
"He's a patriot," Anne Norman said. "He wanted to help the British economy get going again—to employ people at a time of mass unemployment.

He feels a responsibility for his advantages. He also wanted to show the people at Berwick Timpo that he could do it—that he had been right all along. He felt that their treatment of him was a slur on his name, and he wanted to clear it."

Norman's colleagues in the toy trade did what they could to help. "I'd kept them amused all summer with my great battle with the board of Berwick Timpo, so they were very sympathetic," he said. "Toymaking is a nice business. The products are fun, and, because it's a fashion industry, there's a lot going on all the time. It's also a small industry, and people rarely leave it, because you make friends and they help you out." In its first year of business, despite the huge expenses of opening a factory, tooling it up, buying a computer, and drumming up customers for its new line of toys, Bluebird astonished its bankers by losing a mere eighteen thousand pounds on a turnover of a million and a quarter. It has since relocated its Swindon headquarters twice and now occupies a factory and offices that measure a quarter of a million square feet. The company also has a factory of a hundred and fifteen thousand square feet in Peterborough, in the East Midlands, and a third factory, of three hundred thousand square feet—on seven acres—at Merthyr Tydfil, in South Wales. It now directly employs twelve hundred people in all, and gives work to about the same number through its suppliers, toolmakers, and plastic converters. In 1989, its sales were thirty-nine million pounds, and its profits were two million two hundred thousand pounds.

Meanwhile, Berwick Timpo, which had made a profit of a million and a half pounds the year Norman left them, "got into a muddle," as he put it, and went into receivership. "Neither Torquil nor I took pleasure in seeing them go to the wall," Charnock said. "There were a lot of good people in the company, and just a few very influential guys who had taken their eyes off how the business needed to be. But perhaps the reason I wasn't too picky about details when we started Bluebird was that I understood that Torquil had something to prove. And if you've got something to prove you'll either prove it or fail abysmally. By the time we floated Bluebird as a public company, in the mid-eighties, that pressure had become history, because we had demonstrated sales up from zilch to eight, nine, ten, eleven million, with a fourteen-per-cent return on sales, pretax. From there on, we were marching forward, and Torquil didn't have anything to prove anymore." In 1986, Bluebird, already a major force in the British toy industry, bought Peter Pan Playthings from the failed Berwick Timpo group, and two years later they added Merit Toys, another Berwick Timpo subsidiary—a gesture that appealed to Norman's fine-honed sense of poetic justice.

In Bluebird's first years, Norman, up to his neck in debt, worked flat out to make the company a success. But even though he was both the chairman and the chief executive, the aspect of the job that appealed to him most was making decisions about the products: what they should look like, how they fitted together, how they worked. Once the company became big, that seemed to him the most important element in its continuing success. "It all becomes easier if you've got something everyone wants to buy," he said. "It's relatively easy to take on good accountants, production people, and salesmen, but it's extraordinarily hard to find good products. After all, it's a small, idiot industry, so who wants to design toys?" He did, for one. In due course, he took on the combined role of chairman and product-development manager, and Bluebird became the only British toy company to spend large sums of money on design and development. Now the ideas come mostly from him, but he also talks to designers and inventors and visits toy fairs all over the world, trying to work out which areas of the market have been neglected. He has a talented team of technicians, who advise him on what is possible in terms of engineering and the shapes that can be obtained from injection-molding tools. As a result of his feeling for children—for what they want and what they respond to—and, above all, his passion for detail, his company has led the way in miniaturization. This year, for instance, there is a range of tiny dolls in immaculate detail—with their own desks and cars and kitchen tables—designed as rings, all small enough to be worn on a child's fingers. Norman has also done what he can to reinvent toy soldiers, restoring them to something like what they used to be when he was young: not twelve-inch-high action figures, the macho equivalents of dolls, but little inch-and-a-half men similar to the soldiers children used to arrange, by the regiment, across the nursery carpet. The figures have mustaches and bulging muscles; the vehicles have guns that fire, hatches that open and shut, bombs that drop. Norman's New Model Army is called M.A.N.T.A. Force, and its enemies are Mad Karnock's Evil Karnoids. There are already twenty million M.A.N.T.A. men and Karnoids in the world, and in a couple of years, Bluebird predicts, they will outnumber the population of Great Britain. The company has also produced an even smaller-scale army, called Zero Hour, whose slogan is "When the Brave Must Fight to Save the World." Of these soldiers Norman said, "They're going to have to fight bloody hard, because they're only three-quarters of an inch high."



WHILE the Norman children were growing up and their father was transforming himself into a captain of industry, there was no time for flying. Norman consoled himself with the Bus. In its way, the Bus was the ultimate toy, designed by Norman to carry him, Anne, their five children, and their friends. He drew up the plans, bought a chassis, had the coachwork built by Plaxton, a specialist firm in Scarborough, and then drove the completed shell to Southend-on-Sea, where a team of carpenters, electricians, and upholsterers fitted it out as lovingly as if it had been one of the Royal Family's Rolls-Royces.

The Bus had three main compartments. There was a master bedroom at the back, with a seven-foot bed, cupboards, drawers, and a basin. In the center were five bunks, four running across the Bus; the fifth ran longitudinally and had an electronically controlled toilet beneath it, which slid in and out on rails. Up front was a kitchen with a table that accommodated ten and could be lowered hydraulically to be-

ALTON SMITH *has always loved cars. He first turned his backyard hobby into a full-time occupation in 1964, when he took a job on the line inspecting brake drums, fittings and gears. He remembers being gung-ho "because the guys depended on you." After nineteen years in the business, Alton talks about being gung-ho again. This time as a tool and die maker, building a brand new car called Saturn in Spring Hill, Tennessee.*

"...My best buddies in high school were twins. A couple of guys named Hugh and Hugo.

We all had cars. And every Saturday we'd tear something down and put it back together just for the fun of it. So it's no big surprise that we all ended up in the car business.

But those guys wouldn't ever believe I just picked up and went to work for a car company that's never built a car before.

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Well, what I'm doing now here at Saturn is something completely different.

Here, we don't have management and we don't have labor. We have teams. And we have what you call consensus. Everything's a group decision.

In the last seven months, I've only had a few days off here and there. But this is where I want to be. This is living heaven.

You work through breaks and you work through lunch. You're here all hours and even sometimes Saturdays. And you don't mind. Because no one's making you do it. It's just that here you can build cars the way you know they ought to be built.

SATURN.

I know the competition's stiff. I was out in California for a family reunion and everything was an import. Hondas, Toyotas. Well, now we're going to give people something else to buy.

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come an enormous bed. One of four rows of seats could be lifted up and swung over, depending on whether you were eating or driving. Each bed or bunk had its own reading light, and there was a hi-fi system with speakers in every compartment. On top of the Bus was a twenty-foot-long roof rack with a boat on it. In the trunk was a motorbike.

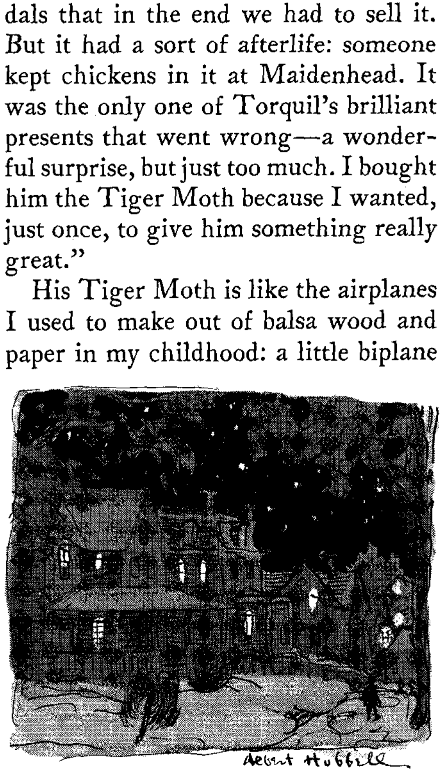
Twice a year, the family took off on one of the cross-Channel ferries for the Continent—Easter in Brittany, summer farther afield—with no hotel bills and no worries about where they would sleep at night. They would stop at little beaches, go boating and fishing, and build enormous sand castles. Then, after supper, Norman, who gets by without much sleep, would drive off again into the night, with the kids sitting up front in their pajamas. (There were holders along the dashboard for their cups of cocoa.) They would wander off to bed, one by one, and wake the next morning to a different beach. The summer of the Fischer-Spassky chess marathon, 1972, Norman and Anne would take a chess set and putter off on the motorbike to a nearby café, where they would spend hours drinking wine and replaying the Reykjavik games from the newspaper accounts. And each year, when the motor-racing circus arrived in England for the British Grand Prix, Norman drove the Bus down to Brands Hatch, where the family camped for the three days of practice and racing. They bolted chairs to the roof and had their own grandstand for the race. At night, they wandered around the pits, watching the Ferrari mechanics change engines and throw spanners to one another, and listening to them sing "Rigoletto"—"the whole magic," Norman called it. And the Bus itself was a continuing magical experience—indeed, the ultimate toy, created by Norman to give his children a taste of childhood perfection. The children are now grown up, but they still talk about it as a major influence in their lives.

The Normans kept the Bus for eleven years, and finally sold it, in 1975, to a drag racer named Ron Picardo; he dolled it up with colored lights, put a trailer on the back for his dragsters, and used it to take his family around the country to watch him race. In 1989, the Bus was reincarnated as another Bluebird best-seller: the Big Red Fun Bus, a miniature London double-decker kitted out with living room, bedroom, kitchen, a garden on the roof, and a cast of seven, including a monkey, a hedgehog, and a hen.

ALL this time, the flying bug was still working away in Norman's system. Finally, in 1985, when Bluebird went public and the family fortunes were securely reëstablished, Anne bought him an old de Havilland Tiger Moth. "He was always buying me these wonderful presents, and I could never find anything good enough to give him in return," she said. "Once, he bought me a jukebox—bright blue and in full working order—but the biggest present he ever gave me was a canal barge. It was a secret. He arranged for it to be brought down from Rugby to London, and one morning it just appeared in the canal at Regent's Park. It was a marvellous gesture, but it was also a kind of disaster. The children were all small, and I had a room where I painted, and there was just no space in my life for it. I couldn't make it into a studio, because it rocked and was too small for my canvases. People threw stones at it; we'd go down and repair it, but there was nothing we could do to stop it. It was just awful. It was like having another child, but one I couldn't look after and had to let die. It came so near being destroyed by vandals that in the end we had to sell it. But it had a sort of afterlife: someone kept chickens in it at Maidenhead. It was the only one of Torquil's brilliant presents that went wrong—a wonderful surprise, but just too much. I bought him the Tiger Moth because I wanted, just once, to give him something really great."

His Tiger Moth is like the airplanes I used to make out of balsa wood and paper in my childhood: a little biplane with two open cockpits, one behind the other, a deep-blue fuselage, white wings and tail plane, and struts of polished wood—every detail bright and clean and perfect. The first time I saw it, in September of 1986, Norman was keeping it just north of London, at the Panshanger airfield, not far from the old de Havilland factory. (The factory is now part of British Aerospace.) Panshanger is about as rudimentary as an airfield can get before it reverts to arable land. It has a clubhouse with a coffee machine, a radio, which usually functions only on weekends, three hangars—one big, two small—and a pump for fuelling airplanes. Norman's hangar was away from all this, on the far side of the field, in a little doorless shell of corrugated iron, big enough, in a pinch, to hold three light aircraft.

The Tiger Moth is small and trim and delicate-looking, as airplanes were supposed to be before they became just another form of cramped and impersonal mass transport in which you know you are airborne only if you are lucky enough to be sitting by a window. When Norman removed the chocks from its wheels, it was light enough for the two of us to maneuver it easily out of the hangar—you lifted it by its tail strut and pushed—but because it was made of wood and canvas it had to be handled with care. There were special places to put your feet when you climbed into the cockpit, and special places not to hold on to. We put on our gear: a zip-up flying suit for him, an extra sweater and jacket for me, and leather flying helmets and goggles for both of us. The engine started sweetly at the first swing of the propeller. We strapped ourselves in, Norman behind, I in front. The seat harness was a four-point contraption made of three-inch khaki webbing. At the start, it felt uncomfortable to be held so rigidly in place; later, upside down, I was glad of it. We taxied out onto the runway, Norman revved the engine to a pleasant roar, the plane moved forward, the tail lifted, and in less than a hundred yards we were airborne. The instruments on the dashboard were minimal: an airspeed indicator, a rev counter, an altimeter, a turn-and-bank indicator, an oil-pressure gauge, and a compass—aging black dials with yellowish needles and figures. The joystick in my hands and the rudder-control pedals were linked to those in the rear cockpit,



so I could follow what Norman was doing to control the plane. My head was out in the air, the wind was in my face, the sun shone peacefully.

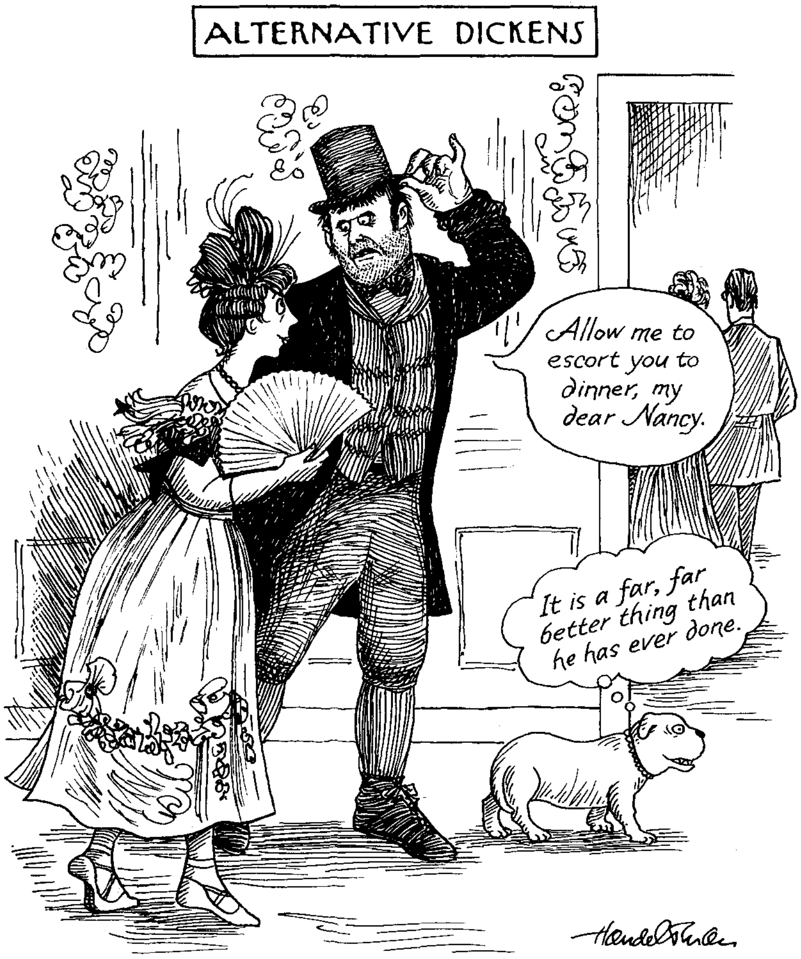
We climbed to a thousand feet and levelled off. Flying at this altitude is like being on an invisible seam between the earth and the sky, and, paradoxically, you can feel the height more acutely than when you are higher. All the details below were intensely sharp: the harvest neatly stooked in the fields, cars on the roads, a man walking his dog across a field, a child waving to us from his back garden, a grand Palladian mansion with a bright-blue swimming pool on its lawn, and, farther off, the office blocks of Hemel Hempstead and St. Albans glinting in the sun.

Norman pulled back gently on the joystick. At three thousand feet, we flew suddenly into cloud. One moment the clouds were above us, looking as solid as rock; the next we were moving through them at ninety miles an hour—great, softly streaming masses, as beautiful as a girl's hair. Then, just as suddenly, we were out again in the sunlight.

The intercom was an old-fashioned air tube into the headphones of my helmet. Norman's voice came in above the noise of the engine: "Feel like some aerobatics? Nothing fancy."

I nodded vigorously.

"Loop," said the cheerful voice in my ear.


ALTERNATIVE DICKENS
Allow me to escort you to dinner, my dear Nancy.
It is a far, far better thing than he has ever done.
Handelsman

REHABILITATED AT LAST
(Mr. Sikes finally learns some manners)

• •

Norman dipped the nose, then pulled back hard on the joystick. My mouth dropped open with the g force, and my stomach dropped with it. The sun, which had been obscured by the upper wing, came into view. Then the pressure on my stomach eased and we were moving downward fast. There was a blur of blue and green and yellow, which cleared slowly. I looked up and saw the fields, with their bales of hay in tidy rows, right in front of my face, yet in no way did I feel upside down. Then, still slowly, the sky was back where it should be, and the horizon was steady.

"O.K.?"

"Terrific."

"Right ho, then. Let's try a spin."

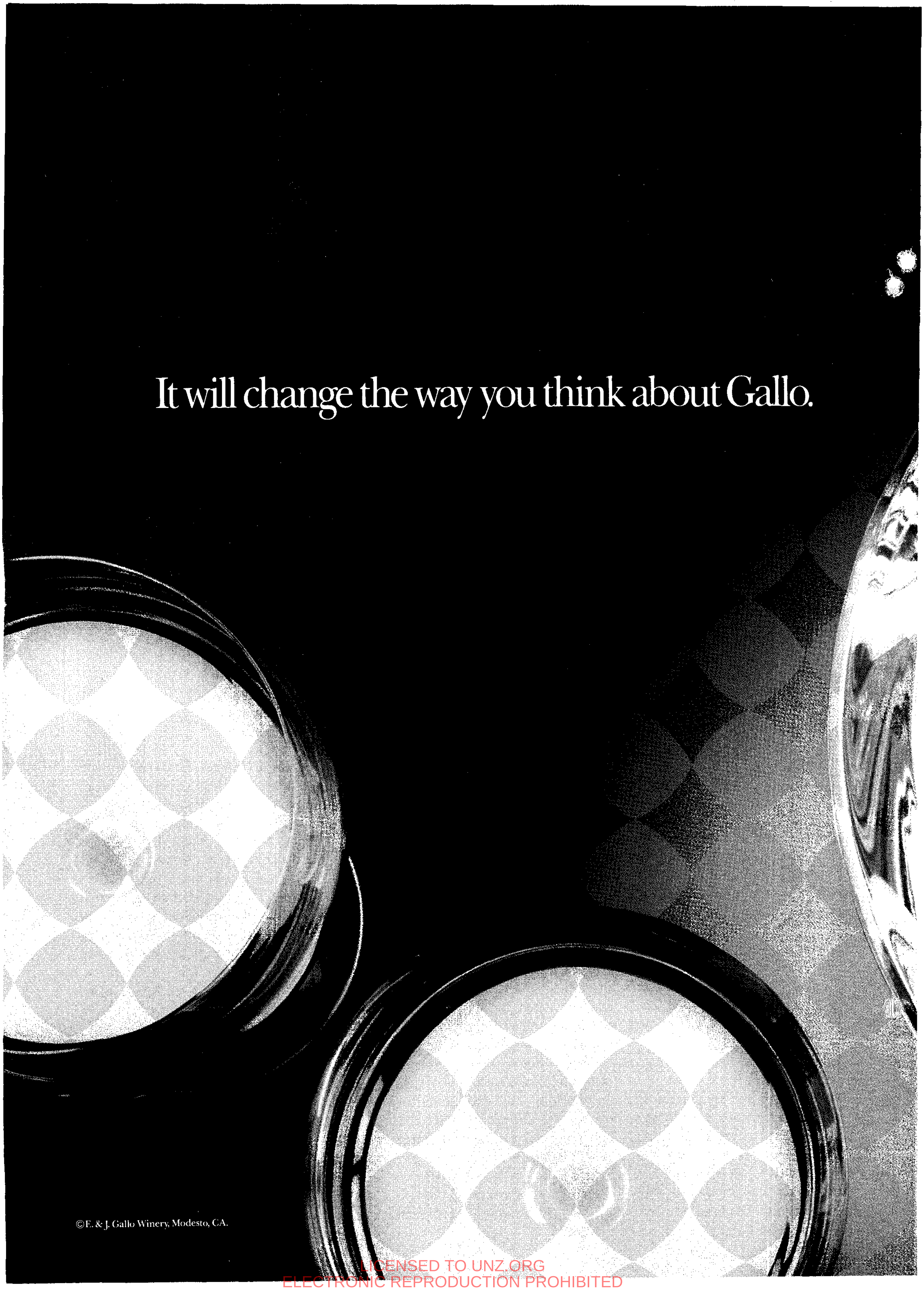
Again the plane dipped and climbed, my mouth dropped open, my stomach lurched. At the top of the curve—this time I was ready for it and could see the earth clearly above my head—the engine stopped and the plane seemed to hang motionless. There was a violent movement of the rudder pedals, and suddenly we were falling like a sycamore leaf, round and round, the landscape and sky spinning fast, until the plane steadied, the engine burst into life again, and the world reassembled itself.

There was a third maneuver, a barrel roll, during which, I learned later, the airplane spirals like a corkscrew. I could not make that out at the time, because my stomach was rolling faster than the barrel, and my mouth had dropped open so wide I thought it would become unhinged. All I saw was a spinning vortex of sky and ground.

"Sorry about that," Norman said over the intercom. "Bit untidy."

The loop, the spin, and the barrel roll are formal procedures—three of a large repertoire of aerobatic maneuvers—with set rules and criteria for performance. You get it right or you do it shoddily or, worse still, you foul up. But essentially they are all variations on a single theme: play. And what distinguishes this particular style of play from earthbound equivalents is that it is in three dimensions. When Norman put the Tiger Moth into a steeply banked turn, it felt as if the airplane had poised one wingtip on an invisible pinnacle and then pirouetted around it. It was dancing in three dimensions, playing in space, and the effect it produced was one of total freedom.

On my first visit to Panshanger, there was a little Cessna 180 in Norman's private hangar along with the Tiger Moth. When I went back a few months later, there was a third plane inside: an old de Havilland Leopard Moth, a high-winged monoplane with an enclosed cabin that seats three—the pilot up front, two passengers behind him. The Leopard Moth was just back from being rebuilt, and, like the Tiger Moth, it was shining and perfect in every detail. The cabin, in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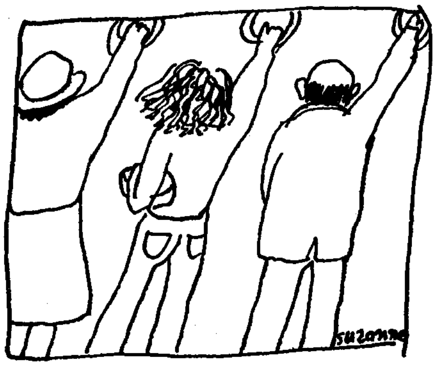
particular, was a marvel of old-fashioned craftsmanship—cloth head lining, polished woodwork, seats padded in red leather—like the inside of a vintage car. "The design of light airplanes hasn't advanced much in the last fifty years," Norman said. "The Leopard Moth does everything a modern plane would do, and at about the same speed. It'll fly me to Bordeaux in comfort at a hundred and fifteen miles an hour. And it has the added advantage of folding wings, so it's easy to store. That's one of its pleasures. The other is its construction. All the Moths were designed at a time when they didn't have an excess of power in the engine and they didn't have these modern materials like titanium and carbon fibre. So they made aircraft out of materials they understood: high-grade Irish linen, nice wood like ash, tubular steel welded up for the engine bearers. In the Leopard Moth, the shock absorbers are rubber pads under compression, and the fuselage is plywood and fabric. There's nothing complicated about it. The materials suited what they were trying to do. It's a question of craftsmanship, not high tech."

It was raining that day when Norman collected me at 9 A.M., but the weather people had predicted clear skies by ten. We hung around, listening to the rain hammering on the hangar's corrugated-iron roof, and Norman lovingly, and unnecessarily, rubbed a cloth over the two Moths' immaculate paint work and tinkered with their engines. It was still raining at midday when the pubs opened, and it cleared only when we drove into London, several pints to the bad, at two o'clock.

This disappointment seemed to convince Norman that he had let me down, so he called a couple of weeks later and offered me a quick spin up to Norfolk in the Tiger Moth for a rally of old airplanes. One of the pleasures of flying in an open cockpit in England in early summer is that you don't have to stop to smell the flowers; they come to you. At two hundred feet on a warm day, great clouds of perfume envelop you as you go: mayflower from the hedges that bound each little field, wafts of pine scent from the intermittent patches of plantation. At Felthorpe, there were rows of old airplanes lined up outside the clubhouse, all of them brightly painted and beautifully turned out. Each time a new plane arrived—planes were coming in from all over the country—people waved, greeted one another, and then wandered up to admire the machinery and talk shop. It was like being a member of an exclusive club, except that the qualifications for joining had nothing to do with class; all you needed was a passion for flying old aircraft. And, unlike most English clubs, this one invited the wife and kids to come along and share the fun. Most of them were crowded around a barbecue that was smoking away outside the clubhouse. We flew back to London stuffed with charcoal-broiled hamburgers and sausages, and there were no aerobatics that day.

THE peak production time for the toy industry runs from June until mid-November, in order to get goods into the shops during the buildup for Christmas. From November to June, there is a series of toy fairs—in Harrogate, Paris, London, Milan, Nuremberg, New York, Valencia, Tokyo—at which the manufacturers show their products, push new lines, and do business with agents and buyers. Toy fairs are Aladdin's caves of everything a child could ever wish for, from tinsel for the Christmas tree to hand-carved, Georgian-style rocking horses, with detachable leather saddles and tack, that retail for more than five thousand dollars. The only peculiarity of the occasions is that there are never any children around. The places swarm with soberly dressed men and women making deals or sitting solemnly, head to head, trying out the latest games.

Norman is the president of the British Toy and Hobby Manufacturers Association, and so is a major figure at the London toy fair, which takes place at the end of January each year. In 1990, the main story going the rounds of the fair concerned a typical Norman escapade. He had taken a friend for a quick spin in the Cessna to Clacton-on-Sea, on the Essex coast. The Cessna needed an airing, he said, and, more important, Clacton has a fish-and-chips shop where the chips are distinctly superior and the fish comes straight from the sea. He mentioned the jaunt, in passing, to a financial correspondent of the *Times*, who printed the story in the "City Diary," where it was picked up by the tabloid press and a couple of local radio stations. A number of the bigger players in the toy industry went around the London fair with clippings of the tabloid report and whipped them out of their pockets without provocation, with the sole purpose of embarrassing Norman.



Partly, it was good clean fun, but it was also a gesture of affection. Quite simply, his colleagues in the trade are proud of Norman. "Torquil *is* the British toy industry," said Ken Lewis, a director of Woolworths. And Joe Brewer said, "He's enormously knowledgeable about products, and brilliant at developing ideas. He's also the greatest contact man I know. He knows everybody, and everybody knows him. When someone says 'toys,' everybody thinks of Torquil." Bill Dowle said, "He's a great ambassador for the toy business. He has enriched the world." Even Tom Charnock, who is not given to superlatives, agrees. "You don't have to be very good to be highly regarded in the toy industry," he said. "It's an insular business, sometimes downright incestuous. You have grandfather, father, and son all working in the same company. That doesn't really make for innovation. Torquil functions on a different level from the others. He spent a considerable time in merchant banking; he speaks two or three European languages; he has legal training, and his whole educational level is far above the general norm; he is a brilliant sportsman, and he flies old airplanes. Back in the Elizabethan days, he'd have been out there sailing the ships, finding us new lands to the west, taking on the Spaniards on the high seas." In other words, the Clacton jaunt was just another of those larger-than-life gestures his colleagues routinely expect from Norman, like a champagne lunch he gave at another fish-and-chips shop the day after Ava Gardner died. He and his friends ate deep-fried cod and drank Moët &

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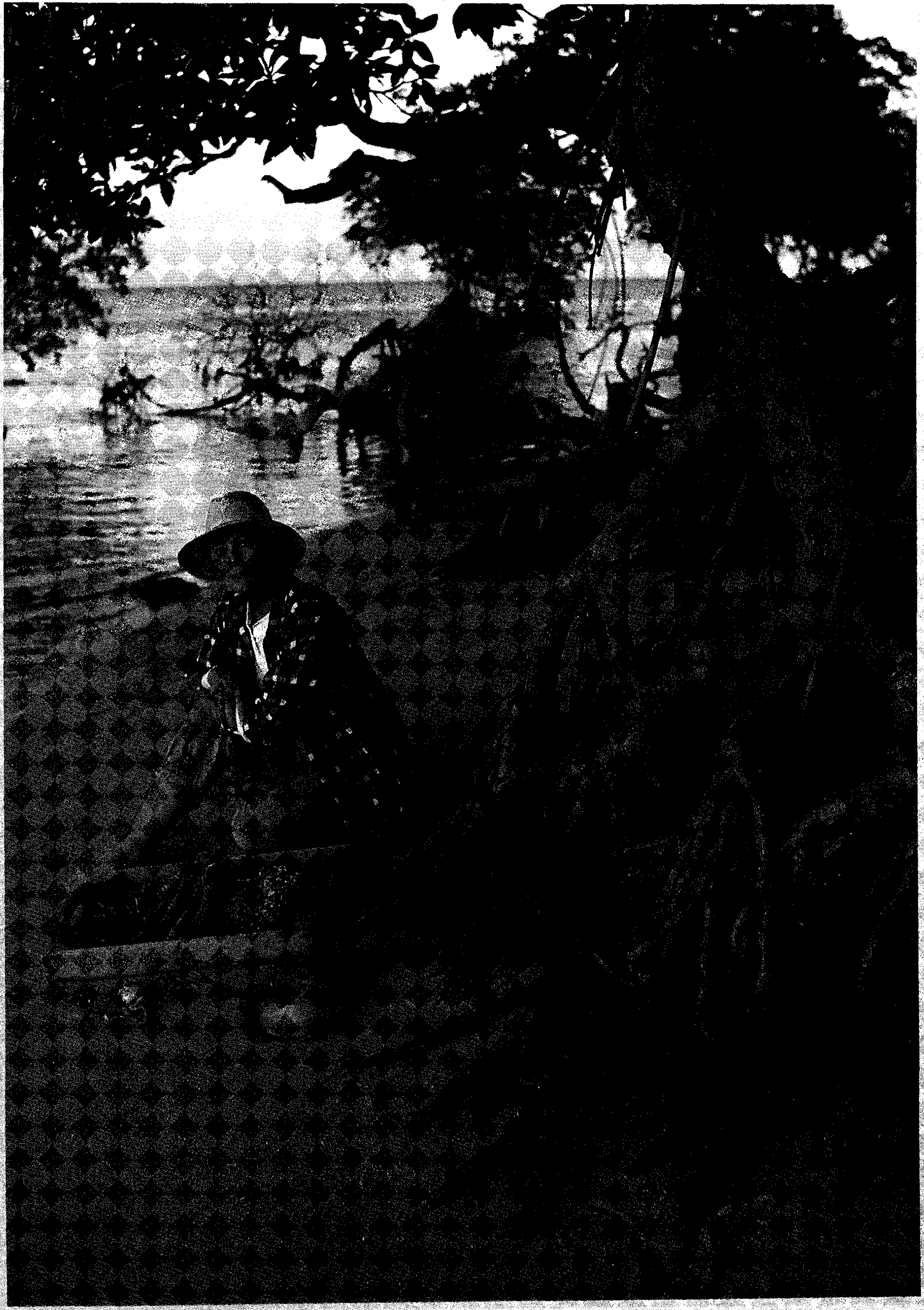

Robb Kendrick

Sande Ross, author, educator and project manager for Friends of the Everglades, Florida.
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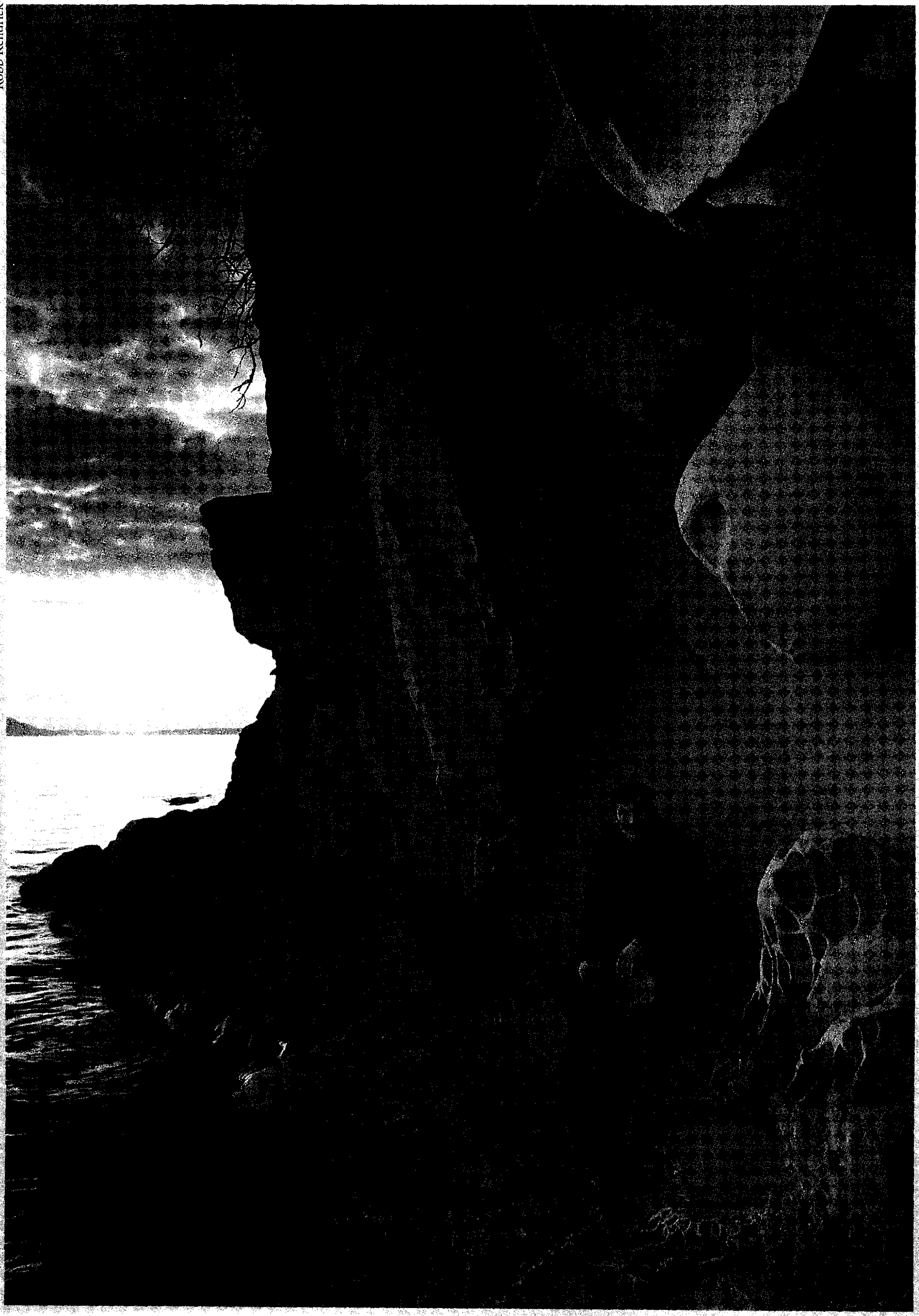

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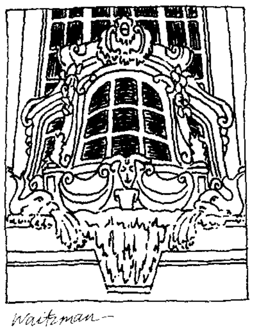
The Nuremberg toy fair, the major event in the toymakers' calendar, takes place in early February, ten days after the London fair. The night before the 1990 Nuremberg fair opened, England was swept by storms, and flights from Heathrow were delayed, so Norman staged another of his impromptu parties. Duty-free champagne, jugs of orange juice, and pint mugs full of ice made Buck's Fizzes; smoked-salmon sandwiches from the cafeteria—all thick-sliced bread and very little salmon—provided the food. Within ten minutes, a dozen gloomy toy traders were having a great time. When the flight was called, fifty minutes late, we had got through a bottle of champagne apiece, though, according to H. M. Customs regulations, no champagne bottles are supposed to be opened until the purchasers have left the country. But the duty-free receipts are stapled to the plastic bags the bottles come in, so if you put the empties back in the bags and throw the lot into the rubbish bins there is no trace of your crime. "I think we've found a chink in the security," Norman said.



The party continued on the plane and then in the hotel in Nuremberg, where bratwurst, sauerkraut, and beer had been ordered by telex in advance. When I left it, at 2 A.M., Norman was still going strong, and when I got down to breakfast the next morning, at seven-thirty, he was there before me, his meal already finished. For the next four days, he patrolled the fair, doing deals and looking for new ideas. But even Norman, with his apparently limitless energy, restricted the number of pavilions he visited. The London fair fills both floors of Earl's Court, a vast, hangarlike exhibition hall between Kensington and Hammersmith, but its whole spread could be hidden away in one corner of the Nuremberg fair, which consists of thirteen huge pavilions built in the fifties and sixties to restore Nuremberg to the position it had occupied before the Second World War as the world center of the toy industry. "If you walked all the aisles, you'd cover more than twenty miles," I was told. And that was without detours.

Norman's first appointment of the day was with Abe Mohr, a tough-looking Israeli with a graying Velázquez beard, a lined face, and sharp gray eyes. Mohr, who looks as if he were on permanent reserve duty with an élite commando regiment, is an agent for the band of eccentrics who spend their lives inventing toys. At the fair, he had rented a windowless cubbyhole with a table, chairs, a coffee machine, and, at the back, a large cupboard, its shelves piled with cardboard boxes of varying sizes. He had two people to help him—a silent elderly woman with a benign smile, and his wife, who was lean and fit and handsome, like him, and looked as if she were a member of the same regiment. Norman had come with John Hanwell, the young development manager for the Merit Toys division of Bluebird. The older woman hovered by the shelves; the rest of us settled around the table.

"I'm giving you first choice," Mohr said. "The pick of our market research."

Norman looked embarrassed. "Actually, we don't do market research," he said. "We work on hunches."

The older woman handed Mohr a big box marked "Foot Tops." The tops were small and plastic, and Norman seemed unimpressed.

Mohr shrugged. "O.K., so the box is huge, the merchandise is small."

"I was thinking of marketing a game called Royalty," Norman said. "A big box with nothing in it except a piece of paper saying the royalty goes to Abe."

Mohr opened another box and said, "Are you looking for bubbles?"

"I love bubbles."

Mohr took out an elaborate yellow gun and filled it with liquid soap. When he pulled the trigger, the soap dribbled out of the end of the muzzle and there were no bubbles.

"Don't you feel a slight sense of disappointment?" Norman asked.

"We have one that works with foam," Mohr said. "I'll show it to you in New York."

The toys kept coming: the Sound Car, whose sound was not impressive; Body Bell, which comes on a belt and dances when you dance; Musical Squares; Willy the Weight-Lifter;

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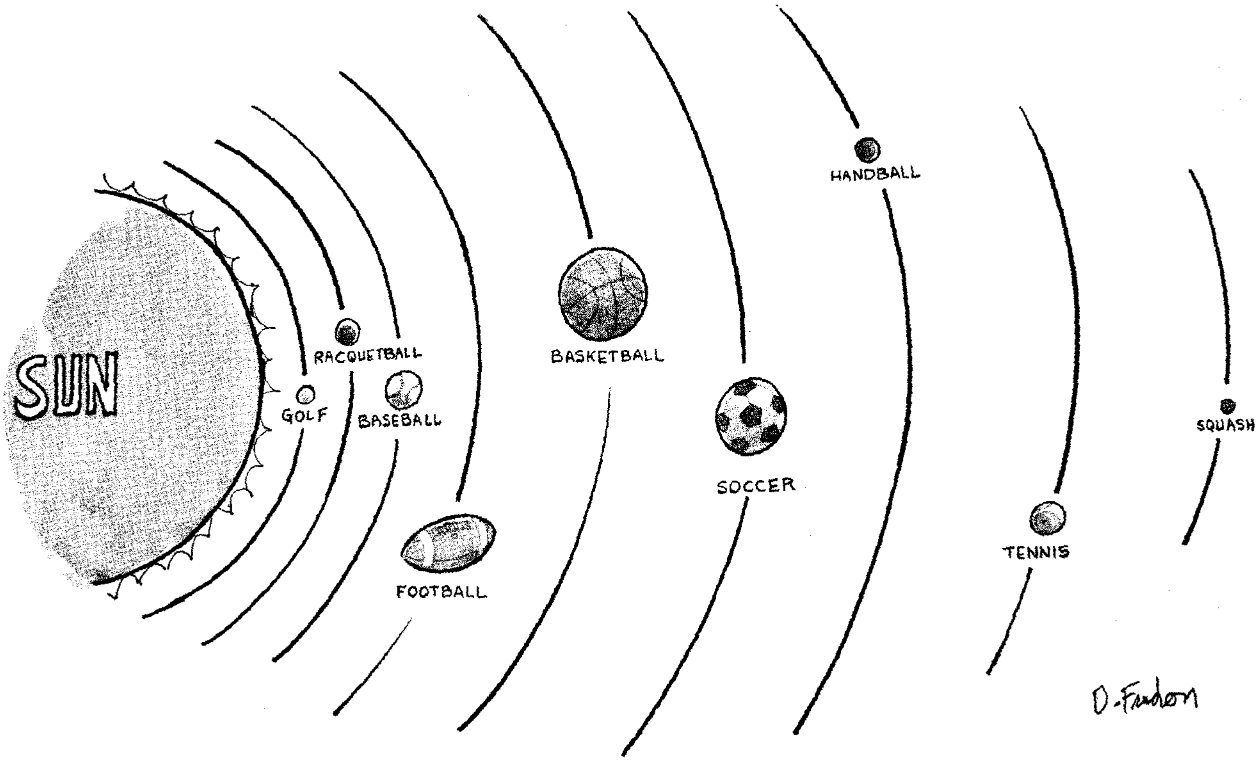

* * *

Wiggle n' Giggle; Whatchamacallit.

"That name is my one contribution to the toy industry," Norman said. "I invented it twenty years ago."

"It's still selling, and now I've got the rights," Mohr said.

More toys: Crazy Airplane, Zebra and Lions, Cat in the Fish Shop, Dachshund and Fleas. We played the Ice-Floe Game, Top Hat, and Jumping Monkeys. Norman and Mohr got involved in a keen game of Tricky Tac Toe, which entailed putting magnetic butterflies on magnetic flowers; if you put them on the wrong way, they jumped off. When Mohr won, Norman gave him a sour look and said, "What ever happened to customer relations?"

All the time, Norman and John Hanwell were taking notes on the toys that interested them. At the end of the meeting, Norman flipped through the notes and summarized them into a tape recorder for transcription back at the head office, in Swindon. Mohr and Hanwell arranged further talks for the following week in New York. "I won't be able to make that," Norman said. "My diary is full."

Then Norman disappeared into the packed aisles like a long-distance swimmer into the sea. I sighted him occasionally, looming above the crowd, always deep in conversation with some seemingly diminutive colleague, and he appeared at some of the spontaneous lunch parties the British contingent held each day at one of the fair's five restaurants. Otherwise, there was no way of keeping up with him. I gave up each day by about four o'clock, went back to the hotel, and slept for two hours, while Norman went on with his ten-hour tour of duty. "He's meeting people, cementing relationships," Bill Dowle said when I asked him what Norman was doing. "But mostly he's looking for ideas for 1992. He's one of the very few of us who go to the Tokyo toy fair. You can't buy anything in Japan anymore, and it's hard to sell to them. He goes for ideas and for joint ventures."

In the evenings, Norman came straight from the fair to the cocktail parties that British agents were throwing for foreign buyers. Then we all moved on to dinner—Bavarian Chinese, Bavarian French, even plain Bavarian—followed by long sessions in Nuremberg's picturesque medieval pubs. It was more like an endurance test than like a trade fair.

Norman was also the prime mover behind the binge the British throw themselves each year at Nuremberg. Everybody comes—the buyers, the agents, the salesmen, the representatives of the big firms and the small—and what is remarkable about the evening is the friendliness, the apparent lack of rivalry, and people's willingness to drink too much and make fools of themselves without worrying about image or reputation. "Compared with America, the British toy trade is a community, small and compact, like a village," an agent named Roslyn Zurlinden said. "You know everybody, you help each other out. And unless you're a proprietor the chances are you'll want to move to another firm at some stage, so it's natural to be friendly." Bill Dowle put it more succinctly: "Of course it's a friendly industry. What do you expect when the end product is a happy child?"

Between work and celebration, Norman seemed to be putting in a twenty-hour day in Nuremberg, and at the end of it he and the rest of the crew flew on for more of the same at the New York toy fair. He travels light: one suit, a pile of shirts, an ancient sweater, and a bottle of Lea & Perrins Worcestershire sauce, because, he says, you can't get Lea & Perrins in Europe, and the American makers have modified the taste and he doesn't approve of the result.

DURING the toy-fair season, Norman's flying is mostly on hold, except for occasional sorties like the fish-and-chips run to Clacton. Then, as the days begin to lengthen and the temperature rises, the urge to fly reasserts itself. For Norman, Panshanger has two things going for it: it is a short drive from his house in Camden Town, and it is near to the old de Havilland factory. Its drawback is that his private hangar has no doors. Although the airfield is in a peaceful rural area, it was tempting fate to keep two restored classic airplanes sitting there unprotected, so by the summer of 1989 Norman was using Panshanger only for the little Cessna 180 he had bought "to get about in" while his Leopard Moth was being rebuilt. It was the same model that he had had when he was living in the States a quarter of a century earlier. "A lovely plane," he said. "Fast, and perfect for getting in and out of small fields. Once I'd got it, I fell in love with it all over again. Then the Leopard Moth came back, and I found myself a bit overairplaned."

To the outsider, the Cessna is just another light plane, with none of the coach-built, craftsmanly appeal of the two Moths. But it is quiet and comfortable, and the next time he offered me a spin in the Tiger Moth we first flew the Cessna, sedately and in shirtsleeves, to Swindon. Tom Charnock, who has caught the flying bug from Norman, has a farm not far from the factory, and one of its fields has been turned into a landing strip. At its edge is a brand-new hangar with sliding, lockable doors, in which the Leopard and Tiger Moths are now kept. We parked the Cessna, put on our headgear, and took off in the Tiger Moth. It was the early morning of another sweet-smelling day, the mayflower in full bloom, the fields a tender new green. We flew over the Swindon factory, and I was suitably impressed. When the time came for aerobatics, he pointed the plane northwest and shouted, "Let's buzz the house!"

When Norman was a child, his grandfather owned six hundred acres of Gloucestershire and a large country house. But the old man grew tetchy and alcoholic in his last years, and fell under the influence of his Russian secretary, to whom he eventually gave power of attorney. The secretary proceeded to rob the family blind. Although they took him to court and appealed the case right up to the House of Lords—the British equivalent of the Supreme Court—the grand family mansion was lost. The land that remained was divided among Norman's mother and her three sons. It included a kind of time capsule of Old England—an ancient wood of oaks, ashes, sycamores, and box trees, threaded with mossy rides and bounded along one edge by a little trout stream called the River Churn. Over the years, Norman has bought out his brother Desmond's share and built himself a big house of honey-colored Cotswold stone. The house is called Far Park, and it has a fine view of the wood and the landscape that surrounds it. The estate also has excellent shooting, but Anne Norman objects so fiercely to blood sports that the gamekeeper pretends that everything he shoots has died of natural causes. "It's the only game estate in Britain where all the pheasants die of old age," Bill Dowle said.

Because of his size, Norman has difficulty finding houses that fit him. Ten years ago, when he sold the mansion on Avenue Road and moved to a Victorian terraced house in Camden Town, he had the basement excavated

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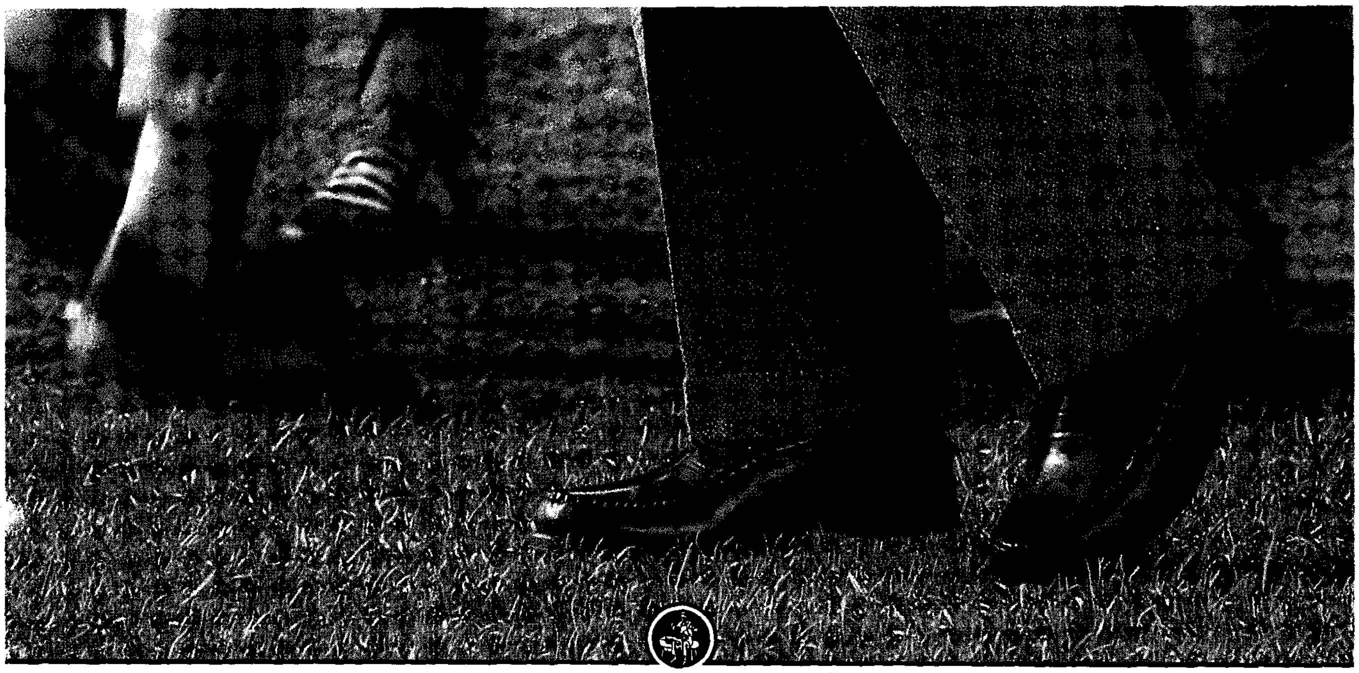

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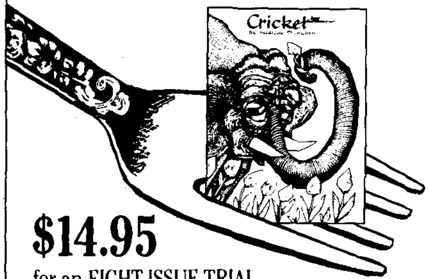
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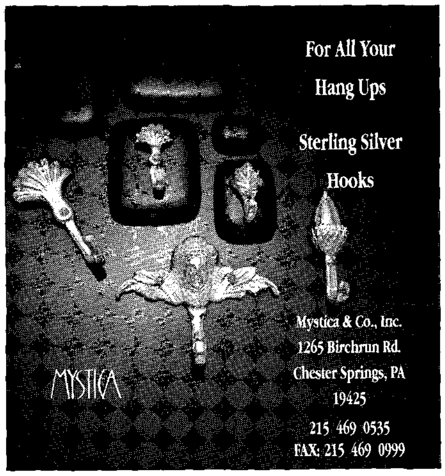
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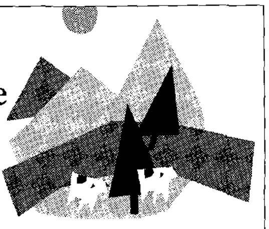
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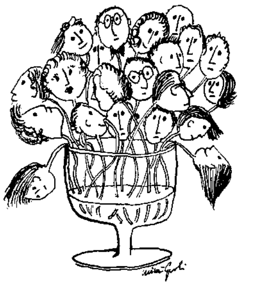
a couple of extra feet in order to provide a kitchen and dining room he would feel comfortable in. At Far Park, he solved the problem by designing the house himself. The living room is vast, with a pitched roof, like the roof of a church, supported by a great stone pillar of a chimney, and with a gallery halfway up one side large enough to house a three-quarter-size snooker table. All the doors are massive and oaken, and when I am there I have the impression that I have to reach up to open them, like Gulliver among the Brobdingnagians. This is a pity, because Norman has a talent for putting people at their ease, and whenever I am with him he stoops more than is strictly necessary, to disguise the thirteen-inch difference in our height.

Norman and Anne use Far Park irregularly, at best. "I didn't see why we couldn't spend our holidays in the country with the kids," Anne said. "So we tried it once, and it was a disaster. Torquil spent the first week designing a rowing boat, which turned out to be not very stable. The second week, he just fell apart and watched television. He's not good at doing nothing." He also has a peculiarly cavalier attitude toward possessions. The grand mansion in St. John's Wood had a swimming pool in its garden—a great rarity in London. The first time Tom Charnock visited the place, there were "thirty or forty people going through the front garden and around the back," he told me. "People of every size, color, race, creed, and denomination. I thought it was a meeting of the United Nations. When I got up to Torquil's office, at the back of the house, I looked out the window, and the pool area was packed with people from one end to the other—kids swimming, mums sunning themselves. I said, 'Torquil, you've been invaded.'

" 'Oh, no,' he said. 'One day a week, I open the pool to the neighborhood. I tell them not to bring glasses and things like that, because it's dangerous for the children. But they don't leave much mess. What the heck, so there are a few crisps packets to pick up afterward. But they've all enjoyed themselves.' " It was the same at Far Park the first time Charnock went there: "There must have been a hundred Boy Scouts swanning about the place. Ten sleeping bags in every room. Torquil said, 'Sorry about the mess. We've got the Boy Scouts staying.' 'How do you mean?' I asked. And he said, 'Oh, I let them have the house for two weeks every year.' You just can't compete with a guy like that—with the generosity, the free and easy attitude to the things he owns. And, when you think about it, Boy Scouts, local kids—in both instances, he's looking after the younger generation. Maybe he uses them as a testing ground for toys."

You just can't compete with a guy like that: everything Charnock said about Norman seemed to contain that mixture of baffled affection, respect, and exasperation. Yet Charnock is a notoriously tough businessman, a brilliant manager and strategist, and Norman relies on him heavily for Bluebird's remarkable growth in a competitive market. In return, Norman and his appetite for life and risk have made Charnock a rich man, as Charnock himself is the first to admit. He also admits to an unfulfilled ambition of his own for Torquil: he wants to get him a knighthood. "It goes with his patriotism, his buccaneering spirit, and the Biggles airplanes," he said. "Torquil has an ambition for me, too. He wants to make me a nicer man. But he won't succeed."

Norman's casually democratic style applies also to the organization and the running of his factories. In January, I spent a day with him at Dragon Parc, an industrial estate on the edge of Merthyr Tydfil. Merthyr was a coal-mining town, but the pits gradually closed in the nineteen-eighties, and it became a depressed area. When Bluebird opened, in 1989, there were thirty-five hundred applications for three hundred and fifty jobs. The firm interviewed every one of the applicants and wrote polite letters to all of them, the successful and the unsuccessful alike. The politeness paid off. When the unions arrived to organize the factory—South Wales is traditionally a strong union area—the work force rejected them, not for political reasons (Merthyr is a safe Labour seat) but because there seemed to be no function the unions could usefully serve. "We practice Japanese-style management," Barry Gunter,



the managing director of the Welsh factory, said. "We have meetings twice a week between workers and management, and any problem that comes up we deal with straight away."

Norman added, "We haven't gone as far as Honda, where the managing director does calisthenics every morning with the staff. And we don't disapprove of unions. We simply think that if we are doing our job properly the unions won't have much to do."

A tour of Dragon Parc with Norman is a peculiarly relaxed and chatty affair. The Bluebird factory is red brick, huge and modern, with three vast storage areas, both bigger than the biggest hangar at Panshanger. The assembly area is equally large and is staffed mostly by women, who have nimbler fingers than men and so are more adept at putting together intricate plastic toys. Norman seemed to know all of the women by name. He asked after their families or flirted with the unmarried ones, leaving them flushed with pleasure.

According to Tom Charnock, that is standard Norman procedure: "He'd wander into the plant at Swindon and say, 'Good morning, I'm just going to have a . . .' He wouldn't finish the sentence. What he meant was that he was going to scull around the place and say hullo to everybody. Then, for the rest of the week, whenever I saw, say, the secretary from five offices down the corridor, she would say, 'Wasn't that wonderful, Torquil asking me about my youngster? How did he know he's still got a cold?' And I'd think, Goddam it, he's too much for me. But the truth is, he's genuinely interested in people."

The same democratic principles apply to the works' annual Christmas parties. The British tradition is to have separate bashes for office and factory workers, with management mingling hardly at all. But not at Bluebird. "We don't differentiate," Charnock said. "There is no set table seating. I could be sitting with the company accountant or with one of the guys from the dispatch bay. When we threw the first Christmas party at Merthyr Tydfil, Torquil and I went down with our wives, and all the girls there brought their husbands. You have to appreciate that these are ex-miners, Welsh rugger players, tough guys by any standard, with handshakes that could crush

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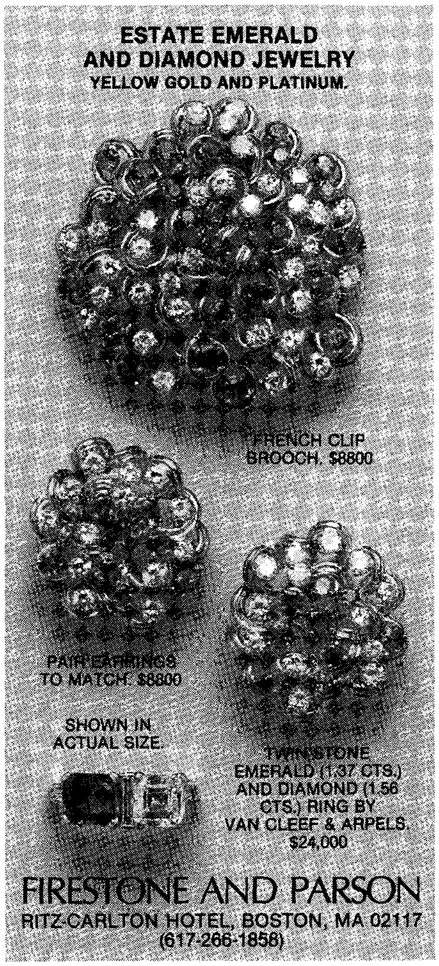
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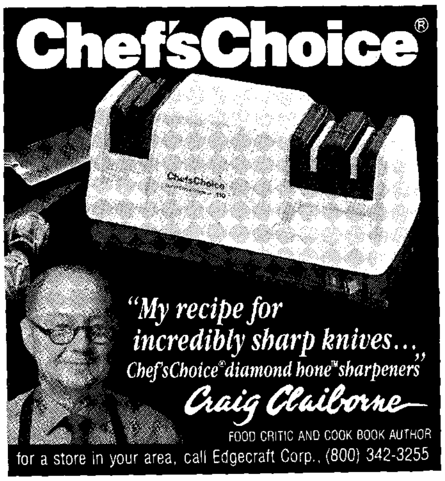
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rock. Torquil and I were at the bar with them, whacking back pints of beer. I have to say, I excelled myself: I have never drunk so many pints in my life, and I was still standing at the end of it. I reckon I got a five-out-of-ten score from the local boys. They thought, At least he's trying. It seemed to me an ordinary kind of Bluebird party—we met people, we chatted, and it went well. But a week later I got letters from a couple of the girls who work there, asking me to thank Torquil for coming down, and saying that neither they nor their husbands had ever before had the opportunity to be with the bosses, either when they were in the mines or at any other factory they had worked in. The next time I was there, I made a point of meeting the ladies. I told them, 'This is silly. We do it all the time.' They replied, 'In Wales, it's unheard of.' That struck me as odd, since there are a lot of Japanese companies in the area. It made me wonder whether we're doing it right or wrong."

Judith Shahn

Since Norman became the president of the British Toy and Hobby Manufacturers Association, he has applied the same principle to the much more formal occasion of the association's annual dinner. He has done away with the presidential high table and most of the prearranged seating plans. Guests now sit where and with whom they want. Contrary to all expectations, everyone seems to prefer it that way. Nobody wants to return to the old hierarchical fashion and, even when Torquil's term of office expires, the revolution, like those in Eastern Europe, seems to be here to stay.

THE Sunday we flew over Far Park, some of the now grown-up Norman children were weekending there, along with assorted girlfriends and boyfriends, and when we buzzed the house they came running out in their pajamas, waving and shouting. Norman looped the loop, did a particularly dizzy spin, and pirouetted the Tiger Moth on a point a hundred or so feet above the lawn. Then everybody waved again, and we flew back to Swindon.

"What do you bet we got the buggers out of bed?" Norman shouted through the air tube.

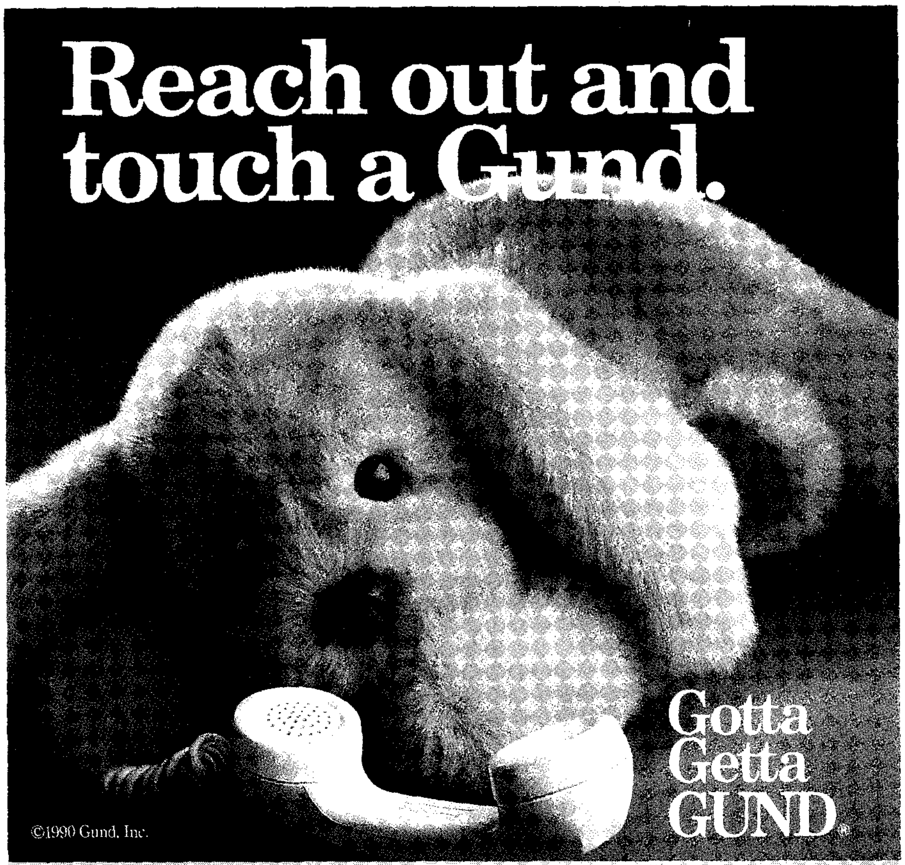
As we flew back to London in the Cessna, he told me about the latest addition to his private fleet—a D.H. 90 Dragonfly. The Dragonfly was the Learjet of the nineteen-thirties, a machine that Norman has always loved: "Not that I knew anything about them, I just loved the way they looked." The pretty face, however, went with a nasty temperament. The Dragonfly is famous for being one of the few airplanes de Havilland got wrong. Although it flew sweetly once it was airborne, it was a monster on the ground. Its fuselage was too wide and its tail plane was too small—a combination that gave it a tendency to ground loop, or veer sharply to one side, on takeoff and landing. Because of this quirk, only one Dragonfly is still flying; all the rest have been written off. At the time Norman bought his, it was a pile of matchwood outside a hangar in Louisville, Kentucky. It had got that way on a demonstration flight when it swung on takeoff and the pilot, who may have known very little about its peculiarities, drove it, with both throttles wide open, into an eight-foot ditch. When Norman heard about the wreck, he hated the idea of its remains' becoming a set of spare parts for the one Dragonfly still intact. Besides, having had the Leopard Moth rebuilt, he knew all about the British craftsmen who were devoted to bringing old airplanes back to life and would understand the intricacies of the Dragonfly's double-diagonal plywood construction. It was a temptation he could not resist.

Just how Norman intends to fly four classic planes in weekend breaks in his hard-driven life as a captain of industry he does not say. Yet collecting old planes doesn't interest him, he swears; it is just an adjunct to his one true passion—flying. "I'm not unique in this," he said. "Anyone who has ever been sufficiently involved in flying to go solo and get his license finds it's a passion he can never get over. There is no end to the pleasure flying gives me. My planes go in and out of fields and farm strips. The other day, for instance, I flew from Panshanger to Northumberland to see a friend. A nightmare journey to drive, but in the Cessna it took me a mere hour and forty minutes, and I landed in a field just a mile from my friend's house. There I was, transported to a totally different world. It's like magic. You can go places, see different things, have some adventures, and all the time there are these little technical problems you have to solve. You kid yourself that there's an element of skill involved, but it's like everything else: once you know how to do it, it gets a lot easier. Still, there are always moments when you are actually required to exercise a margin of skill. That's what makes the whole package irresistible.

"Because it happens in three dimensions, it attacks every one of your senses. Flying above cloud or in it or very low or at night—whatever you're doing, your senses are being bombarded with stimuli. Military aircraft, of course, are the ultimate turn-on, because they do everything on the biggest scale. In a Meteor, you could do five or six hundred miles an hour; it was so powerful that you could point it straight up and go to twenty thousand feet. And, because it was so strong, you could do what you wanted with it. In the Fleet Air Arm and the 601 Squadron, we used to have these wonderful tail chases. The idea was to try to get on the other bloke's tail while preventing him from getting on yours. You'd go straight up, then stall or pull over, and if he came past, you knew you'd got him. The whole sky was your playground. You were trying to outwit the other bloke and go to the limit of what your body could stand before you blacked out. Because the plane was unbreakable, it was your skill and your physical thresholds that were being tested.

"Of course, I'm too old for that sort of stuff now, and anyway you can't play the same tricks in a Tiger Moth if you want to keep it in one piece. The aerobatics I do now are a hundred per cent safe. It's not risk that turns me on; it's the skill involved in doing a maneuver nicely instead of clumsily. There's no danger involved in flying an airplane in unlikely positions. Rolling, spinning, being upside down is simply fun, pure hedonism. However prosaic life may be, however hard I'm working, and however boring the drudgery, I can climb into the Tiger Moth and the sheer thrill of it puts everything in perspective. Dancing on a cloud: that's what I do when I'm up there, and that's how I feel when I land."

—A. ALVAREZ



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REFLECTIONS

THE OLD WAY

IN the nineteen-fifties, when I was in my late teens and early twenties, I lived for some years among the Juwa and Gikwe Bushmen of the Kalahari Desert. I went there with my parents, Laurence and Lorna Marshall, and my brother, John, to record the Bushmen's way of life. My own interest was in the lions (leopology, I liked to say), but I had little time to pursue that interest in those busy days. Under any circumstances, though, lions are hard to ignore, so I was able to glean some data on them. When I returned to visit the Kalahari in the mid-eighties, it was apparent to me that the people had changed greatly, and that the lions had changed even more. Where there had been one lion population, there were two, and they were as different from each other as they were from the population I had known. All this had happened in just thirty years, or, from a lion's point of view, in less than three lifetimes. Plenty of lions still living could have been reared and educated by lions who had known the old days, and there had not been enough time, by any stretch of the imagination, for the lions to have undergone genetic adaptation. No—the changes had come about for other reasons.

What reasons? Well, lion reasons. That there could be such a thing as a lion reason may not yet have wide acceptance outside the field of animal behavior; many people still cling to the view that a behavioral manifestation such as the change found in the lions is transmitted by genetic coding rather than by cultural means.

In 1980, at the University of Sydney, I gave a talk on the Juwasi. After the talk, one of the young anthropology professors asked me if it was true that the Juwasi sometimes ceased caring for very old or very sick people, and abandoned them to die. We had heard of its happening, I answered. When it happens, she asked, what determines who gets abandoned and who gets taken care of? I didn't have much information on that, for I knew of only one old man who had been abandoned, and others had gone back for him later. But what did I think, the young professor wanted to know. I could only describe for her a family in which it didn't happen. In a group of people who fell ill during an epidemic was a young widow with two small children, and all three were too sick to follow when the group was forced by lack of food to leave its camp. The other people of the group might have had to abandon the young widow and her children. But her mother was there. This small, rather elderly woman took her daughter on her back, her infant grandchild in a sling across her chest, and her four-year-old grandchild on her hip, and she carried them thirty-five miles, to her people's new camp. They arrived almost a day after the rest of the group, but they arrived, and eventually all recovered. "What a beautiful story," the young professor said. "But what can we make of it, now that the sociobiologists have taken over anthropology? These days, we wouldn't dare attribute such an act to love."

Positions have modified a bit since 1980, and today such an act *can* be attributed to love. As the story shows, love has evolutionary value. So, in fact, do all emotions. That is why lions and other animals have them, and why cultural diversity—brought about by experience, thought, feelings, education—as well as genetic diversity accounts for the different customs found in different populations of many living things.

In the nineteen-fifties, the Kalahari Desert seemed remote. No safarists, no explorers, no travellers, no farmers, no white or Bantu people had ever stayed in the roughly ten thousand square miles of dry bush-savanna that formed the most remote parts of the western Kalahari. The Bushmen were the only people known to have lived there, and also the only people known to have explored the country. Few non-Bushmen had even passed through it. Most of it had not been mapped. There were no boot marks in the dust, no roads across the plains, no jet trails in the sky, no satellites among the stars.

That dry savanna is disturbed and broken now, but in those days

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the western Kalahari was still whole, a delicate ecosystem of enormous antiquity. The plant communities, untouched by modern man and his domestic animals, were drought-adapted, and in balance. Their size and composition were controlled by time, by soil conditions, by rainfall and fire. The populations of animals, in keeping with a dry savanna, were not large and crowded, as they are in most African game parks today, but sparse and highly varied. Showing the ancient relationship between this place and some of its inhabitants, the antelopes who lived there had become independent of water, and could range throughout the great dry areas of the western Kalahari, getting enough moisture from dew and from little wild melons called tsama melons. In those days, water-dependent ungulates, such as rhinos, elephants, zebras, and buffalos, were not present in the western Kalahari except as occasional visitors during the rains. But all the large Southern African carnivores were generously and widely represented—an indication of the health and stability of the ecosystem.

Finally, there were the people, the Juwasi. When we first visited these people, they were living in the old way, as hunters and gatherers, getting their food, their clothing, their tools, and their shelter from the savanna. Tobacco, small pieces of metal, and tiny glass beads were the only exotic materials they processed, and they got those from the neighboring Bantu people by trading animal skins. The Juwasi smoked the tobacco in pipes made of animal thighbones, and they cold-hammered the metal into knives and arrowheads, gradually replacing their old-style implements and bone arrowheads. Otherwise, like the Kalahari itself, Juwa technology was stable. The most recent innovations seemed to be the bow and arrow and an extremely powerful arrow poison made from the grubs of *Diamphidia* beetles and their parasites.

No one knows how long the Juwasi or any other people have lived in the western Kalahari. No one knows whether the modern Bushmen are descendants of an ancient population or newcomers in a series of occupying populations. Needless to say, in the nineteen-fifties no archeological work had been done. Excavations in bordering areas have since unearthed encampments containing artifacts of hunter-

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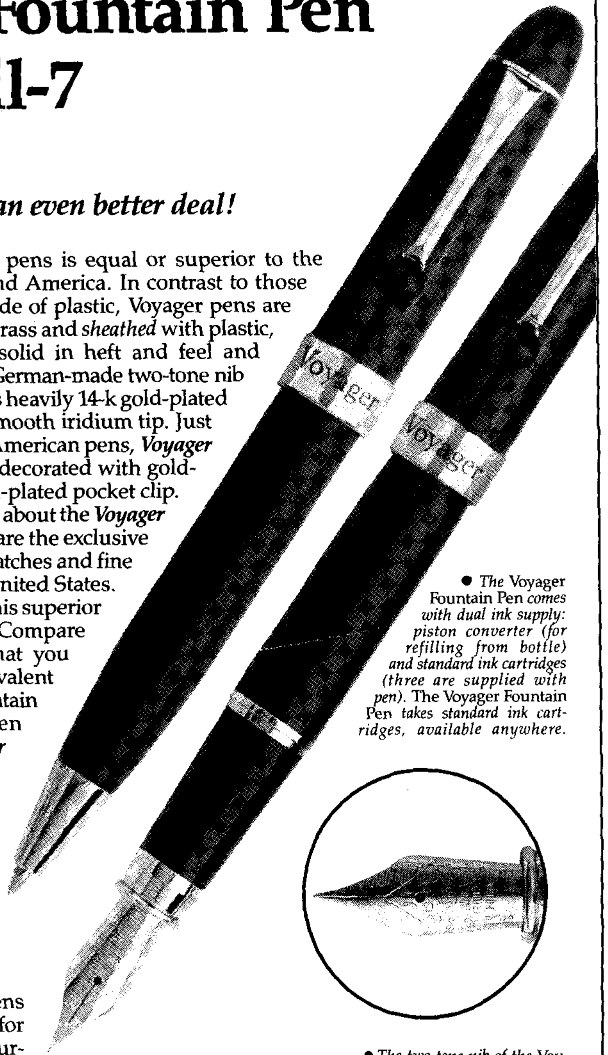

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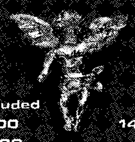

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gatherers—encampments that were occupied more than thirty thousand years ago. That figure was determined while the excavations were in their early stages. At the time of this writing, the depths of the encampments have not been reached or the antiquity of their occupancy established.

Although these archeological findings will certainly be important to human prehistory, they may be unimportant ecologically. What mattered to the integrity of the environment was that human hunter-gatherers had been there long enough to count as ecologically indigenous. Human beings, after all, evolved on the African savannas. Fossil evidence from sites like Olduvai Gorge places some of the earliest hominids just a few weeks' hike to the north. So people and their ancestors could have been gathering the groundnuts and wild melons of the western Kalahari for a long time.

During that time, the human populations were governed by the same forces that governed the populations of other living things. The ecosystem absorbed the impact of its people, who in vast areas of the Kalahari are the only primates, as it absorbed the impact of, say, the lions. As a result, the hunter-gatherer economy as it was practiced by the people in the Kalahari will probably prove to have been among the most successful human economies ever practiced on earth, if duration and stability measure success.

Even the plants of the Kalahari seem to have adjusted to our kind. Although plants have been adjusting to animals since the time of the dinosaurs, their adjustment to fire may have been furthered by people, at least on the African savannas. In the Kalahari only people and lightning can set fires, and lightning sets only a few. The rest, the fires whose smoke used to redden the sunsets at the end of the dry season, were of human manufacture, set from time immemorial by hunters to induce the new green grass, which draws the game.

To some Westerners, the practice of casually setting a fire and then letting it burn on to travel where it will throughout the dry season until the rains come and put it out might seem destructive. Yet in fact the Kalahari's vegetation profits from the fires. Without fires, a certain kind of thornbush takes over. With fires, the grass is renewed and many kinds of plants germinate. The fires help the vegetation, which, in turn, helps the animals.

ALTHOUGH the people of the Kalahari got more of their food from gathering than from hunting, and thus were very different from the other carnivores, the animals saw the people as hunters and adjusted accordingly. As the antelopes responded to lions by signalling warnings or by positioning themselves in such a way as to keep the lions in view, they responded to people by staying beyond bowshot—a distance most antelopes seemed to know. In fact, some animals seemed to know a lot more about arrows than just their range; many giraffes knew to keep the branches of a bushy tree like a shield between themselves and a person. That defense would do nothing to help against any other predator or any other weapon, but against the small, lightweight arrows used by the Bushmen it worked very well. Lacking the right kind of tree, a giraffe would move farther away from a hunter.

So much knowledge and such highly developed safety strategies on the part of the game meant that the human hunters and the other hunting species faced the same difficulties: the game was almost but not quite a match for them; they were pushed to the limits of their skills. In terms of hunting success, it seemed to me, the Juwa men were probably more or less equal to the other large-sized hunters of the Kalahari—especially those who hunted large-sized game coöperatively. In those days, the most important of the other large-sized coöperative hunters in the western Kalahari were the lions.

Whatever large animals the people hunted the lions also hunted. Unlike many predators, who have no choice but to kill old or young or sick or wounded animals, the Bushman hunters simply killed the nearest animals. So did the lions. The people tended to favor giraffes and the larger antelope—hartebeests, gemsboks, kudus, and elands. So did the lions. Perhaps these shared preferences aren't surprising; a large-sized victim is particularly important to any hunters who need to feed a group. Most of the time, the people preferred to stay in groups of twenty or thirty, while the lions apparently preferred to stay in groups of six or seven. Hence, in a way, the group size was the same: the people were more numerous, but the lions were larger.

Each group would have weighed about three thousand pounds, so on a cosmic pair of scales the groups would have balanced each other. A meat meal big enough for the people was also big enough for the lions.

Perhaps partly for this reason, the lions and the Juwasi helped themselves to each other's kills. Once, I was present when Juwa hunters robbed some lions. As we were walking along in the bush, the hunters noticed vultures coming down out of the sky. When we went to the place where they were dropping, we found white-backed vultures in a tree above a rack of red bones that once had been a hartebeest. Since white-backed vultures are not birds who delay gratification, their sitting in the trees meant that lions were very near. Realizing this, the hunters approached carefully. The lions must have been watching from the bushes, but they didn't object. The hunters picked up the carcass bit by bit, deliberately and confidently, if mindful of the lions. No lion showed itself to challenge them.

Another time, my brother was present when lions tried to rob people. He and four Juwa hunters had been following a wildebeest that one of the hunters, days before, had shot with a poisoned arrow. When, at last, they caught up to the wildebeest, it was lying down on folded legs in a clearing in heavy brush, very ill from the poison and surrounded by an unusually large pride of lions and lionesses—about thirty of them. Some were sub-adult, but many were mature lionesses in their prime. Back in the bushes was at least one mature, maned lion. The four Juwasi took in the situation, then slowly advanced on the lionesses, speaking firmly but respectfully, saying that the meat belonged to people. The lionesses rumbled unpleasantly. Some stood their ground. But others turned tail and retreated to the bushes. And then, although the bushes seemed alive with huge tan forms pacing and rumbling, the Juwa hunters descended on the wildebeest, tossing clumps of earth at the lionesses who were still in the open, and continuing to speak firmly and respectfully. At last, the lionesses slowly, unwillingly, backed off. As soon as the lions and lionesses were screened in the bushes, the Juwa hunters seemed to give them little further thought, and turned their attention to the wildebeest; they surrounded it, killed it, skinned it, and cut it into strips to carry home, leaving nothing behind but a green cud of partly chewed grass.

To some this story might seem incredible, so it's fortunate that the event was well documented. My brother, a filmmaker, had a loaded camera with him and filmed everything.

At the time, I saw nothing remarkable about a group of four Juwa hunters and my brother, armed with handfuls of sod, chasing thirty lions from a wildebeest. I was taking my cues from the Juwasi, to whom the encounter seemed almost a matter of course. Naturally, I was deeply impressed by the courage of the Juwa hunters—only another Juwa hunter could take it for granted—but I should have been equally impressed by the lions.

I thought we were finding out about lion nature. After all, the Bushmen saw nothing unusual about the lions. Nor were the lions unusual, for that time and place. We all knew, of course, about lions who might have acted differently—for instance, the lions who

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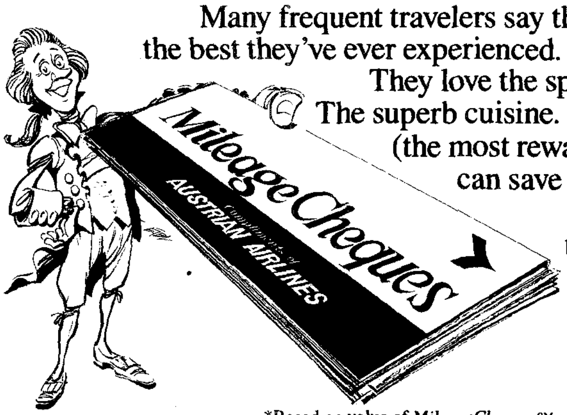

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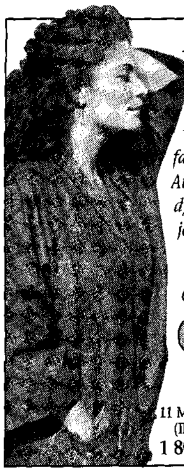

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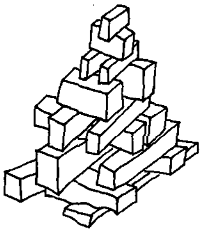
lived at the edges of the Kalahari where Bantu people kept cattle. At the cattle posts, lions hunted cattle, and people hunted lions, but one of the Juwa hunters explained the situation by saying, "That's only at the cattle posts. The lions around here don't harm people. Where lions kill cattle and men shoot at them, the lions are dangerous. Where lions aren't hunted, they aren't dangerous. As for us, we live in peace with them."



That was certainly true, but it was not the whole story. Rather, it was the Juwa side of the story, which in those days was the only side ever given any consideration by any human being. All of us assumed that the people, not the lions, determined the events.

But the lions also had a share in shaping the relationship. A truce if ever there was one, the people-lion relationship wouldn't have worked unless both sides had participated. Yet when the truce started and what the lions gained from it, and therefore what they put into it, have never been precisely determined.

The beginnings would have been very deep in the past. Our ancestors evolved on the African savannas in the presence of lions, who themselves had been in Southern Africa since the Pleistocene. Perhaps we were too small to interest them as dietary items. We were most certainly too small to take any kind of commanding tone with them or to hope to chase them away if they wanted our food. If there was robbery in those days, the lions, not we, were the perpetrators. Obviously, by 1955 something had changed. It is often assumed that such a change in the relationship between people and animals is due to the development of weapons, but the Bushmen's weaponry wasn't necessarily superior to the lion's in a combat situation. The Bushmen had their spears and their bows and arrows, marvellously designed for hunting, all but useless in self-defense. The Bushmen's spears were then, and still are, lightweight and barely four feet long, or about the length of a lion's reach—far shorter than the formidable nine-foot heavyweight spears that the East African pastoralists used when testing their manhood against lions. Bushman bows and arrows are also very small and light. To do its work, a Bushman arrow does not need to pierce a vital inner organ but needs only to inject a drop of poison under an animal's skin. A drop of poison could take several days to kill a lion. Meanwhile, the hunter might find himself in considerable danger. In short, Bushman arrows are about the worst device imaginable for self-defense. So if not arrows, what? No one in his right mind would think of going up against a lion with a knife. Nor would fire be a useful weapon. The Kalahari animals evolved in the presence of fire, and are used to it.

Also significant is the fact that, unlike the East African pastoralists, the Bushmen have no shields of any kind, and never have had, as far as anyone knows. A shield, after all, suggests that the owner is expecting trouble; the warfaring lion-hunting Masai, for instance, carried enormous shields. The Bushmen, in contrast, seemed to expect no trouble. Skinning knives, lightweight bows and arrows, short, lightweight spears—hunting tools all—were the only weapons the Bushmen had or felt they needed.

A better explanation for the truce—the only good one I can think of—is that the people, who were not combative with each other, were also not combative with animals. People hunted, of course, but hunting isn't combat—or, at least, it wasn't to hunter-gatherers. It was merely feeding one's family. Most animals, as a rule, avoid conflict when they can; conflicts can cause injuries, and injuries can impair survival. For most of our time on earth, our kind, too, had to abide by the practical considerations that govern other animals. And the Bushmen in the fifties lived in the old way, by the old rules.

The success of the truce was quite remarkable. While we were in the Kalahari, we knew of only one person who had been injured by a lion—a man who had been mauled while helping a group of Herero ranchers to hunt a cattle killer in the Bechuanaland Protectorate (after 1966, Botswana). Being a Bushman and a servant, he had been conscripted as a foot soldier in the Herero-lion wars and, during the advance on the lion, had been forced to the front with the dogs. We knew of no one who had been killed by lions. This fact later became all the more impressive in the light of a genealogical study made in the early eighties by my brother and a colleague, Claire Ritchie. The study, which attempted, among other things, to determine some of the causes of death among Juwa Bushmen, took in more than three thousand people and went back about a hundred years. Naturally, people remembered deaths by unusual or violent causes very well, and among such deaths they recalled several caused by animals, mostly snakes and leopards. But among fifteen hundred deaths recalled by the hundreds of people whose testimonies I was able to examine, only one death was said to have been caused by a lion. The victim in this account was a paraplegic—a young Juwa girl. My daughter, also a paraplegic, is a source of intense interest to captive lions and tigers. She proposes that the girl's motion—slow, uneven, and low to the ground—caused lions to regard her differently from the way they regarded able-bodied people.

We knew of no lion killed by a Bushman. Although poisoned arrows are not the ideal weapon against lions, the people would use them if it should be necessary to rid themselves of a problem lion. Keeping out of the lion's reach until it collapsed would be inconvenient and difficult but not impossible. No—only the fact that the lions gave the Bushmen no cause to want to harm them explains the forbearance. The lions kept their side of the truce.

In contrast with the lions was another member of the genus *Panthera:* the leopards, with whom the Juwasi seemed to have a somewhat different relationship. I attended one leopard robbery, during which the Juwa hunters took a leopard's kill without showing him respect. He hid during the robbery and therefore didn't require respect.

Yet the fact that the Juwasi grouped leopards with hyenas and other predators who merited no special treatment was in itself interesting, because it suggested that the purpose of the respect shown to lions was not necessarily to mollify them. On the contrary, if the Juwasi had wanted to mollify an animal the leopard would have been the logical choice, for leopards were the most dangerous to people of any large animal. While we were in the Kalahari, we heard of several people who had been killed by leopards, and the research done by Claire Ritchie

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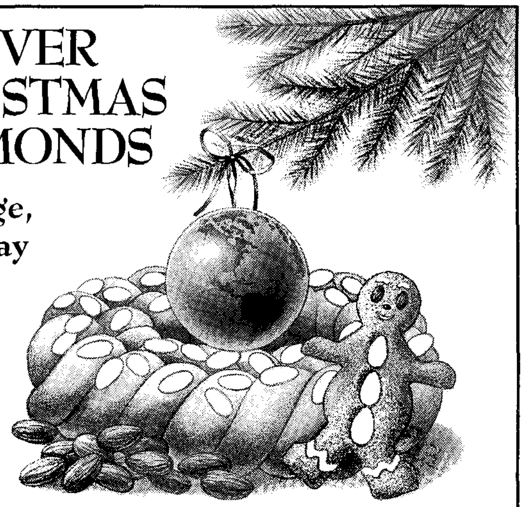

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Why establishing insurance program

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Worse yet, the insurance industry, drained of cash, might be unable to raise new capital to meet ongoing obligations and offer new coverages in the future.

As a nation, we can't afford to let this happen. Yet it easily could.

WE NEED TO BE BETTER PREPARED.

Destructive earthquakes will continue to occur throughout the world. The only real uncertainties are when and where.

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The Earthquake Project is supported by companies that have been working individually and through trade groups for several years to lay the groundwork for legislation to address this problem. Our goal

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is to protect the integrity of our economy in the event of a major quake.

And to make earthquake insurance available and affordable to every American homeowner and business.

A GOVERNMENT-INDUSTRY PARTNERSHIP APPROACH.

The proposed legislation would create a federal earthquake insurance program based on a government-industry partnership. The program would increase the number of homeowners purchasing insurance, thereby spreading the cost of risk more broadly. As a result, rates would be generally lower than they are today and coverage would be more affordable.

Another feature of the program would be the creation of a federal earthquake reinsurance corporation. Commercial insurance companies could purchase additional reinsurance from this corporation to supplement their existing capacity. This extra layer of protection would come into play in the event insurance industry earthquake losses exceeded some predetermined large figure–say $8 billion.

IT WOULD PROVIDE THE RESOURCES TO REBUILD OUR ECONOMY.

With such a program in place, compensation could be available to every earthquake victim suffering property losses. Moreover, the reinsurance aspect of the plan would assist the insurance industry in performing its role of efficiently allocating the resources needed for rapid recovery and for rebuilding our economy.

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and my brother revealed several more.

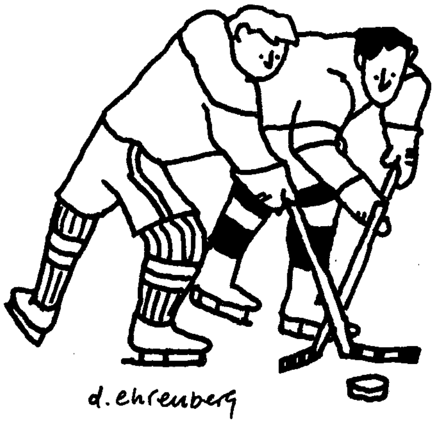
Leopards, who more than lions are satisfied with small and midsize prey, may have become dangerous from scavenging the people's temporarily unburied dead. Sometimes, during an epidemic of terrible illness, such as smallpox, all the people of a group would be stricken at the same time. No one would have the strength to bury the dead, and thus the bodies would become available to scavengers. According to Juwa eyewitnesses, the practice of scavenging seemed to lead leopards into watching camps in which many people were ill and, in a few instances, taking the very ill shortly before death. Possibly this habit also led some leopards into entering camps in which no one was ill—something they have done in the past and may still do today, killing people and, if possible, carrying them off. In the most recent episode I know of, which was in 1987, the leopard didn't even wait to choose someone who was asleep but took someone who was sitting by a fire. We didn't hear of anyone's being taken by a leopard in any other way than from a camp at night: no one was dropped on from an overhanging limb; no one was stalked or ambushed while gathering in the bushes or while crouching down to urinate in long grass or while crouching down to get water in the tall, thick reeds that surround some of the waterholes. Leopards everywhere hunt other animals by those methods, and some leopards in other areas hunt people by those methods. So the restriction of manhunting to campsites at night was apparently a cultural feature of the western-Kalahari leopards—leopards whose traditions went back to epidemics of the past.

Why didn't the lions do likewise? Didn't they, too, have the opportunity to learn of a possible resource in the camps of sick or sleeping people? Hungry lions should by rights refuse nothing, and in many places man-eating by lions is well known.

Not in the Kalahari, though. Not in that deep and unmolested wilderness. No one can explain the truce, because no one understands it. The truce was simply taken for granted, as most situations involving animals are simply taken for granted. Animals are assumed to be static in nature. So even today, with both the human and the animal populations stressed and damaged, few people realize the difference between how things are now and how things once were.

DURING the years that we stayed in the Kalahari, we often lived near a waterhole called Gautscha. One of three permanent waterholes in the area, it lay in a rocky outcropping in a thicket of long reeds. For much of the year, Gautscha was the only source of water in nine hundred square miles of very dry country.

On a rise of ground a few hundred feet east of the waterhole, in the shade of a grove of little trees, the group of Juwa Bushmen camped in shelters made of bent branches sparsely thatched with grass. We camped nearby in tents. To the west of the waterhole lay a great clay pan, Gautscha Pan, which formed the bottom of a shallow lake during the rains but was a bare, cracked mud flat in the dry season. In a dry bank to the northwest of the pan, perhaps a mile or two from the waterhole, were the dens of some spotted hyenas. Somewhere nearby, until someone killed him, lived a brown hyena. On a neighboring grassland lived a cheetah. In the vast bush southwest of the pan lived a leopard. And in the (to us) featureless bush to the southeast lived a pride of lions. Its size varied, but there were never fewer than ten. We never found the lions' resting places, nor did we try to find them, but we thought we knew where they were, because we sometimes heard lions there in the morning, when lions tend to gather together, and in the evening, when, after a day's rest, lions begin to move around. So in an area of a few square miles lived about thirty people, ten or more lions, a cheetah, a leopard, and at least five hyenas, or approximately fifty large, predatory creatures, all of them hunting the same antelope population, all of them drinking from the same waterhole.



Helping to minimize the chance of meeting was the habit of the different groups to use the area and its resources at different times—the people and the cheetah by day and the other predators by night. Time of day was particularly important for the people and the lions, because the people needed daylight for hunting and also for gathering, and the lions, who couldn't hope to hunt if they couldn't conceal their large bodies, preferred darkness; the grass was seldom long enough or thick enough to hide them.

As one group spread out to forage, the other group would gather together to sleep. Further limiting the chance of meeting was that neither group started the day's or the night's activity quickly. Each group delayed: the lions began their hunting not at dusk, when the people might still be on their way home, but long after dark; the people, on the other hand, delayed leaving their camp until the day was well along, and thus never met the lions—or, for that matter, any nocturnal predator who might be finishing a night's hunt in the dawn.

Yet, for all the factors that kept the groups apart, we often did meet the other predators. For instance, we often heard or saw the hyenas. Watching at night by the waterhole, I would see them when they came for a drink. Unlike the hyenas in game parks, these were not used to vehicles, and, eying my jeep with great suspicion, they would stalk around it like cattle who have seen a dog. But they were not shy about visiting us. One night, while poking stealthily around our camp, one of them very cautiously put her head into my little backpacker's tent. I was reading with a flashlight and looked up to see her sensitive nose just inches from my nose. Our eyes met. "What is it?" I asked. Unsure, she drew back. We would also see hyenas when we went by their dens, which had been dug, like caves, into a vertical bank. One hyena, a large female with breasts, would stand half in, half out of her doorway, watching us with an unfriendly, almost twisted facial expression, as if she found us repugnant.

Occasionally, we would see the leopard stretched out upon a certain rock, his thighs loosened, sunning his furry white loins. We would often see the head and shoulders of the cheetah above the grass when we went to his flat grassland. But we never, in all the miles we travelled on foot or in vehicles, on all the nights we spent watching for nocturnal wildlife by the waterhole, chanced upon one of the lions.

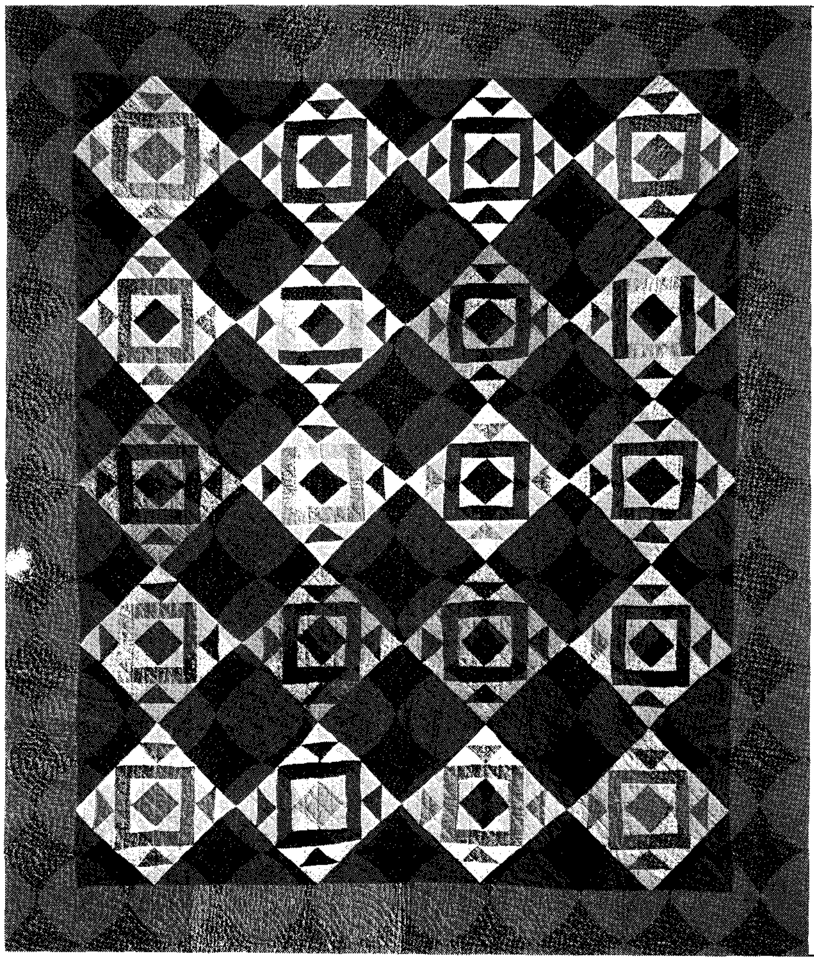
I used to ask people what would happen if someone met a lion in the bush. If that should happen, I would be told, one should walk purposefully and obliquely away without exciting the lion or stimulating a chase. Several times, people showed us how to do this. But at Gautscha we never met a lion. Although among us we spent at least parts of more than fifty person-years in the bush there, we never once used the technique we had learned.

We saw it used, though. One day, in the close quarters of some very heavy bush in the farthest waterless reaches of the Kalahari, my brother and I met a lion. He was all golden in the sunlight, with a golden mane. He seemed very large and, unlike many Kalahari animals today, he was in beautiful physical condition: he had no scars or scratches, and had plenty of flesh on his bones. Stupefied, we gazed at him, in awe of his presence and his beauty. He stood still, gazing at us. How long we might have stayed this way I don't know. My brother and I were too dazzled to do anything. So the lion had to take the necessary action. Moving calmly, confidently, purposefully, keeping us in view without staring at us aggressively, he walked obliquely away. The effect of the encounter on us—or, at least, on me—was memorable. He was only a few feet away, and I could have become afraid for my life. Yet his intentions were so clear and his demeanor was so reassuring that I felt absolutely no fear, or even alarm—just interest and wonder. By his smooth departure and his cool, detached behavior, the lion apparently intended to save himself the risks of an unwanted skirmish. A man acting in a similar way under similar circumstances would have been considered refined, gentlemanly, polite. In our species, too, reassuring manners can bring desirable results, for exactly the same reasons.

That was the only time, as far as I can remember, that any of us saw a lion by chance. But it was not the only time we saw a lion. In fact, we often saw them. That, however, happened at their discretion, when they wanted to see us. Then they seemed to have no hesitation in seeking us out.

The first encounter was on our first trip, at the edge of an unmapped part of the Kalahari far to the west of Gautscha, just after we camped for the night. With us was a young Afrikaner man, a former smallpox-control officer, who had come to show us the way to a place where he once found and vaccinated some Bushmen. (In those days, almost no non-Bushmen had contact with the Bushmen, or even had any idea where they were.) In the dark, a group of five lions came quietly up to us. Beyond our fire we saw their shining eyes, which were so high above the ground that we thought at first we were seeing donkeys. When I realized that we were seeing lions, I was overcome with excitement and ran around the fire to see them better. Just then, a bullet whizzed by my ear, shots rang out, and the eyes vanished. Before anyone realized what the young Afrikaner was doing or could stop him, he had irresponsibly shot two of the lions.

That was all he did, too. He wouldn't even go to see if he had killed them. When the rest of us found tracks



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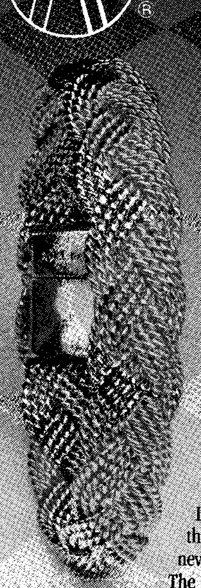

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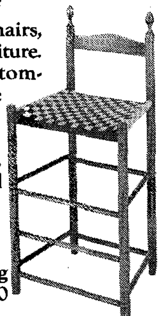

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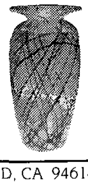

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and splashed blood but no dead lions, we realized the extent of the problem created by the young man—two wounded lions nearby in the dark. We asked him what he was going to do about it. Nothing, he said. It was, after all, nighttime. It would be dangerous to follow up the lions, he said. So the task fell to me, my brother, and a man who had come with us as a mechanic.

We set off on foot in the starlight, moving very quietly, so that we might hear the lions breathing or the low, mumbling growl that wounded lions might make. We also tried to catch their scent. At last, we heard a soft moan. We followed the sound, turned on the flashlight, and found a lion—a male, full-grown but still too young to have a mane or to have left the pride. Badly wounded, he was lying on his side, unable to get up. He was evidently in pain, for he had been biting the grass. We had to shoot him several times before we could kill him, and each time a bullet hit him he cried. One of the worst moments of my life, that scene is as fresh in my mind today as it ever was, and as painful. The lion turned his head aside, to look away from us as we stood over him and shot him. I wonder now if by averting his gaze he was trying to limit our aggression.

We couldn't find the other lion, and after many hours of searching we gave up, to try again in the morning. When the sky grew pale, at the place where the lions had been when the young man fired my brother and I found the tracks of a lion who had taken a great leap. Not fifty feet from camp, at the end of the next leap, lay the body of a lioness, shot through the heart. She, like the lion, seemed young: she still had spots on her white belly. Her fur and the grass around her were cold and wet with dew. Or mostly cold and wet with dew. Right beside her we found a warm, dry place where the grass lay flat. Looking around, we saw a dark trail through the grass where something had knocked off the dew. Then on the trail we saw a grass stem starting to rise after being pressed down, then another, and another, and under the slowly lifting grass stems we found the round footprints of an enormous lion, who had left only moments before. So we knew that while the dew fell this huge lion or lioness had stayed beside the dead lioness, within sight of our camp, listening to all our comings and goings, listening to the shots and cries. During the night, the watching lion or lioness had groomed the body of the dead lioness, turning her fur the wrong way.

Our next encounter took place on the first night of our second trip to Gautscha. We had come in vehicles after much hard travelling. We were too tired to pitch tents, so, about fifty feet from the Juwa encampment, we threw down our sleeping bags and, without even bothering to build a fire, went immediately to sleep. During the night, we heard the Juwasi saying some strong words to someone, but we didn't pay much attention. We were too tired. In the morning, we found the footprints of lions all around us. Several lions had come to investigate us as we slept, and had even bent down to sniff our faces. We found the huge, round prints of lions' forefeet, toes pointed at us, right by our heads.

Afterward, the lions had gone on to the Juwa encampment and had stared over the tops of the little grass shelters at the people there. Unlike us, who stayed awake all day and slept all night, the Juwasi took naps during the day and got up often at night. Hence they were virtually never all asleep at the same time. Even in the depth of night, someone or other would be awake, getting warm by a fire, having a snack or a sip of water or a chat with someone else. When the people who were awake saw the burning green eyes, they got smoothly to their feet and firmly told the lions to leave. Since the Juwasi would hardly take a low, commanding tone with one another, the unusual voices woke everyone else. At first, the lions didn't want to leave, but the people insisted, and at last shook burning branches at them. Eventually, the lions went.

Often at night we heard lions roaring. One would roar, and another, far away, might very well answer. On some nights, the Gautscha lions, spread out through the bush in a line perhaps a mile long or even longer, seemed to be keeping in touch by answering in turn. The farthest would roar, then the next and the next, until six or eight had made themselves known. In the rainy season, they even answered thunder. I loved that: a dark night, the vast, rain-soaked bush, a flash of lightning, a cosmic crash of thunder, a little pause, and then, faint and far, a lion's roar!

"WHERE ARE YOU, MY LION?"

(. . . me? . . .) "I'M HERE!"

ON several occasions, lions seemed to have strong feelings about us, about something we had done or were doing. As I look back, the interesting thing about the episodes is not that they were frightening, which they were, or dangerous, which they could have been, but that the lions seemed to be trying hard to communicate with us, perhaps simply to give expression to their feelings, perhaps to make us do something.

Unlike the lions, who correctly understood, and even obeyed, the spoken and gestured commands of the Juwasi—words and gestures that were designed for other human beings and then merely applied to lions—we human beings were not able to understand the lions. Not even the Juwasi understood them, and they knew them better than anyone else. Why could the lions of Gautscha understand the requests of the people but the people not understand the requests of the lions? Are lions better than people at understanding interspecific messages? Are people better than lions at conveying messages? No one really knows. It came to me, however, that our kind may be able to bully other species not because we are good at communication but because we aren't. When we ask things of animals, they often understand us. When they ask things of us, we're often baffled. Hence animals frequently oblige us, but we seldom oblige them. Elephants are different, but, then, elephants can motivate people as no other animals can. Once, an elephant who didn't want me near him threw sand at me so hard it felt like buckshot. I understood at once what he wished to communicate, and thereafter I paid scrupulous attention to his boundary, which was, incidentally, an imaginary line.

The most dramatic episode with a lion—a lioness, actually—occurred one hot, moonless night in the rainy season, at Gautscha, when most of our people and also many of the Juwasi were elsewhere. I happened to be alone in a tent in our camp, and my mother and brother happened to be visiting people in the Juwa camp, about thirty yards away. I was working on my notes by lantern light. At the Juwa camp, about six small fires burned. We had

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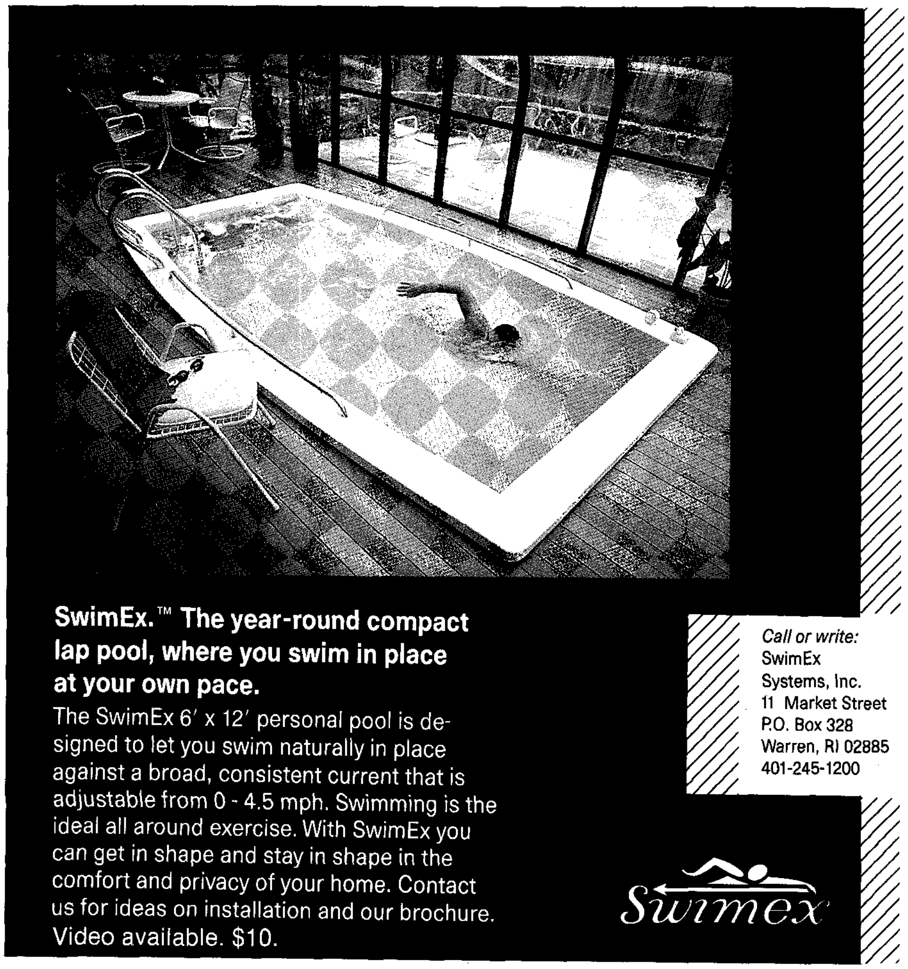
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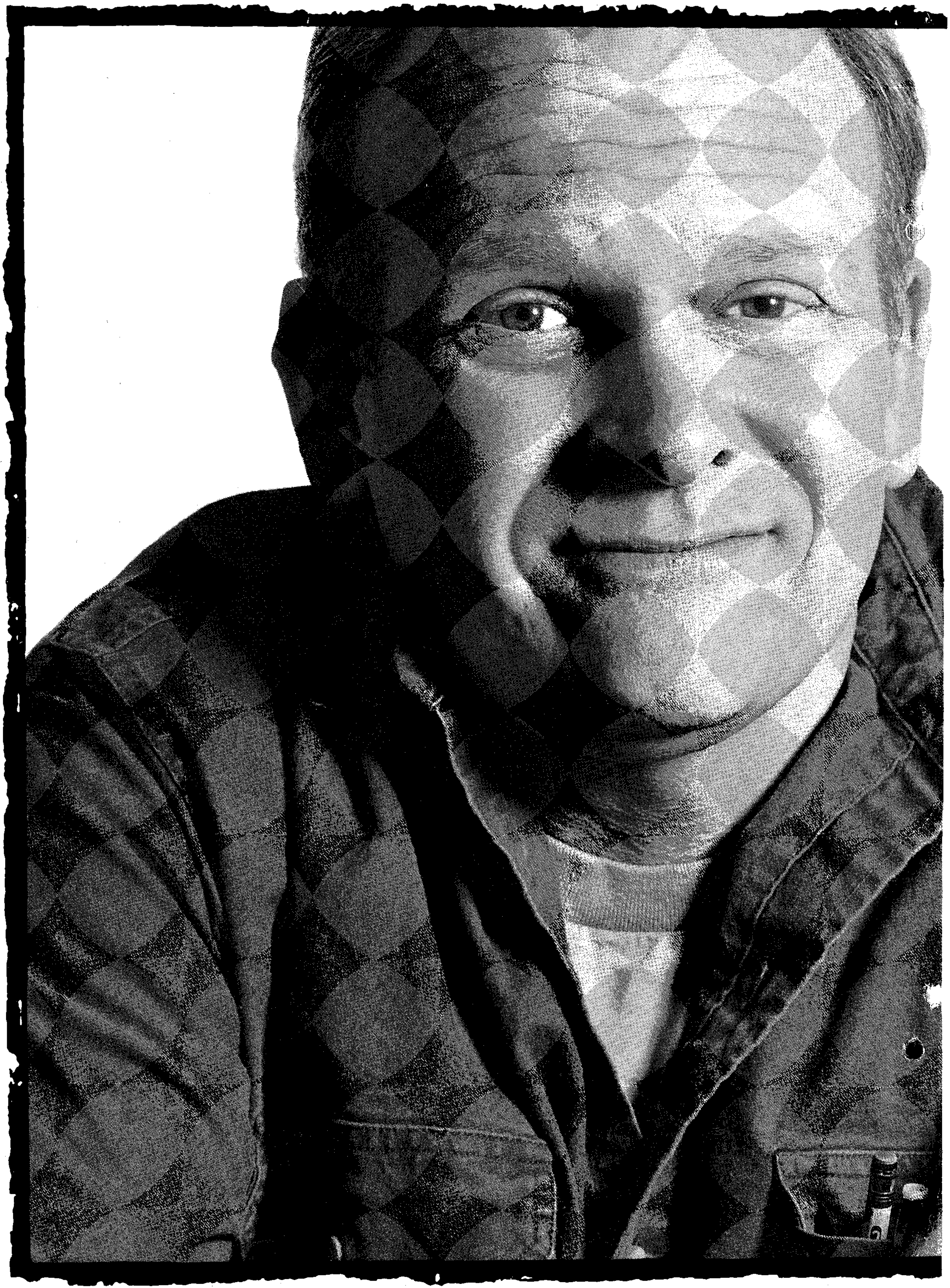

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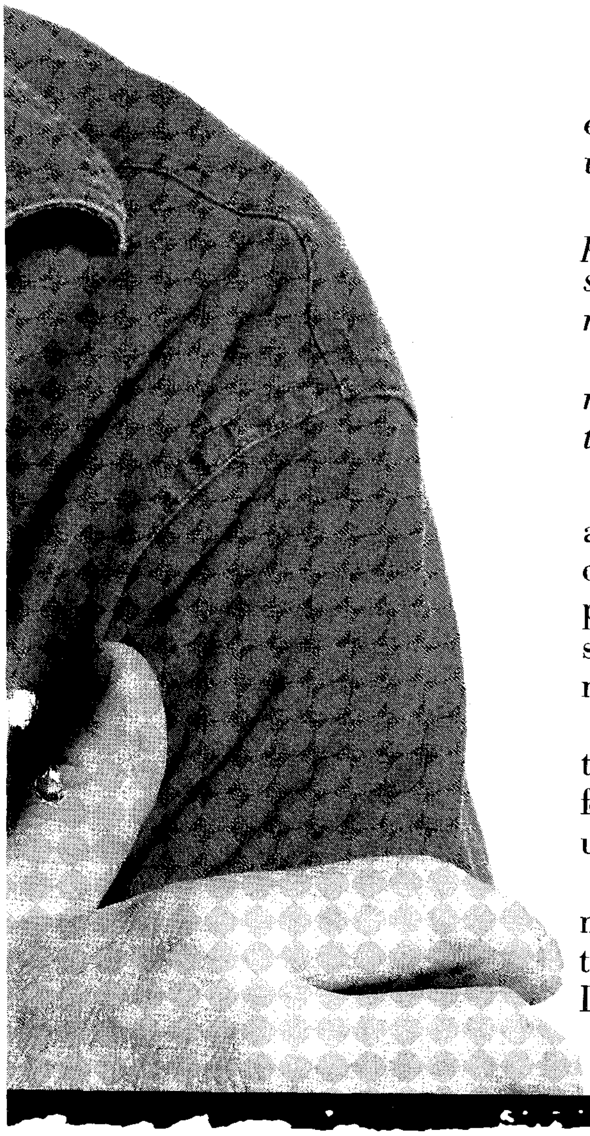

“I figured I'd get burned either way—computers show up and I get fired, or computers don't show up and the plant closes down.

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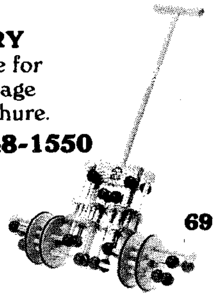

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been in residence there for almost a year, and under no circumstances could be considered newcomers. It was not as newcomers that we were visited by the lioness.

At about ten o'clock that night, a lioness suddenly appeared between the two camps and began to roar. The loudness of lions cannot be described but must be experienced. My head was so filled with the sound that I couldn't think, and in the brief silences between roars my ears rang. The earth and the walls of the tent seemed to be shaking. Afraid and confused, I tried to collect my wits. There was nowhere to go that gave more protection than the places we were already in—I in a very flimsy tent but at least not completely exposed, the other people all together beside fires. There were no trees whose upper branches the lioness couldn't reach by standing on her hind legs. At last, with trembling hands, I carried the lantern outside the tent, partly so that its light would shine on the tent, making the fabric seem solid, rather than through the tent, making the fabric seem like gossamer and me, inside, seem like a shadow puppet. I also wanted to illuminate the lioness so the other people could see where she was, because her roars were so deep and so loud that they gave no direction. To judge from her roars, she was all around all of us—anywhere, everywhere.

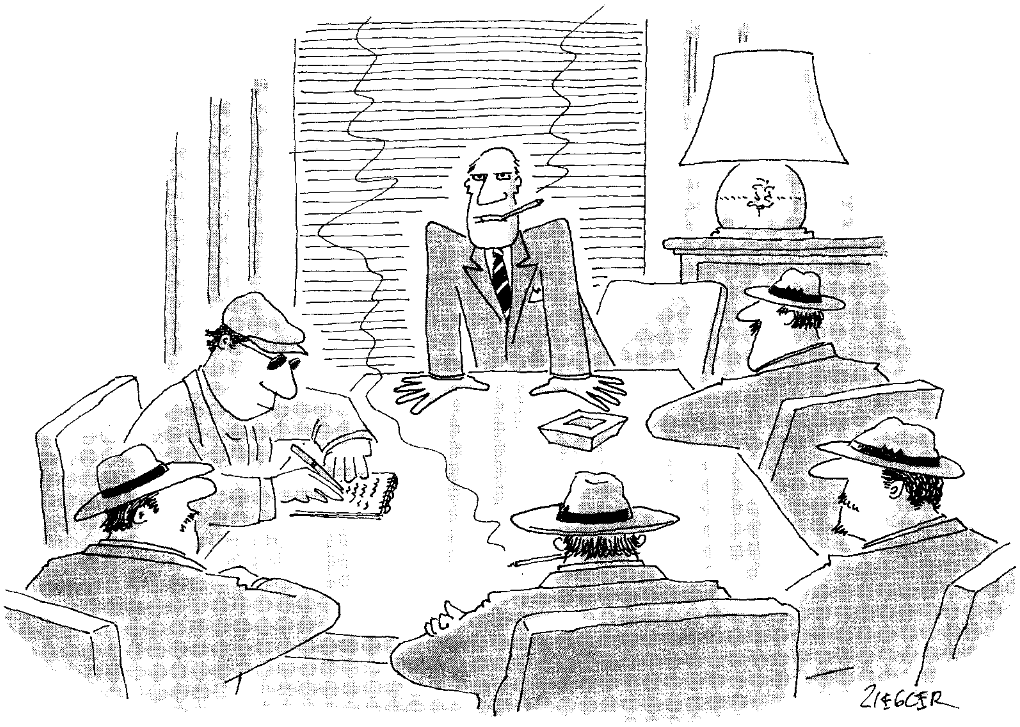
She seemed to have in mind something in the Juwa camp, since she was looking in that direction. She seemed not to notice the lantern. With her ears half up and turned sidewise, with her tail taking great, full sweeps, she seemed angry and edgy, a lioness whose patience was at an end. Sometimes she would pace back and forth, and once she leaped out of the lantern light, only to leap back into it again. It is sometimes claimed that lions roar at other creatures to confuse or stampede them, making them easy prey. That night, such an explanation seemed improbable. Long ago, natural selection would have removed from the general population any people unwise enough to leave their fires and weapons and scatter in the dark, especially at the urging of a lion. Even Western people don't necessarily stampede under such conditions. Not knowing what to do or where to go, they simply remain rooted to the spot with terror. That was what happened to me. As for the Juwasi, the lioness certainly got their attention, but perhaps didn't frighten them as badly as she frightened me. Cool but very alert, they awaited developments. Anyway, there wasn't anything anyone could do. The lioness certainly didn't seem in the mood to consider a firmly spoken request from the Juwasi, and that night they didn't offer any; they maintained a tactful silence. It seemed to me terribly important to notice how long the lioness stayed there, so I timed her. She roared intermittently for almost thirty-five minutes. Then she left, with swift, impatient strides. And there the episode ended. She never came back, and no one ever knew what it was she had wanted of us.

Another time, lions combined their investigation of newcomers with unexplained roaring. The event took place on the second night my mother and I, along with some of the Juwasi, spent camped at Tshoana, a Kavango cattle post by a ravine about fifty miles north of Gautscha. Up the ravine and into our camp came a great group of lions, and they began to roar in unison. They roared synchronously, some roars beginning as others ended, so that no gaps appeared in the appalling sound. Again the earth shook and the tent rattled. At last, as suddenly as the noise began, it stopped. Then came a long silence, more terrifying than the roaring. The lions must have been listening for something. I held my breath and tried to keep my jaws apart, so the lions wouldn't hear my teeth chattering. The lions apparently heard nothing, and began to roar again.

As frightened as I was, I couldn't help pointing my flashlight's quavering beam around in the hope of sighting some of the lions. But they were right behind the tent, where I couldn't see them. Instead, out of the night, out of the deafening, thundering din, came one of the Juwa men. He had been on the far side of the ravine when the roaring began and, armed only with his little spear, he had crossed the ravine [illegible] be with his wife and children. Walking silently on bare feet, he had actually woven his way among the roaring lions in the dark.

WHAT was the importance to the lions of the truce between them and the people, and what did the lions have to do to keep it? To consider the question, one must consider lion life. Probably the ideal situation for a lion is to live in a pride that owns a territory.

Next best, perhaps, is to live with other lions in a nomadic, landless band. The least desirable, it may be, is to live alone as a nomad, although that is often done. But since a solitary life is possible, since a lion can hunt for himself or herself and, if alone, doesn't need to share food (to judge from the way lions fight when they eat, they seem to hate sharing), why do lions prefer groups? Surely one reason is that they like each other. Mealtime behavior notwithstanding, lions rub faces lovingly when they meet, sleep near each other, groom each other, and keep in touch by voice when they are far apart. There are also many practical and economic advantages to group life. George Schaller, in his 1972 study "The Serengeti Lion," reports that under certain circumstances lionesses hunting coöperatively in groups of five or six were more than twice as successful as lionesses hunting singly. Lionesses coöperate in childcare as well. It is not unusual to see a lioness with cubs of different ages stumbling behind her. Lionesses even teach each other's cubs. My brother once saw a lioness holding a struggling live warthog in her front paws while two large cubs and two small cubs looked on, very interested. In the bushes, a second lioness watched.



"Although the depiction of gangland activity in this film is not accurate over all, I would like to go on record as saying that I am not entirely displeased with Mr. Robert De Niro's portrayal of a gentleman whom I take to have been a former associate of yours truly."

Probably the most compelling attraction of group life is that in a group lions can hold a territory and control its resources, preventing other lions from encroaching. In a dry country, where resources are scarce, such control can be very important. For lionesses, group life may have no disadvantages. Some lionesses live alone as nomads, but do so probably because group life is not available to them. Such a lioness was Elsa, in "Born Free." When George and Joy Adamson, who reared Elsa, tried to get a pride of wild lions to accept her, no pride would take her—any more than a household of hardworking people would take in a stranger just because the stranger was of the same species. The saddest thing about Elsa was that the Adamsons had been her group and, from her point of view, they forsook her.

A male lion also derives many advantages from a group. Although he begins life in his mother's group, he leaves after about two years, when he reaches young adulthood—probably driven out by the group's resident lion, who is usually his stepfather, for in most cases his father would not have managed to continue as a resident lion for that long. The young lion's task then will be to find a group that will accept him, a pride in which the lionesses will be not his mother, aunts, and sisters but his wives. Finding such a group is not easy, if for no other reason than that most groups already have a resident male or males. Until the young lion can find a group whose resident male is missing or is too old or disabled to defend his lionesses, the young lion lives as a nomad, too. Yet occasionally some find vulnerable groups, defeat the resident male, and take over. In return for the sexual and hunting services of the lionesses, the lion guards their territory, if they have one, and fathers their children until other young males appear and defeat him. Then, if he survives the battle, he once again becomes a nomad, squeezing out an existence at the fringes of other lions' territories until he dies. It is easy to see what great advantages a male lion can derive from a companion—another male to share his battles, his responsibilities, and his wives. Normally, a group of young males—sometimes littermates—find themselves pushed out of their group around the same time. Joining together, they find new lionesses. Together they defeat the resident male or males, together they defend the territory and father the cubs. In fact, a group of males provides a much more stable situation for the rearing of cubs than a single male can hope to do, since the group can better defend their position. Not easily can newcomers take over from them. That is important, because on the occasion of a successful takeover all or almost all small cubs are killed by the victorious males. The lionesses can be extremely distressed by the killing, yet it goes on, since the cubs are the children of the defeated lions. The newcomers must father children of their own, and must clear a way for them. Not until the cubs are grown or removed can the lionesses come into estrus and breed.

Lions are often said to be the only cats who live in groups. That is not quite true. Other cats do, too, probably for many of the same reasons. House cats sometimes hunt together with at least rudimentary coöperation, if not with the disciplined teamwork of lions. British house cats have been known to live together in groups of forty or fifty, caring for each other's kittens, and even assisting each other with birthing. And, surprisingly, even tigers are not always solitary. Contrary to what many people believe, tigers often live in small groups, consisting of a mother and two or three of her full-grown young. Even mature male tigers accept social opportunities. A 1989 newsletter of the International Union for the Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources reports that in Kanha Park, in India, the filmmaker Belinda Wright observed the meeting of a mature male tiger with a mother tiger, her two small cubs, and her full-grown son from an earlier litter. The five animals greeted each other with enthusiasm and affection, and eventually departed in a group.

Considering that tigers and lions are, biologically speaking, almost the same animal, and that both species seem to enjoy the companionship of their own kind, why are any of them solitary? Their lives are so complex that there can be no simple explanation, but at least part of the answer probably lies in food. Lions and tigers eat about the same amount at a sitting, but the prey available to lions tends to be considerably larger than the prey available to tigers. Any one of the large antelopes of the African savannas provides a meal for many lions, and encourages their sociability. Deer and pigs are the mainstay in many tiger habitats, however, and, being too small to feed many tigers, may encourage tiger solitude.

Still, the mystery remains. What explains the apparent paradox of lions living singly at least part of the time even where large game is plentiful? Solitude seems to me to be the choice of some lions in the desert reaches of the southern Kalahari and in the sand dunes of the Skeleton Coast. Could the determining factor be water?

Water is seldom considered as a possible factor in the size of lion groups, for in many parts of Africa lions are known not to drink water. The moisture they need evidently comes from the bodies of the animals they kill, and also from dew and from tsama melons. Even so, I believe that water as well as the alternative forms of moisture may be more important to lions than we now suppose. Lions are not like the water-independent antelopes, with their special physical mechanisms enabling them to tolerate great heat and limit their bodies' water loss. Lions are like us—they must cool themselves. Just as we lose moisture when we sweat, lions lose moisture when they pant, and they must replace it. How do they get enough?

Perhaps, in our effort to understand lions, we should look once again to the Kalahari hunter-gatherers, whose group size seemed to be related to the availability of water. Where there was no water, where the people got moisture from plants and the bodies of animals, the groups were small. Where there was water, the groups were much larger. Almost seventy Juwasi had communal rights to the waterhole of Gautscha, and although the food supply didn't encourage so many to live there during the dry season, more than that number would meet there for periods during the rains. In contrast were certain people who, perhaps more than any others, were attuned to desert life: the Gikwe Bushmen. Before we went to Gautscha, we visited a group of Gikwe Bushmen to the east who were living without any water. They had no waterhole, no hidden spring, no secret sip wells or buried ostrich-eggshell water containers, or even a pool of stale rainwater in a hollow tree. Like desert lions, this particular group of two men, four women, three teen-age boys, and one baby got liquid from a number of different kinds of watery plants and from the bodies of animals. From the latter these people were past-masters at collecting every drop. On one occasion, when we were able to measure the amount of liquid, we found that they collected about five gallons from the rumen of an adult female gemsbok, one of the large antelopes of the Kalahari. To do it they made a bowl of the gemsbok's skin, so that no liquid escaped. This technique gave each person several good drinks. Many more people could have eaten from this gemsbok, but not many more could have satisfied their thirst.

The availability of water may have affected the size of the lion group at Gautscha. With only the liquid in melons, meat, and dew, the lions might have had to scatter or live in small groups. The waterhole may have enabled them to live together. And they seemed to want to be together, as their pride of thirty shows. Thirty lions were far too many to have met by chance. On the day they were seen, they were together by design, and not as an aggregate but as a community, involved in a common project, which was taking over the Juwa hunters' wounded wildebeest. The appearance of a staggering, weakening wildebeest had surely focussed them, but if they had been widely scattered the Juwa hunt would have happened too suddenly to draw them from afar. They had to have been near each other when the wildebeest came along. And they weren't together for hunting; in fact, they were about twenty-five too many for efficient hunting. They had been brought together by some other impulse —a lion impulse—and the water may have let them indulge it.

In the western Kalahari, since there were only a few sources of permanent water in the dry season, the vast savanna was not as vast as it seemed. Whoever wanted to drink water had to live within reasonable distance of a waterhole. In the case of the Gautscha lions, that was the Gautscha waterhole, and probably no other. We knew for a fact that there were lions associated with the other dependably permanent waterholes, which were many miles distant from Gautscha. Other prides had surely established lion ownership of those waterholes. It seems possible that the lions at Gautscha, knowing that the source of water was unique, maintained a low profile around it. To mismanage their public relations so as to endanger their access to water could have altered their social opportunities. The lions contributed to the low profile by using the waterhole very late at night. They also came and went quietly. They didn't roar near it. They never lay viewing it all day, as the lions in some game parks now do. And no lion ever left a scat by the water.

What do scats mean to lions? That might depend on culture. Some lions use scats as signs. Mostly, though, lions seem to view scats indifferently. In places frequented by lions, including the waterhole areas of game parks, their scats are many and obvious, yet a resting lion gets up and leaves the vicinity of its sleeping comrades if it wants to move its bowels. Did the waterhole area seem to the lions an unsuitable place for feces? The lions knew; we didn't.

The people, too, used the waterhole with care. They didn't pollute it or sit around it but drew water and left, usually at about the same time of day, and never at night. And, just as the lions owned the water from the point of view of other lions, the people owned the water from our point of view. Other people wishing to use it needed permission. So with respect to water use the people and the lions had much in common, although neither group, perhaps, would have seen it that way.

IN the nineteen-fifties, the lions of Gautscha belonged to one continuous population, a single lion nation occupying a more or less undivided country. At the eastern edge of this lion nation were the cattle posts of Herero, Kavango, and Tswana ranchers. A Kavango family maintained such a post at Tshoana, where a lioness had worked out an amazing technique to secure cattle.

In response to the threat posed by the lions, the Kavango family had built a fortress of heavy poles, each about six inches in diameter and about twelve feet long, all planted in a deep circular trench that held two or three feet of each pole below ground and left nine or ten feet above. It would be hard to devise a more substantial, safer kraal. Yet in 1955 at least one lioness removed cattle from this kraal. How she did it was not exactly understood. Of course, her method didn't interest the Kavango family as much as her banditry did. She was seen only once, by torchlight, at the top of the fence, scrambling out with a heifer over her shoulder.

Was there only one lioness who could leave the kraal carrying a heifer? Were there several? Since only one lioness did it at a time, or on any given night, and since no human beings really knew much about the pride or its membership, no human beings knew or ever will know what actually happened. I feel safe in assuming that the lioness preselected her victim. She couldn't easily have made her choice while flying through the air, so almost certainly she studied the herd ahead of time, probably through the cracks between the poles. She would choose a midsize animal, perhaps a yearling heifer—not a large cow, which would be too big to carry, and not a little calf, which would be so small as to make the risk and the effort wasteful. Then this formidable lioness would leap from the ground to the top of the fence, wedge her forearms between the points of the uneven, tapered poles, and brace herself with her hind feet, her claws dug into the wood. From there she would probably locate her chosen victim. A quick scrabble would put her over the top and into the crowd of cattle, who, of course, would raise an appalling alarm, bringing out the Kavango men with weapons.

In among the dangerous sharp hooves and horns of the frantic cattle, the lioness would seize her heifer and leaping to the top of the fence would scrabble out again. And all this with only her shoulders and her mouth. It is hard to appreciate such a mouth: one must hold a lion's skull, taking time to admire the huge, arched, buttressed, deep-rooted eyeteeth and the wide, bony anchors for the massive jaw muscles. Two men together, using their entire bodies, could just barely carry what one Tshoana lioness picked up with her mouth.

The lions around Tshoana and other cattle posts in the area once had large, prospering territories that hap-

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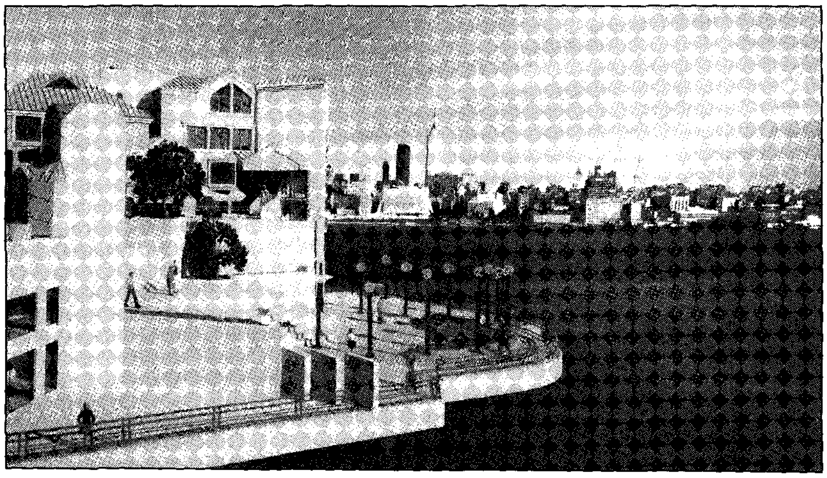

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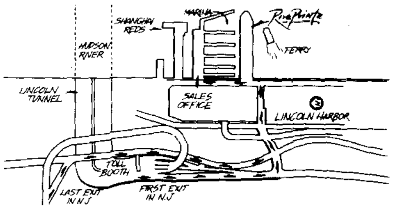

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pened to include cattle pens that they visited only because they chose to. As time went by, however, the peripheral areas of what had once been the uninterrupted lion nation were slowly taken over by ranches and farms. In the Bechuanaland Protectorate, some years of drought tended to concentrate the huge herds of cattle in the few places where grazing could still be found. In other areas, farmers expanded their holdings or changed their style of farming, giving up the old-fashioned, unmechanized methods for more efficient, more commercially oriented methods. Gone were the days of a few sheep sent out to graze in the care of a dog and a child; in place of such inefficiency, large herds of livestock were guided through cycles of rotational grazing by people in vehicles. The end product, which had once been milk, a little cheese, and a little mutton for the farm's dependents, changed to commercially raised beef and hides for the export markets.

As a result, the peripheral areas of the lion nation became more precarious. The lions who lived there became the unfortunates of the population—the poor. From their areas the antelopes were quickly hunted out by the ranchers and farmers, for sport, for meat, for disease control, and to eliminate competition for the grazing. As the grassland was denuded and the once delicately balanced savanna became, in places, a moonscape with dunes, the peripheral areas expanded. Then the lions had no other place to go and nothing else to eat: they were forced to hunt livestock. Of course, the farmers demanded the eradication of all lions. And the lions seemed to understand. Apparently in an effort to save themselves, the lions who lived on the periphery stopped roaring: the roaring alerted the people, who then hunted them more intensively. How did the lions know not to roar?

In the Dodoth country of northern Uganda, where I went to live in 1961, and where a similar situation prevailed, the former lion range had in just two lion lifetimes been invaded by the powerful Dodoth, a Masai-like people with big herds of cattle. As the cattle began to displace the game, existence became increasingly hard for the lions. They couldn't emigrate to better country, because to the south, east, and west were crowded farmlands, and far away to the north, in a game reserve, where there was good, rolling country and abundant game, other lions already owned every inch of space.

Fugitives in their own home, the lions of Dodoth tried to adjust to the presence of dangerous people by living as discreetly as possible—by leaving cattle alone except for strays, by staying out of sight, by moving only at night, by never roaring, by seldom even leaving their footprints on the roads. To some extent, their low profile helped. People didn't hunt them, and hardly even thought about them. It would have been interesting to see what, over time, the lions would do about their new situation, but most of the lions, the leopards, and the other large predators are gone, gunned down for sport, first by the King's African Rifles, later by the Uganda Rifles, later still by Idi Amin's Army and the invading armies that came in the wake of his regime. I suspect that any lions who may be there now are recent immigrants from the Sudan.

BETWEEN *the late sixties and the* mid-seventies, more lions of Botswana and South-West Africa (now Namibia) were displaced, for the same reasons that the lions of Dodoth county in Uganda were. In the developing commercial farmlands of South-West Africa, almost all the lions were hunted out. But not quite all; some lions were still able to cling to life on remote farms as lone cattle-killing fugitives. One, a big male with a black mane and distinctive footprints, made a name for himself—"Jakob"—for his near-human powers of reasoning and his exceptional elusiveness. Over the years, all the white hunters and most of the ranchers and farmers shot at Jakob, but the bullets didn't hit. The failures seemed sinister to the would-be assassins: they didn't see his breathtaking escapes as possible indications of Jakob's education or intelligence but, seeking the explanation in their own education, attributed Jakob's escapes to Satan, his alleged protector.

Sad to say, Jakob was killed in 1986, though not by any of the loud-voiced, beer-swilling hunters and farmers, with their incredible lion stories, their high-powered rifles, their hollow-point bullets, and their telescopic sights. No, Jakob was killed by a Bushman with a thirty-six-inch bow and a quarter-ounce poisoned arrow—with just one shot. Only a Bushman hunter would know how to stalk a lion like Jakob on foot in the moonlight—or have the nerve, for that matter.

No one knows what happened to most of the displaced lions. Perhaps some of them managed to invade the territories of lions in areas that were only lightly disturbed. If so, the general lion population might have declined even more. When a lion population is in a state of flux and movement, with territories being invaded and prides of lionesses being lost or gained, the infant mortality rises. And when the dust clears after the battling and the infanticide any given territory left to lions holds roughly the same number of lions it has always held. That is true of any animals who must own land.

In what was the western remnant of the lion nation, by now separated from the eastern section by a belt of farms and settlements about a hundred miles wide, an effort was made to preserve some of South-West Africa's wildlife by the creation of Etosha National Park, which was formally established in 1958. To the eternal credit of the government, the need for a park was recognized much earlier—mainly because of Etosha Pan, which the park encloses. A national landmark on the order of Niagara Falls or Old Faithful, Etosha Pan is an impressive, shimmering white salt flat in the dry season and a shallow lake during the rains, and has for some years been an international attraction. By the early seventies, farms surrounded much of Etosha Park, which had become a wildlife preserve of eight thousand five hundred and ninety-eight square miles of mixed bush desert, grassy savannas, and mopane forests with widely spaced, scrubby little trees.

Because the park was created on a map with a pencil, its existence as such wasn't noticed at first by its original occupants. They, of course, were the Bushmen and the game. While farms were laid out around the park, life within its boundaries went on as before. After the Second World War, the park authorities took notice of the Bushmen, and reasoned that Etosha would be a better, more natural place without a human population. Nothing much was done for a time—in the early fifties, many Bushman families still made their homes near the waterholes of Etosha—but as tourism began to grow, as tourist facilities were built and roadbeds were scraped so the tourists could

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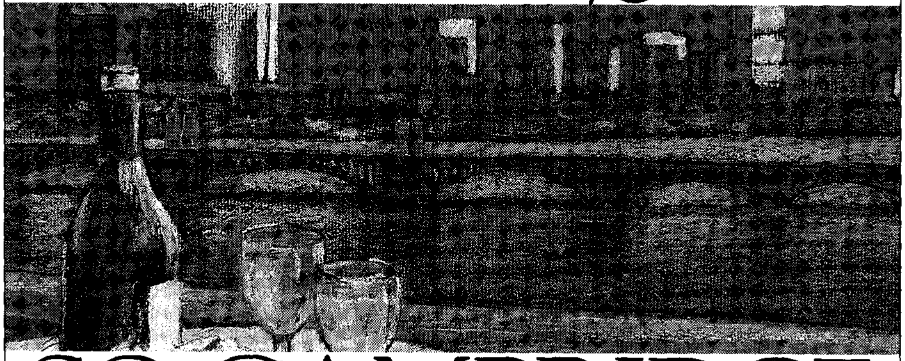

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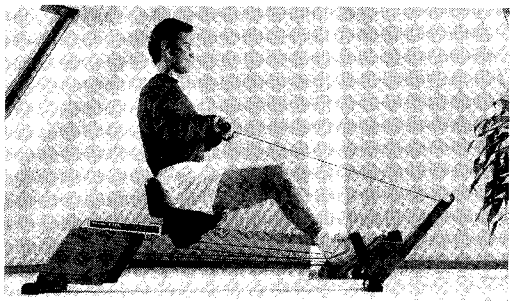

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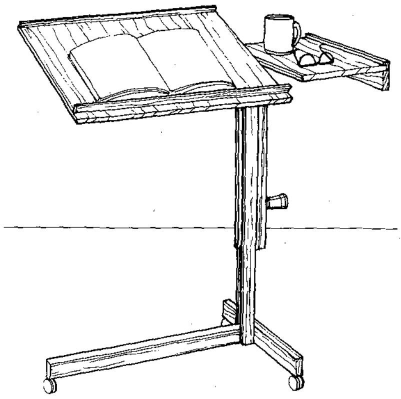

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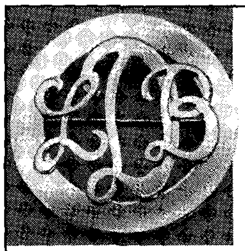

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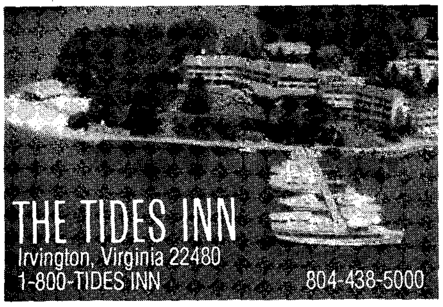

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drive to view the game, the Bushmen became undesirable. They begged from the tourists, and they hunted the game. It wasn't nice to be sitting in the privacy of your car, enjoying the majestic elephants and getting the feel of the wilderness, only to see tapping at your window a half-naked Bushman pretending to puff the tip of his finger as he begged for a cigarette.

By the nineteen-sixties, almost all the Bushmen had been evicted but not necessarily resettled. Apparently, no attention was paid to where they went or what they did. Since they had no formal education, vocational or other, since they spoke none of the European languages, and since they were generally unfamiliar with Western customs and with money, alcohol, machinery, buildings, cities, and farms, their futures were grim. Only a few Bushman men remained in the park as trackers and camp servants to the white personnel. A few Bushman families became laborers on neighboring farms. But all the other Bushmen, perhaps five hundred or so, seem to have disappeared. So ended the old way in Etosha.

By 1986, when I visited Etosha, the Bushmen had been gone so long that their former presence was beginning to seem romantic. At least one young park official had begun to reconstruct the old hunter-gatherer past. Although some of the evicted people were still alive, somewhere, the official ferociously enjoined visitors to the park from disturbing any of their old campsites, because these could have archeological value. The official had also written a paper in which he gave translations of the old place names. But not convincing translations. In his paper, a waterhole that would have had a simple name such as Gu Na (Big Waterhole) became something like The Place from Which You Can See if Anyone Is Coming from Keitseb. This young park official had as his servant a Bushman in his mid-fifties, who was almost certainly one of the people who had lived in the old camps. Wherever the official went in his pickup, he took along his servant, who rode in the back, as if in apartheid times, uncomfortable and possibly in danger, looking ragged and threadbare among the prosperous tourists, and very much alone.

I went to Etosha for a reason that had nothing to do with the Bushmen, or even with lions. I went because a friend named Katharine Payne had made the important discovery that elephants make calls too low for people to hear—calls that travel great distances and by which elephant herds that are far apart can keep in contact. Before Katy's discovery, people jokingly spoke of "elephant ESP." Since her discovery, hardly a reference is made to elephants which doesn't mention their infrasonic calls. While Katy was working to prove the existence of these calls, she invited me and several other people to join her as a research team. Our work, sponsored by the National Geographic Society and the National Science Foundation, brought us at last to the wild elephants in Etosha, where we spent two seasons.

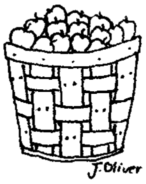
At first, we worked at a waterhole in Etosha called Gobaub, beside which was an observation tower. Gobaub, which was far from the areas that tourists were allowed to visit, reminded me of Gautscha. A wide, flat plain, like the pan at Gautscha, surrounded the waterhole. The plain seemed to be the bottom of an ancient lake. Around its edge the old lakeshore rose to a rolling sandy expanse of heavy bush and mopane forests. The waterhole itself was a wide pool formed by a spring bubbling out of a ledge. The pool and its runoff provided drinking places for many animals, and their trails approached it from all directions, like the spokes of an enormous wheel.

One night, as Katy and I were leaving the observation tower to go back to our camp, we heard a great ruckus of roaring and screaming and of pounding, running feet. I shone a flashlight beam and saw, at a distance, a herd of about ten wildebeests facing a group of four lionesses, three of them ranged in a line behind the fourth, for all the world like three backfielders behind the center forward. Like soccer teams on a playing field after the whistle has blown, both sides were at a standstill. Whatever had happened was over, and the wildebeests were still in the game.

Remembering to be careful lest some predator who had watched us go up the ladder was waiting for us to come down, we left the tower, got into our van, and started slowly for camp. At the first bend of the track, in a patch of heavy sand, the headlights shone on two adolescent male lions sitting very straight, intently watching the place where the disturbance had been. Not wanting to alarm them, I dimmed the lights as the van labored slowly around them. They turned and looked at us. Then, suddenly, to our astonishment, they launched themselves at us and, tails high, began to chase us, one on each side of the van. Bounding along like two huge dogs, they seemed to be snatching at the tires. Fearing that we would soon be wobbling feebly on the rims while two adolescent lions tried to pull us through the windows, I floored it. The struggling van lurched forward, the lions fell behind, and in the rearview mirror I saw the distance widening. In my last glimpse of them they were standing in the road, somewhat crestfallen but still much interested, watching us go.

I was flabbergasted. I, who had spent so many nights afoot in the Kalahari and so many more nights lost in the bush in Uganda, had never dreamed of being chased by lions. No such thing would ever have happened at Gautscha. The Juwasi would not for one moment have tolerated being chased or played with or harassed in any way by lions—not in the past and not today.

Then I saw how stupid I had been, and how deeply I had misunderstood Gobaub and Etosha. The beautiful, dry country, the white grass, the clear sky, and the sight every evening of the setting red-ball sun had all misled me. I had been seeing everything as if I were still in Gautscha thirty years earlier. But it wasn't the same at all. The animals of Etosha didn't know people. Perhaps never before had that population of animals known so little about people. But the people who would have taught the animals were gone.



The people were gone, and the old way was finished. If the authorities had decided that the park would be more natural without lions, and had removed them, their absence would not have been more glaring than the absence of the hunter-gatherers after half a million years. As soon as I realized that, I no longer saw the similarities between Gobaub and Gautscha but, rather, the differences. At Gautscha, time and rainfall had managed the ecosystem; in Etosha, as we soon learned, the ecosystem was managed so thoroughly by the Department of Nature Conservation that the place sometimes seemed like a farm. The populations of animals were continuously monitored and controlled. The lion population was controlled to some extent by means of long-lasting contraceptive devices implanted under the skin of some of the lionesses. Those lionesses had grown old without having offspring, and after the drug wore off they might be too old to raise and educate offspring. If so, the experience of these lionesses would be lost—a situation more serious than might at first appear, for a lion needs to know a great deal to be able to meet the challenges offered by its environment, and especially the challenges, such as serious droughts, that happen only rarely. In such circumstances, the guidance of an experienced lion can mean the difference between life and death, not only at the time but for lions of the future, who, like links in a chain, will someday also benefit from and carry imparted information. For learning to take place, informed and uninformed lions must share an experience. If the chain breaks, the information is lost.

Much of the park's intense management was directed toward research, with the animals, of course, the subjects. In keeping with the hard-science trend in behavior biology, the park, which had in the past permitted invasive research on the animals, generally disapproved of unstructured observation, considering the results not measurable and therefore not worthwhile. Our work required complex equipment and had a "hard" aspect, in that we collected measurable sounds, and this contributed to our being allowed to work there. We were told never to name the elephants we studied, lest we appear sentimental; we were told to number them instead.

On the shortwave radio that we had been assigned, and had been ordered to keep on, so that we would be in constant contact with the park authorities, we couldn't help hearing, day and night, the doings of the park biologists as they darted, biopsied, branded, and tagged the animals—especially the lions. If under the old way the lions and the hunter-gatherers kept their distance from each other, under park management the people took such an interest in the lions that any lion could expect to be physically invaded sooner or later by a diagnostic procedure or a telemetric device.

For the lions, that meant sudden, probably bewildering intrusions: a drug

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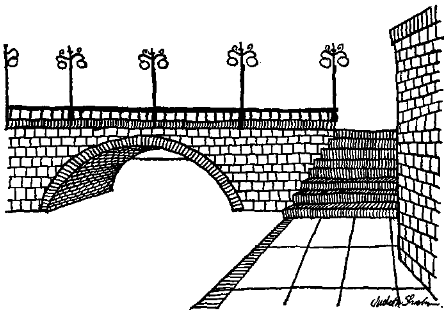
experience almost certainly followed by pain—the lingering burn of a brand, perhaps (not that pain seems to be much of a problem to lions). Most lions experienced such handling only once, and hence had little need, or even incentive, to adjust. So the presence of the park personnel, though it changed the lions' lives, probably didn't make a difference that lions would recognize. Nothing that I could detect in the lions' attitudes suggested that they gave much thought to the presence of park personnel.

What I did detect in the lions' attitudes was that they had no concept of the hunter-gatherers. After we moved our camp to a second remote waterhole, called Dungari, we found ourselves under intensive observation by some lions, who apparently didn't know what we were but wanted to find out. Like mice in a cattery, we could do nothing without first checking to see whether we were safe from them. This situation began when Katy and I first visited Dungari, to learn if elephants used the water, which at Dungari was provided by the park in a large concrete trough kept full by a solar pump. Dungari was just a place in the woods, really—not a great flat plain with a natural well like Gautscha or Gobaub. Nevertheless, lions were there, as we began to notice after dark, when, in the van, we began a twenty-four-hour vigil. We thought we were watching carefully and noticing everything, so we were more than surprised to suddenly see the face of a lioness looking in the right-hand window. How had she managed to creep up on us? A lion had come with her, we soon learned, but of the two she was the more curious. He was more or less hiding, and seemed to be waiting for her to do something. What that might be we weren't sure. We suspected that she might be hunting us, though: it seemed that every time we looked, she was popping up beside our van.

Of course, after we realized she was around I kept trying to find her with the flashlight. I picked up the eyeshine of many other animals, and I often spotted her large, tawny form near at hand, but very seldom could I spot her blazing green eyes. At first, I couldn't understand why. But then it came to me that she might be concealing her eyeshine by averting her eyes. Because she was usually facing us when I spotted her, I began to think she was catching us in her peripheral vision, and consciously avoiding a direct look. But why? Do lions know that their eyes shine? Lions' eyes shine in moonlight, and even in starlight. Moonlit eyeshine can be by far the most conspicuous feature of a lion at night—especially of a lion hiding in the grass. If a lion should see another lion's eyes shining, could it then infer that its own eyes might also shine? The fact is, we haven't the slightest idea whether lions could make such a deduction. My own feeling is that they can and do.

These same lions continued their intensive investigation of us when we came to stay at Dungari, and they were later joined by two other lionesses. I was quite moved to realize that their investigation of us resembled ours of them. At night, through the fence of a horse camp that the park authorities had urged us to use, the lions watched us sleep, just as during the day we watched them sleep. As we examined their sign, they examined ours, following our tracks to our various latrines, which they unearthed. Our sign meant something to them: frequently, they left their scats beside ours and squirted their marks over the traces of our urine. In other ways, too, they seemed to do what we did. One day, I was sitting near the solar pump at Dungari watching a lioness, who lay by the water. She was near enough that I would need to get to safety if she stood up, so I was trying to be careful and not to forget her. She was watching me in an equally casual manner. But the day was warm and the air was soft, so it was hard to sustain anxiety. In time, I yawned. To my amazement, without taking her eyes off me she also yawned. Was it a coincidence, her enormous red gape? Was it empathy? Fascinated, I deliberately yawned again. She yawned again! I yawned again and again. But I had done it too quickly. She simply watched me, through half-shut eyes. I waited two or three minutes and then yawned once more. She yawned right away. More than excited, I called the other people, so that they could see what was happening. One last time, the lioness obliged us with an empathetic yawn. Then, seeing that several of us had gathered to stare at her, she suddenly seemed to get self-conscious; she got up, and, looking irritated, left.



Perhaps she had been studying me. Not long after that, she stalked me. Once, when I didn't think she was around, I walked several hundred yards from the safety of our study area to collect our equipment. As I circled through the heavy bush, someone in the study area noticed the lioness creeping stealthily toward me and called to me to come back. So I did, remembering to walk as the Juwasi had taught me, and here I am to recommend the method.

THE absence of the hunter-gatherers from Etosha showed in the habits of lions as well as in their unfamiliarity with people. Many a waterhole in the park, for instance, was the headquarters of a pride of lions. The Etosha lions had the misleading reputation of being waterhole hunters, with the implication that they needed only to wait for their prey to come for a drink. This wasn't so, of course: never stupid, the prey animals didn't drink where they couldn't see, didn't drink at night, and would have drunk elsewhere if they had reason to think that lions would seize them at the water. No, the lions of Etosha had to hunt the hard way, like lions everywhere. So no one really knows why they liked to stay near the waterholes. Yet lions are excellent observers, and observation is important to them—hence their empathy. Other cats learn by practicing; for instance, the kittens of cheetahs and house cats are taught to hunt by their mothers, who bring them live animals to kill. But lions learn mainly by watching. Most of the animals hunted by lions are too big to be transported and too dangerous to be released for the cubs. Usually, when a lioness wants to teach her young to hunt she lets them follow and observe her. So lions might like to station themselves at the waterholes and observe the herds that pass by. Perhaps lions preselect victims. Perhaps they merely note the herds' general condition and direction of travel. Anyway, whether or not the practice of observing helps lions with hunting, it means that they don't have to walk far to drink. Even this could mean a lot to lions, for lions don't like to trouble themselves unduly—at least, not by day.

The truly interesting thing about waterhole viewing, as I saw it, was not so much that the Etosha lions did it as that the Gautscha lions hadn't done it. Just as at Gautscha the presence of the hunter-gatherers' camps appeared to keep the animals at a distance from the water, so in Etosha the absence of people's camps may have allowed the animals to come near. From the archeological sites that the young official had forbidden us to touch I learned that the hunter-gatherers of Etosha had favored the same kinds of places as the hunter-gatherers of the Gautscha area. That was perhaps not surprising. What was surprising was that those sites were also favored by the lions. Sometimes the lions of Gobaub chose the very spots where people once had lived. Sometimes the lions chose spots that people would have chosen. In fact, I soon found that as often as not I could locate the lions of Gobaub, even in that vast space, merely by looking around for places that I felt the Gautscha people of the old days would have liked. I would search with my field glasses for a shady place without too many stones and screened from view on the raised ground around the edge of the plain. There were many such places near Gobaub, and in most of them, at one time or another, we would spot sleeping lions. What did it mean? It meant, I think, that the lions had taken over those places soon after the people had gone.

My heart went out to the Etosha lions, although their size and might, combined with their naïveté about our species, could be frightening. Once, I was charged by a lioness, and then I felt in awe of the hunter-gatherers who, so long ago, had commanded the respect of lions. I was charged while doing just what the Juwasi would have done to move a lioness: she had been sitting right beside some of our equipment, which I had come in our van to collect, and when she wouldn't move I got out and slowly picked up a pebble, and, speaking very respectfully, because I could already see displeasure in her eyes, I very gently tossed the pebble as I asked her to please leave. Whap! She charged! In the blink of an eye she had covered the distance between us. Luck-

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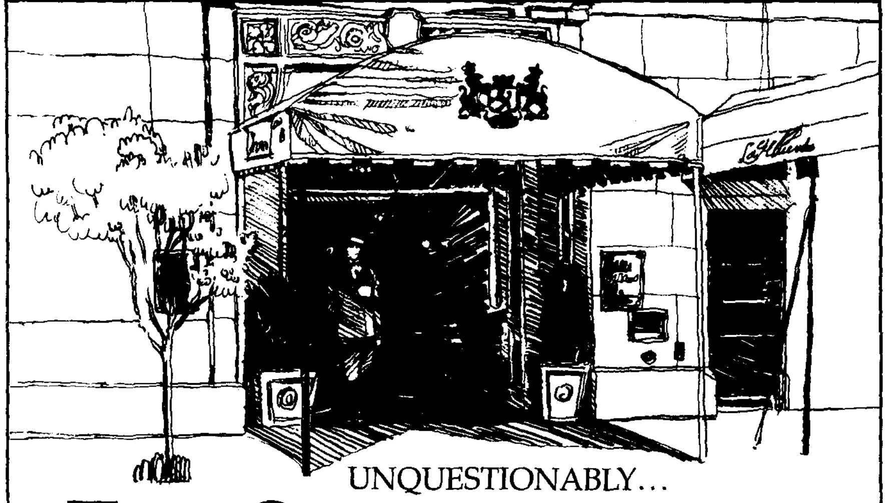

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ily I had got out of the driver's door, which slammed, rather than the side door, which slid. How would the early hunter-gatherers have wrested respect from an animal like this? And without vans to jump into? If the lions of long ago had in any way resembled the lions of today, their respect would have been hard to come by. The lions in Etosha seemed to respect nothing but other lions.

And, of course, the elephants. The Etosha lions kept away from elephants much as the Gautscha lions had once kept away from the Juwasi. In Etosha, if lions and elephants met, the lions became more than respectful—or most of them did. One night, one of our researchers saw an adolescent male lion, tail high, rushing an elephant, but the lion probably wasn't entirely serious, because he gave up quickly. In an East African lion story—the personal communication of a reliable witness—a certain lion once crouched down in the grass to hide from elephants coming from his right. Apparently, he hadn't seen that they were on their way to greet other elephants, coming from his left. Before he could decide what to do, he was surrounded. He then threatened an elephant to try to make her back off and give him a way out of the closing circle. All the elephants were startled to see a lion in their midst, and they roared, screamed, and threatened him. In the excitement, he felt forced to attack, so, leaping at the nearest elephant, he clung to her head. She plucked him off, dashed him to the ground, and killed him—the only possible outcome, really, of a conflict involving a lion and an elephant.

I saw only one encounter between Gobaub lions and an elephant. It ended very quickly and, as encounters go, was minimal—a nonevent, really. Yet it stayed with me. Probably I would have learned nothing at all from it if I hadn't first seen the same lions in the same place with a rhino. The rhino was a rather belligerent female, who, with her large child at her heels, often came to drink soon after dark. One moonlit night when the lions were relaxing in the open near the runoff, the rhino seemed to take exception to their presence and charged. The lions seemed hardly to notice. To my amazement, they did nothing at all until the rhino was almost on top of them, and then, very casually, they got to their feet and, with unbelievable aplomb, moved gracefully toward her, stepping aside at the very last moment to let her charge through. As soon as she was among them, they seemed to flow around her like water around the prow of a boat, to reassemble behind her armored rump. Seeming not to know what had happened, she cantered on for a while before she saw that no one was there. The lions barely glanced at her, as if they had hardly as much as a passing thought for her. They looked, in fact, as if they already knew about this rhino, as if they had developed their coördinated, dancelike tactic just to avoid her and had practiced with her many times before.

In contrast was the encounter between the lions and an elephant. One evening soon after the lions had been charged by the rhino, they were lying in the same place, a pile of tan bodies behind a fallen log, which hid them from the plain. I was watching some of them peer over the log at a zebra who was considering drinking from the runoff when I saw them stiffen, then get up and move apart. Far away, elephants had appeared at the edge of the trees. It seemed to me that the lions recognized these particular elephants. A big adolescent male elephant, about sixteen or seventeen years old, left the others and strode toward the lions with his head high, his ears wide, his tail and trunk up. Although he was at least fifty yards from them, the uneasy lions were watching him intently. For just a moment, the maned lion stood his ground: with his legs braced and his head high, he gave a roar. The elephant answered with a roar of his own. The lion roared once more, which brought the elephant onward at a fast walk. This was more than enough for the lions. Without a sound, they turned tail, scattered like a flock of sparrows, and vanished. In the same way—if not, perhaps, as quickly—would the Kalahari lions once have

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4 A.M.

(AFTER WISLAWA SZYMBORSKA)

The hollow, unearthly hour of night.
Swaying vessel of emptiness.

Patron saint of dead planets
and vast, unruly spaces receding in mist.

Necklace of shattered constellations:
soon the stars will be extinguished.

A cellblock sealed in ice.
An icehouse sealed in smoke.

The hour when nothing begets nothing,
the hour of drains and furnaces,

shadows fastened to a blank screen
and the moon floating in a pool of ashes.

The hour of nausea at middle age,
the hour with its face in its hands,

the hour when no one wants to be awake,
the scorned hour, the very pit

of all the other hours,
the very dirge.

Let five o'clock come
with its bandages of light.

A life buoy in bruised waters.
The first broken plank of morning.

—EDWARD HIRSCH

• •

disappeared before an advance of the Juwasi.

TODAY, even the Kalahari lions don't give ground to people in the same way as before. The respectful behavior once displayed by the people cannot be depended upon, either. This is surely because the old way is fading in the Kalahari, and neither the lions nor the people are sure of their positions anymore.

After a wrenching period of transition from their former lives as hunter-gatherers, many of the Juwasi are trying to live as subsistence farmers in permanent villages with cattle. Such a village, with about sixty cattle, stands on the eastern rim of Gautscha Pan, above the waterhole. In the veldt around this village, the lions are trying to live, too. To do it, they seem to be changing their culture.

The Gautscha people became aware of this one dark night—oddly, at about the same time I was charged by the lioness in Etosha. On that night, two Juwa men and my brother, John, who since 1978 had been living at Gautscha to help establish Juwa farming, were returning to the village in a pickup when the headlights caught the eyeshine of ten or fifteen lions in a patch of heavy thornbush just across the road from the cattle pen. Not liking the look of such a large group of lions so near the cattle, my brother stopped the pickup, and everyone got out. As in the old days, he and the Juwa men moved slowly and purposefully toward the crouching, staring lions, thinking to get them up and moving. However, these lions didn't react in the old way. Instead, one—a lioness—began to roar. But rather than give a deafening shout, as if to say "Back off!," she began a very loud, prolonged, classical series of roars, such as one might hear from a lion at night, far away—something like this: *Uuuuuuuwaugh. Uuuuuuuuuuoooooooooowaugh. Uuuuuuuuuuuoooooooooooh! Uuuuuoooooong! Uuuoooowaugh! Uuuoo, uaooo, uaooh, oooogh, ooogh, aangh, unh, unh*. But the most interesting thing was that just before the earsplitting climax, as the roars rose to a series of deafening bellows and earth-shaking hollers, other lions joined the first. Many lions roared in chorus. They were like the lions at the Kavango cattle post who, with their choral roaring, had so badly frightened

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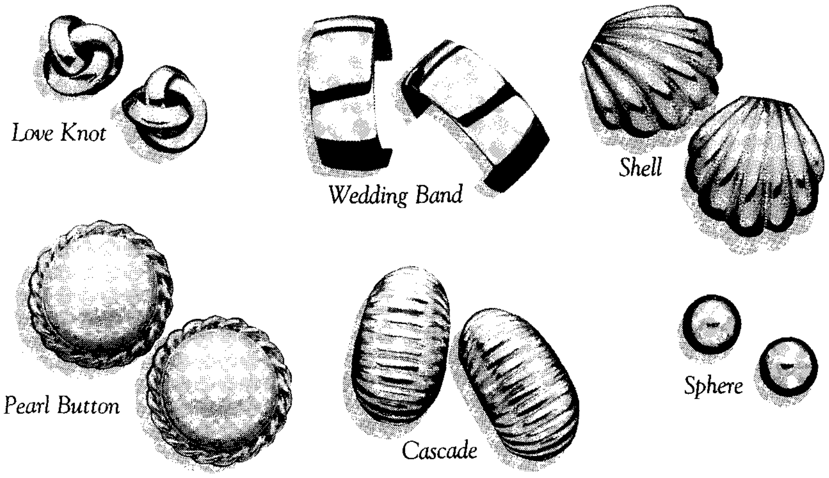

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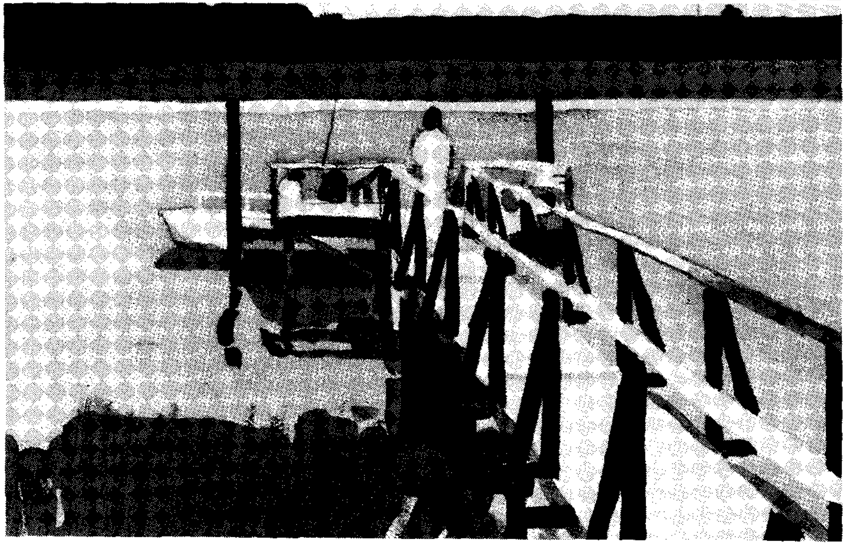

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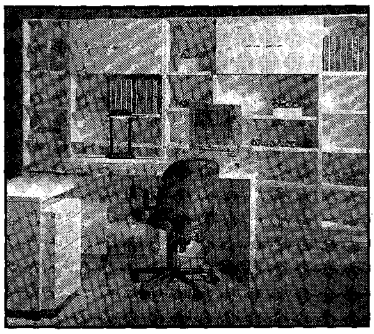

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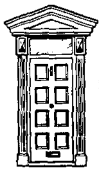

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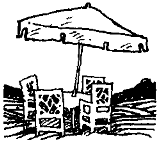

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HANDMADE IN EGYPT

my mother and me many years before. Needless to say, my brother and the other men stopped in their tracks. In the terrifying, echoing silence that followed, the men stood motionless. Suddenly, the roaring began again, first one voice, then a chorus. Again came a profound silence, and again the roars. Four times, one lion started the roaring with other lions joining the chorus while the men stood absolutely still. After the fourth chorus, the silence lasted so long that the men began to inch back toward the pickup. When they got inside and turned on the headlights, the lions were gone.

Why were the modern Gautscha lions so different from their predecessors? To loiter at the village as if they didn't care who saw them, and not to move off at the approach of the men, showed that they had changed their ways. Yet the choice of meaningful vocalizations instead of physical violence showed that they were formulating customs of their own, different from those of the Etosha lions. Why? The choral roaring could have been intended to show the size and solidarity of their group—the listener would ascertain it from the volume and the number of voices. A massive choral assault may be useful when two groups meet if the ownership of a resource is in question. The present-day Gautscha lions may have meant to show my brother and the Juwa men that their claim on the cattle was not undisputed, and that lions would no longer leave without protest just because some people wanted them to go. Yet the old days weren't quite forgotten: evidently the lions had enough feeling for the ancient truce not to savage the men, as any of the Etosha lions almost certainly would have done.

But the Etosha lions were in a stable situation—at least, from their point of view. For them, the past was lost. In contrast, the Gautscha lions were in a period of transition. The old way must have clung in the memories of the older lions, memories that they seemed to use when trying to cope with the violent economic and social changes that threatened to overtake them.

Since the late nineteen-sixties, in the eastern section of Namibia's Kalahari, the area now called Bushmanland, environmental productivity had been diminishing. By the seventies, Bushmanland had lost two of its three permanent waterholes to Bantu pastoralists and its western territory to farms. In the remaining portions, overgrazing by livestock, ruts made by vehicles, and the prevention of fire had reduced the vegetation in some places to thornbushes on hard sand. Legions of South African biltong hunters with automatic rifles and all-terrain vehicles had all but eliminated the wild populations of many water-independent grazing animals; gemsboks had become rare and elands had virtually vanished. Factories to process the meat and skins became a big business around the Kalahari. And hundreds of miles of fencing had prevented thousands of water-dependent grazing animals—giraffes and wildebeests in particular—from reaching their sources of seasonal water. They died trying, and their dry corpses lay beside the fence.

By the time I revisited Gautscha, after our first season of research at Etosha, a large number of elephants had come to live in Bushmanland. Virtually all were males between the ages of fourteen and fifty. Most of them seemed to know one another, and many had bullet wounds in their bodies or bullet holes in their ears. No one—neither the Juwasi nor the government's conservation officers—knew who these elephants were or where they had come from, since no elephants had ever been more than transient, seasonal visitors to Bushmanland before. In my view, the bullet holes suggested that the elephants were refugees from war, culls, or poaching, and the fact that no females or young were with them suggested that they had made a difficult journey from far away. How so many of them knew about Bushmanland is less clear.

They were not to find a haven there, no matter how far they had come or how difficult the journey had been. Their presence quickly attracted an undesirable group of millionaires, mostly men from North and South America and Europe, who were eager to pay immense sums of money to the Department of Nature Conservation for the pleasure of killing the elephants. Nature Conservation encouraged these hunters to buy licenses to kill as many different kinds of animals as possible, so the sportsmen killed lions, too.

Loss of habitat, shortages of food, and being hunted were some of the general problems faced by all the lions of Bushmanland. However, the Gautscha lions also had to cope with a change in their water supply. The waterhole was never meant to supply the sixty cattle that by 1982 were in Gautscha. Two years later, halfway through a severe eight-year drought, it was dug out. Next, a deep well was drilled at a distance, fitted with a pipe, a pump, and a trough. The well was accessible only to human beings. Meanwhile, elephants began to haunt the waterhole—by the time I visited, six or seven huge male elephants would be at the edge of the pan every evening waiting for dark before moving their enormous, conspicuous selves out of what little screening the bushes gave them, and coming to the water to drink. But the cattle, who drank from the waterhole in the afternoon, would have used all the water. Nothing but mud would be left. Then the huge, thirsty elephants, who needed about forty gallons of water apiece, would stand all night by the waterhole taking little sips as the water oozed in. Not much water was left for any other creatures.

Even in the face of such changes, the modern Gautscha lions seemed to be keeping some of the old lion customs. Perhaps they were trying to keep the structure of their lives unchanged. Although no one will ever know for sure whether or not the modern lions were descended from lions who once lived at Gautscha, it seemed to me that the modern lions could have originated there or very nearby. Their group, for instance, numbered thirty, the same as the group long ago. Also, the modern lions apparently rested in some of the old places—shady thickets in the bush southeast of the pan. And the lions still used an old game trail (on which by the eighties the tracks of vehicles had been superimposed) in travelling between their resting places and the waterhole.

Some of their customs were new, however. For instance, they had apparently changed the size of their hunting parties. Although we didn't really know the size of their parties in the old days, because we never saw them, we did find tracks and heard calling and answering which suggested that the lions favored groups of four, five, or six. In the eighties, the lions often hunted in pairs. Perhaps the reason for this was the available prey. Although most of the large antelopes were gone, there were still kudus. Few were big or had long horns, as in the old

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days. Most were medium-sized or smaller, but there were plenty of them, perhaps even more than before. I have no explanation for the kudu population; perhaps the kudus flourished in the absence of competitors, or perhaps the altered vegetation favored them. Duikers and steenboks were also present in reasonable numbers. But that was about all. Since there was little else to hunt, these small-to-midsize antelopes provided almost all the food of the modern Gautscha lions, placing them in a situation similar to that of most tigers. Three lions could eat from a medium-sized kudu doe. Two lions could possibly make do with a steenbok or a large duiker. But if more lions were present some would go hungry.

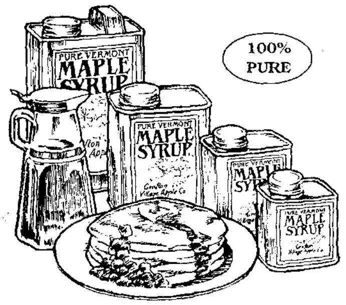
If a change in the food supply forced the lions to adjust their hunting style, the change in the water supply also caused new behavior. On the very first night of my visit to Gautscha, I saw something I had never seen before: lions at the Gautscha waterhole. Just a few hours after dark, six or seven lions appeared on the rock ledge above it. But the waterhole was empty. Two elephants had drained it and were waiting for it to fill up. On the ledge, the lions wove back and forth as if wondering what to do, then left all together suddenly. I next saw them at the empty trough by the well where people had pumped water for the cattle in the afternoon. Although the trough was also empty, the lions at last found water where the village dogs found water—in the muddy footprints of the cattle. They drank these dry, then left on the road.

Surely the biggest change in the environment, from a lion's point of view, was the introduction of cattle. When the cattle arrived in 1982, the lions, of course, killed some of them. What was strange, in my opinion, was that until 1987 they killed very few. For this there is no easy explanation. It's simply not possible that the lions didn't consider hunting the cattle from the moment they first became aware of them. One whiff of that dizzying grassy scent would have set a lion's mouth watering. Nor were the cattle protected by the people—or, at any rate, not by day. By day, the cattle wandered far from the village under their own recognizance, and came home of their own accord at night, to a dung-filled pen fenced in with a few strands of wire. Even I could almost have jumped that fence; a lion would hardly have noticed it. By rights, considering the size of the pride, the absence of other food, and the cornucopia of opportunities, the lions should have killed a cow every few days. Yet for five years they didn't; they kept scouring the bushes for steenboks and duikers, and, except for some very unusual instances, they left the cattle alone.

To me, this restraint was almost incomprehensible, and yet, in some way that I couldn't precisely define, it seemed like the old days. Did the lions recognize the cattle as part of the human domain? A dog would. Are lions, those acute and empathetic observers, who in their own culture recognize certain kinds of ownership, less able than dogs to recognize ownership in other species? Unfortunately, we still know too little about lions (or any other animals) to answer these questions in any meaningful way.

Not everything was mysterious, however. The cattle themselves had much to do with their relative immunity from lion predation. When the pen was opened in the morning, the two or three cows who provided leadership wouldn't just start walking, as American cows might do, but instead would stand among the others for a while, as if waiting for something. Because they had long since eaten the grass near the village, the cattle might have been contemplating a number of grassy places a mile or more away. Eventually, they would choose one of those places and start walking toward it, always taking several precautions. For one, they usually varied their direction, making their whereabouts unpredictable. For another, they never left before the sun was high and always returned long before sunset, thus avoiding the times favored by the crepuscular lions. For a third, they always travelled in single file, especially through heavy cover, as infantry soldiers are taught to do in jungle warfare. And, finally, they always stuck together. Once, when a young cow missed leaving with the others, she became panicky, and, casting about until she found their scent, she ran after them with her nose to the earth, like a hound.

To the Juwasi, accustomed to animals who knew what they were doing, the self-help attitude of the cattle seemed to be the natural order of things



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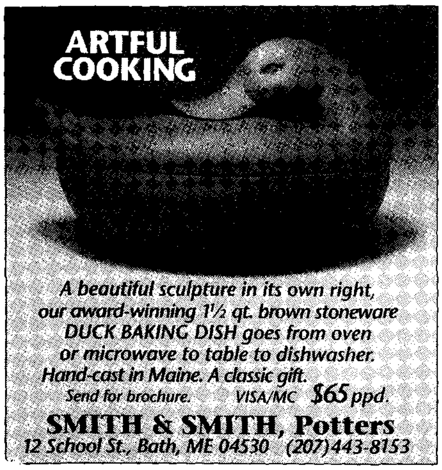

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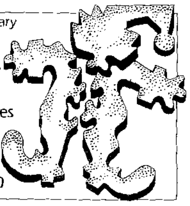

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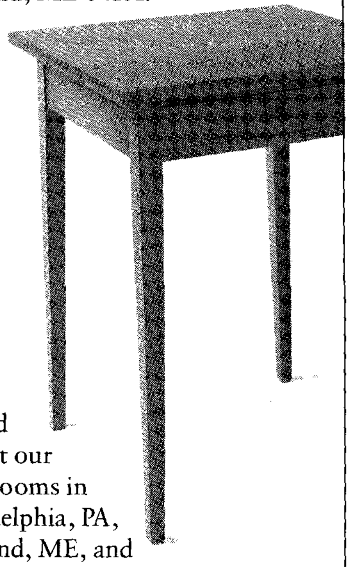
—the old way. Might this not also have been true of the lions? The few times they had hunted cattle, the technique they had used was reminiscent of the past: a lioness came at night to roar repeatedly outside the pen, which caused the cattle to panic and lunge at the fence until they had jumped out or broken through, whereupon the same lioness or others killed one of them. The episode reminded some of us of the lioness whose roaring had frightened us long ago, because the roaring was of the same type—not the classical roaring that rises in a crescendo and falls away to grunts but a series of similar, loud, steady roars. I wondered if the eighties lioness really intended to panic the cattle. Perhaps something else had induced her to roar. The cattle pen was precisely on the site of our old camp, and the eighties lioness had arrived from exactly the same place as the fifties lioness—from the trail that led from the southeast to the water. The eighties lioness also faced the same way as her predecessor while roaring. Was all this just coincidence? Or could the place itself mean something? On the plain it was the high ground. Might that make it a good place to roar? We didn't know—we just listened, as we had before. In response, the Juwasi built a thick thornbush barricade around the wire pen, with the thorns not turned out against the lions, as one might expect, but turned in, against the cattle. That was to discourage stampeding, and seemed to confirm the thought that the cattle had only themselves to blame if lions caught them.

When I visited Gautscha after our second season of research in Etosha, an event escalated the cattle-killing by the Gautscha lions. The event itself was so ridden with perils that the outcome was, in my view, unavoidable, and the consequence, which was that the lions soon killed a great many cattle in one big massacre, may have brought everyone and everything a long step further from the old way. The event began when a new, young, farm-raised bull was brought to Gautscha. There he met the enormous resident bull, Boesman (Bushman)—so named by his Juwa owner because of his impressive size and masculinity. The new bull couldn't help being squeezed into the pen with Boesman during his first night, but in the morning, out of respect for Boesman, and unaware of the danger from lions, he stayed far behind



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the herd. That same morning a pregnant cow began her labor. Because of the people's laissez-faire attitude, nobody noticed her, so she, too, went out with the other cattle, and she, too, lagged behind the herd. The cows who led the herd chose an unusual direction that morning—southeast, to the area where the lions sometimes spent the day. There the laboring cow began to give birth, and soon caught the attention of two lionesses. They attacked her. The knowledgeable, experienced cattle left the scene immediately, but the new bull, ignorant because of his sheltered upbringing, apparently tried to help the cow, whom the lionesses were killing. The lionesses killed him, too. They ate their fill, and then went into the bushes and fell asleep.

That night, no one noticed at first that the cow was missing. But when the new bull failed to come home the people began a search. In the morning, they found the partly eaten carcasses—about half the cow, one little foot of the calf, and most of the bull. Interestingly, the people at once built a fire, cut a lot of the meat, and cooked it for a nourishing, energy-giving feast, reminiscent of many such feasts inadvertently provided by lions in the old days. During the meal, a party atmosphere prevailed. Afterward, the people cut the rest of the meat into strips and carried it home. The lionesses, it turned out, were only about seventy feet away all the while, but, in the old way, they said nothing.

That evening, a rather intrusive non-Bushman visitor to Gautscha persuaded some of the Juwa men to let him drive them to the site, so that when the two lionesses returned to look for scraps the men could shoot them. The Juwasi agreed, but when the lionesses became vaguely aware of the poisoned arrows whispering by they left uneasily. That night, I saw the two lionesses trying to drink at the waterhole. A few days later, I went home. It was September.

The rest of the story was told to me by my brother, who was present. The rains had been scanty the year before, and the drought was felt in October. Then a bad fire to the north, south, and west of Gautscha Pan burned most of the grass. All the grazing animals were hungry, and the cattle especially so. One morning, a Juwa herdsman took the cattle to the southeast, where, perhaps because the cattle seldom went there, some grass was still standing. After delivering his charges to the grazing area, the herdsman went hunting. Soon the cattle attracted the attention of the lions, who that day were all together, thirty strong. Among them, undoubtedly, were the two cattle-killing lionesses, with the memory of their September success very fresh.

The cattle, too, would have remembered the episode. They presumably hadn't wanted to go back there in the first place. Anxious to leave, they split into two groups. So did the lions, apparently in order to follow the two groups of cattle, which went separate ways. That in itself was somewhat unusual. More unusual was the lions' method of attack. Evidently, instead of concentrating as one team upon killing and eating a single victim, many lions or teams of lions suddenly attacked many cattle simultaneously. Perhaps some lions or teams of lions slaughtered many cattle in the first group and then moved on to the second group, or perhaps each group of lions slaughtered many of its own group of cattle. Whatever happened, the veldt was strewn with corpses—eight together in one area and four more about a mile away. The next day, the people backtracked along the path taken by the surviving cattle, and found twenty lions with the group of eight corpses and ten lions with the group of four. My brother, who was concerned about preserving the livelihood of the Juwasi, shot and killed two of the lions.

He suggests that the drought, the fires, and the resulting lack of grass made an unusual set of circumstances, which caused the wild game to go elsewhere, leaving the lions no choice but to kill cattle. He has no explanation for the method of killing—the massacre—and wonders if it will be repeated. As for the lions, they will long remember the details of their achievement, even though at the time it was apparently a lion excess, an exception to the rule. Indeed, they may try another massacre someday, even though the first cost two of them their lives. After all, they aren't cowards. So far, however, that hasn't happened. Even before the rains came and the grass grew back, the surviving lions returned to their customary abstemiousness. For now, they kill cattle only rarely and only by their former desultory methods. No one knows why.

—ELIZABETH MARSHALL THOMAS

MUSICAL EVENTS

Brave New Worlds

NEW YORK has waited long for a staging of Schoenberg's great opera "Moses und Aron," which was composed in 1930-32, first heard in 1954, and first staged in 1957. James Levine, who conducted "Moses" at the 1987 Salzburg Festival, said he would like to conduct it at the Met. It arrives at the New York City Opera, conducted by Christopher Keene, the company's general director, in a noble presentation.

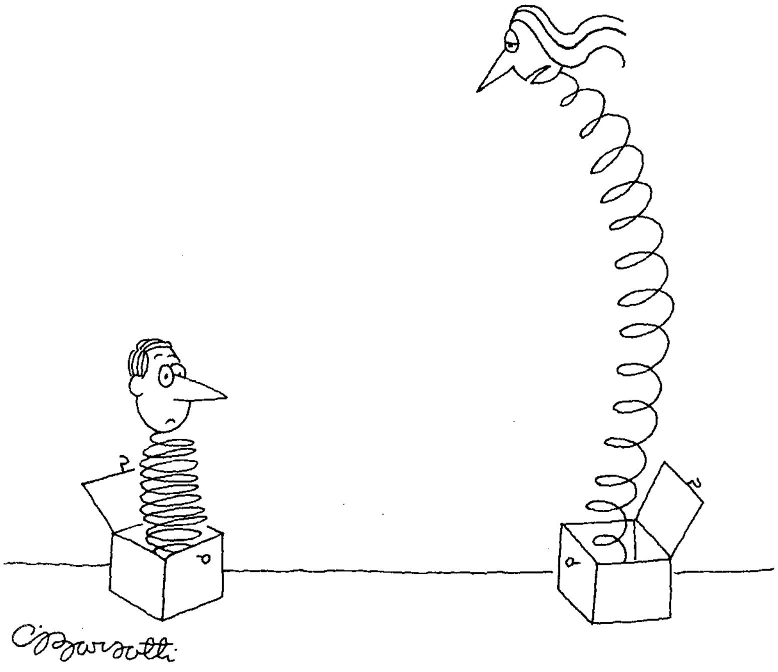
Thirty years ago, discussion of the opera tended to turn on the subject matter—the conflict between Moses' proclamation of a "single, eternal, omnipresent, unperceivable, inconceivable God" and Aaron's practical presentation of a God made manifest by signs and wonders—and on varied interpretations, political, spiritual, personal, often complementary, of the conflict. For example, Jeremy Noble wrote that

> the freedom promised by the voice from the burning bush means something quite different to Moses on the one hand and to Aaron and the people on the other. To the latter it means political freedom from Pharaoh and his taskmasters; it is to be embodied in a land almost literally flowing with milk and honey. To Moses it means freedom from an idea of God that is in any way anthropomorphic—made in man's image and therefore subject to human limitations; for him the chosen people's true fulfilment is in the renunciation that will turn their spiritual wilderness into a promised land. It follows that while Aaron tends to see God's message in terms of favour to a single race, Moses sees it rather as a task imposed upon that race.

Moses speaks; Aaron sings. In Moses' frustration at his inability to "get his message across" while the fluent Aaron, his interpreter, readily catches the popular ear—but only by alloying the purity of the great vision—some have caught echoes of the composer's distress at incomprehension of his own works, and even of resentment at his disciple Alban Berg's greater success. Schoenberg completed only two of the three acts. At the close of the second, while the Israelites, led by the pillars of fire and of cloud, advance toward the Promised Land, Moses cries "O word, O word, that I lack" and sinks to the ground in despair. In a Covent Garden production, Peter Hall provided spectacular Biblical pageantry. In Salzburg, Jean-Pierre Ponnelle set the action in a ghetto cemetery that was being destroyed by Nazi soldiers. The New York production—spare, clean, and beautiful—is blessedly free of interpretative glosses, of fuss, and of communication aimed more at listeners' eyes than at their ears. The music comes first, and it is more eloquently and accurately executed than one had dared to hope. The richness, inventiveness, and dramatic force of the score prove overwhelming.

The choral writing in "Moses" is famously taxing. The City Opera choristers had evidently worked long and hard to master it; they were full-toned, secure, trenchant. Schoenberg's "semichorus" of seventy elders may be represented by a mere seven, but their singing was sure, and all deserve mention: Robert Ferrier, Wilbur Pauley, Matthew Lau, Ron Baker, Richard Byrne, William Ledbetter, and Don Yule. So do the six singers whose voices combine to represent the mysterious Voice from the Burning Bush: Rachel Rosales, Bronwyn Thomas, Marsha Henderson, Gregory Cross, Mr. Ferrier, and Mr. Pauley. Miss Henderson was also the crippled woman cured by the Golden Calf. Brenda Harris and Michael Rees Davis were the young enthusiasts. John Calvin West was the reactionary priest. All the small but difficult and important solo roles were vividly taken. So were the two big roles. Richard Cross's Moses was sonorous, affecting —and a powerful presence. (The opera was done in German, in which language Moses' slow, emphatic declamation, consonants struck, vowels resonantly sustained, proves more effective and more musical than in English.) Thomas Young's Aaron was incisive, clever, persuasive, and steady and clear through all the range. One day, when "Moses" is a repertory work, we may hear the role rendered with the lyrical beauty of a Fritz Wunderlich or a Tauber; Mr. Young comes closer to lyricism than did Helmut Krebs, the first Aaron, and any other Aaron that I have heard. Mr. Keene's orchestra played as if inspired, with telling detail, excellent tone, and admirable balance.

The staging, derived from the Cologne Opera's 1978 production, is directed by Hans Neugebauer, designed by Achim Freyer, and lit by Hans Toelstede, and is a superior example of a current European style that at its best is very pleasing (St. Louis knows the manner from the Graham Vick "Entführung" there, Houston from the Nicholas Hytner "Giulio Cesare"): elegant scenery of Euclidean precision; movement kept to a minimum; disciplined stage pictures; lighting an active element in the décor. (Wieland Wagner's productions are a near ancestor.) The "Moses" sets and costumes are monochrome —a desert-sand-dry, hot, dusty yellow—until at the unveiling of



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the Golden Calf a deep-red glow softens and floods the stage with rich, sensuous light. The Calf itself, a golden statuette, gleams in polychrome radiance. A few carefully placed objects, among them one or two human beings posed as Segals, turn the plain box of the set into apt spaces for dynamic drama. At the end, the back wall parts to reveal a verdant prospect of the Promised Land. Spectacle is not absent but is simply, not opulently or decoratively, achieved, and largely through light. The miracles worked by Aaron are viewed rather as if through Moses' disillusioned eyes. The first of them is often, and perhaps rightly, treated as a display of stage magic: a stout rod cast to the ground turns before our, and the Israelites', amazed eyes into a huge, writhing serpent. But here Aaron simply pops Moses' walking stick out of sight and pulls forth in its place a rubber snake. We listen to the music instead of watching a conjuror. There are a few cute, modish touches: in Act II, the stubborn priest squats coyly beneath a parasol; a park-playground chute precipitates couples into the Golden Calf orgy; a Peeping Tom, accompanied by an acolyte holding a battery pack, prowls around to shine a big flashlight at the results. Still, glimpses are preferable to unconvincing full-scale simulation. In "The Bacchae"—which "Moses und Aron," in its confrontations and debates, often recalls—Euripides kept the orgy offstage. Schoenberg in "Moses," like Wagner in "Tannhäuser," raised problems of representation that are probably best solved by the music, with the stage in near-obscurity.

I think back over opera performances that I have seen in New York in nearly twenty years and find—in that curious and, of course, personal assessment in which the importance of the work, the level of the performance, and the weighing of the potential against the practicably possible all have a part—none more exciting and rewarding than this City Opera "Moses und Aron." It bodes well for Mr. Keene's directorship.

"MOSES" evidently absorbed most of the company's energies, as worthily it might. Kurt Weill's "Street Scene"—a City Opera high point when it was conducted by John Mauceri and directed by Jack O'Brien twelve years ago—had declined: colorless principals, a routine conductor, stock staging. And Janáček's "From the House of the Dead" was strangely disappointing. It should have been a great event: New York's first staging of another of our century's great operas. Mr. Keene conducted. At the performance I heard—the last of the run, while "Moses und Aron" rehearsals were reaching their climax—he seemed not the fine-grained conductor of "Moses" but a flailing semaphore beating out time in a work where individual instrumental and vocal contributions, sensitively observed and responded to, create the drama. John Conklin's décor was a gray box. Rhoda Levine's staging was emotionally conceived but incompetently executed. More about Janáček when the Met produces "Kát'a Kabanová" later in the season.

THE Met's "Rosenkavalier" revival was conducted by Carlos Kleiber. His conducting was a delight to behold, and the luminous sounds that he drew from the orchestra were a delight to hear. If a listener's eyes and ears happened to stray from the pit to the stage, satisfaction was less complete. The production, created over twenty years ago by Nathaniel Merrill, has lost any sense of possible aristocratic demeanor. Felicity Lott made her Met début as a Marschallin sensitive but pallid of utterance, and vocally lost in the huge house. Anne Sofie von Otter's Octavian, punkily played, was audible; her diction was mushy, with final consonants slighted. Barbara Bonney's Sophie—got up in a mean little white wig for Act II, a serving maid's brown dress for Act III—looked and sometimes sounded older than the Marschallin. Sarah Walker's Annina was given to wild waltzing, interrupted only when she stopped to give someone a great jolly poke in the ribs.

SOME September days in London were filled with musical adventure. On the South Bank, a retrospective entitled "Brave New Worlds: The Rebellious Generation 1945-1968"—concerned with "composers, writers, artists and architects of the years between the Allied victory and the Paris barricades"—began with Stockhausen's "Hymnen," in a version for trumpet (Markus Stockhausen), piano/synthesizer (Simon Stockhausen), trombone (Michael Svoboda), and

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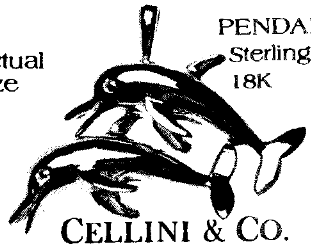

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percussion (Andreas Böttger), the composer presiding at the electronic controls. The two-hour rite, packed with incident, was lit, enacted, and played with uncommon intensity and imagination. Two days later, Pierre Boulez, at his most exuberantly communicative, conducted the Junge Deutsche Philharmonie—a self-governing orchestra of crack music students—in an exhilarating program: "Jeux," "Chronochromie," "Notations," and "Amériques." The Debussy was elegant and volatile, the Messiaen accurate and spirited; Boulez's own "Notations"—piano pieces of 1945 expanded for orchestra some thirty years later—is joyful, heady stuff for mind and ear; and the Varèse was tremendous. In the Festival Hall foyer, a big exhibition based on the Arts Council's 1951 Festival of Britain show presented the Bacon, Sutherland, Moore, Pasmore, Piper, Freud, many others of forty years ago. Slick Sunday-paper journalists wrote putdowns of the whole enterprise; I began to feel young again and blessed Nicholas Snowman, the general director (arts) of the South Bank, for his courageous insistence that, even in modern Britain, "art" means more than Pavarotti, Nigel Kennedy, media hype, big record sales.

IN the Albert Hall, the BBC Promenade Concerts—that eight-week annual feast of great music and fine performers—were drawing to their close. When Mark Elder, billed for the final Prom, announced that he would not conduct the traditional audience-sing-along "Land of Hope and Glory" ("Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set") and "Rule, Britannia" if the Gulf confrontation grew uglier, he was summarily dismissed by the BBC, and that became front-page news, driving the Gulf from tabloid headlines. Andrew Davis, the conductor of the BBC Symphony, replaced him.

The last of ten new works heard at the Proms was a symphony commissioned from the Danish composer Poul Ruders (the first non-British Prom commission since Elliott Carter's Triple Duo, in 1983). It lasts thirty-three minutes and has as its title a phrase from Klärchen's song "Freudvoll und leidvoll" (in Goethe's "Egmont"): "Himmelhoch jauchzend, zum Tode betrübt," "Rejoicing to high heaven,

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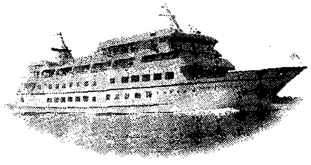

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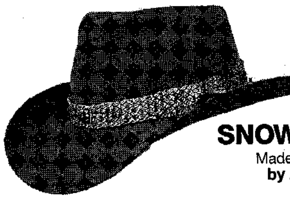

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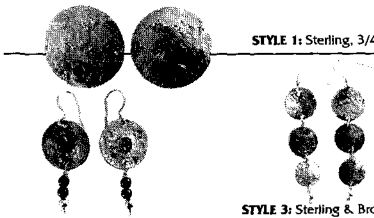

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downcast unto death." Ruders came to notice, in both Europe and America, as a composer of emotional extremes. The new work begins with a jubilant, fiery outburst, as two themes from Bach's Christmas Oratorio peal out together in rushing torrents of sound; the mood darkens, the texture thins; an old German carol is recalled, but it is swept away by a fierce, harsh transformation of the opening music. This is an arresting first movement. Ruders's ideas are always striking, but what follows makes demands on listeners' patience. The slow movement is ten minutes of a single four-note chord (D-flat and B-flat-minor triads at once), what Ruders in a program note calls a "melancholy haze of sound . . . kept breathing only by the minutest possible rhythmic alterations in the static orchestration"; and the finale, preceded by a shrill, brief *scherzando prestissimo*, is seven minutes of another, more complicated and chromatic chord: "The heartbeat and changing colours of the first movement freeze into one, glacial entity." At the close, there is a small, fleeting gleam of individual hope as piano and solo violin remember strains of the carol.

The Cleveland Orchestra, in a pair of concerts, confirmed its London reputation, won long ago under George Szell, as America's finest; Christoph von Dohnányi's account of Bruckner's Seventh was finely planned and executed, but not moving; Mitsuko Uchida was a captivating soloist in Schoenberg's Piano Concerto. Nearly two hundred and fifty children took part in a fresh, lively performance of Britten's "Noyes Fludde"; in prospect, Cleo Laine as God seemed trendy casting, but in fact her voice, amplified to command the huge hall, rang out with gravity and authority. Kurt Masur conducted a stirring performance of Britten's "War Requiem," with Anthony Rolfe Johnson the tenor, Olaf Bär the baritone. September saw the centenary of Frank Martin's birth; at a late-night Prom, the BBC Singers sang his Mass, composed in 1922—a modest, quietly beautiful small masterpiece.

THE first new production of the English National Opera's all-twentieth-century season—apart from three Mozarts—was of "Wozzeck," directed by David Pountney, designed by Stefanos Lazaridis, and conducted by Mr. Elder. Like the City Opera "Moses," it was a powerful, passionately eloquent performance, with much unforgettable imagery; but it raised questions. Covent Garden and the Met still play "Wozzeck" in scenery by Caspar Neher that reflects the structure of the scenes and acts, and—Berg thought this important—gives the tragedy a social context. Within these famous sets (which were first seen in Essen in 1929, it seems) many artists, directors, and conductors have achieved memorably distinct, individual performances. Conductors usually accept and work with the scores that they conduct; Erich Kleiber, Dohnányi, Abbado conducted "Wozzeck" without rewriting Berg's music to accommodate or to challenge "modern sensibilities." But modern directors and designers often choose to revise and rewrite the works that they tackle (rather in the way that Sir Henry Bishop chose to adapt the music of Mozart's operas to match Victorian expectations). The score of Berg's "Wozzeck" requires Wozzeck and Marie's child, at the close, to ride his hobbyhorse off after the other children, who have run to see his mother's corpse; on the third beat of bar 389—Berg is a precise composer—he leaves the stage. In Mr. Pountney's version, the child, on the upper deck of the two-tier set, opens a door in the huge sheets of gray stage-spanning siding against which the drama is presented and, haloed in golden light, gazes out into a new dawn while the curtain falls. The last line of Debussy's "Pelléas"—"Now it's the turn of the poor little one"—comes to mind. As a final "statement" about Berg's "Wozzeck" this seems perverse and sentimental.

Donald Maxwell was an excellent protagonist, with a self-awareness that many Wozzecks miss. Kristine Ciesinski's Marie was intelligently but, in upper reaches, sometimes impurely sung. Mr. Elder's conducting was very strong, perhaps a shade insistent at times. The orchestral playing was etched, marvellously clear.

—ANDREW PORTER

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

OCTOBER 5

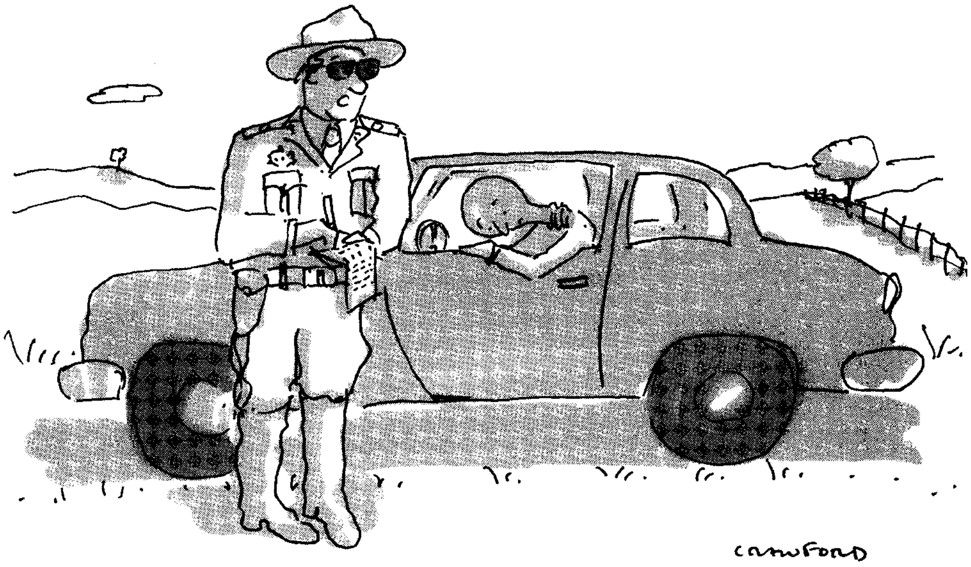
LIVING in political Washington in recent weeks has been to live amid obfuscation. Whether the subject is our most dangerous foreign-policy issue, Iraq, or most serious domestic issue, the budget, the public dialogue has been marked by threats, real or implied, actual or tactical, by camouflaged intent, and even deception. It's like living in a giant, thick fog, or what a friend of mine calls "the fog of peace." So people here have been spending a great deal of time trying to figure out what important officials really mean and intend to do. The assumption is that they actually know what they intend to do.

Valid or not, the feeling grew here in the past couple of weeks that war with Iraq was becoming more likely. This feeling stemmed from the President's own adding to the list of what might constitute a casus belli, from Saddam Hussein's behavior, and, most important, from the fact that the President didn't appear to have left himself an out if Hussein doesn't accede to our demand for an unconditional withdrawal from Kuwait. To the minds of a number of people here, the Administration set up a contradictory situation: the stated policy is that we will wait to see if the embargo works; the presence of nearly two hundred thousand United States troops in the region (some think the number will keep climbing beyond that) and the climate conditions of the desert don't give the Administration a great deal more time to "see if the embargo works." By about mid-October, the desert becomes more suitable for war, with the temperature dropping—a condition that lasts until the spring. Moreover, in the minds of several people here, the presence of such a large number of ground troops in the area lessens rather than expands our options. According to this school of thought, militarily it becomes extremely difficult to sustain such a large force in the region for a long period of time, and politically the domestic pressures to bring the troops home will grow. They are a target for the kinds of actions against which the Administration has said it would respond militarily.

A week ago last Friday, the President himself seemed to ratchet the situation up. In a closed morning meeting with congressional leaders, the President sounded to a number of the lawmakers more hawkish than he had before. Bush expressed his concern about the treatment of American hostages and the possibility of terrorist attacks on Americans or American facilities. (There have been indications that something like this is afoot.) We believe, the President said in the White House meeting, that at some point there may be an "issue-forcing event"—a phrase he used a few times. The President also told the lawmakers that the recent reports from refugees that Iraq is systematically dismantling Kuwait may mean that we have less time to let the embargo work. That afternoon, in an appearance on the White House lawn, the President publicly expressed his concern about these actual or potential events. A great many people here felt then that the ground had shifted. (The Administration has also said that deprivation of food to foreigners in Iraq or Kuwait could be a cause for war.) And a week later, last Friday, after the President met with the Emir of Kuwait, who told him of horrible things happening in his country, Brent Scowcroft, the national security adviser, in an unusual public statement, said that "there is no question that what is happening inside Kuwait affects the timetable" for how long to wait for the sanctions to work. All of this, an official says, was a deliberate attempt to prepare the public for a war over Iraq's treatment of Kuwait.

Quietly but increasingly, the concern grew here that Bush had got himself, and the country, into a dead-end policy. It is altogether possible that the Administration has been seriously looking for a way of finessing the situation, through some sort of international deal—and there is a lot of high-level diplomatic traffic in the Gulf region right now—but it wasn't talking or acting that way publicly, and the President's speech to the United Nations on Monday was more ambiguous than the headlines about it. The Administration has been categorical about the principle that there must be no "appeasement" of Hussein, no concessions on territory or on the nature of the government of Kuwait, though it has suggested for some time, and Bush repeated in his U.N. speech, that these things can be looked at after a withdrawal. The President has enjoyed strong support for rallying an international response, for imposing the embargo and deterring an Iraqi attack on Saudi Arabia, but his political writ may not run to waging a long, bloody war to liberate Kuwait—and, probably, removing Saddam Hussein from power.

Few here are ready to criticize the President frontally as yet, but off in the corners one can find some people, people with important experience and good brains, who will say privately that the President has unnecessarily boxed himself in. They question the wisdom of his setting a political goal—the unconditional withdrawal from Kuwait—that we might not be able to achieve except at enormous cost. According to this line of thinking, Bush should have



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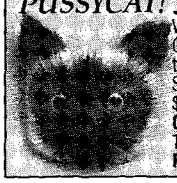

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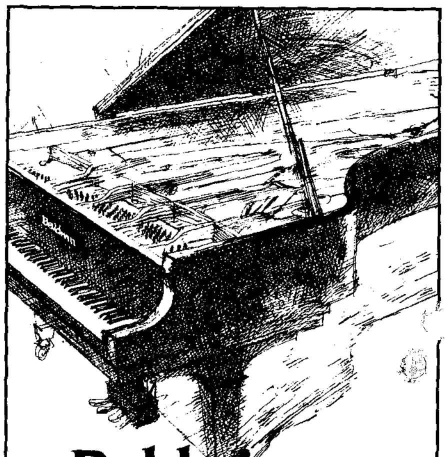
limited his goals to the deterrence of an attack on Saudi Arabia (for which he can already declare victory) and stability in the Persian Gulf region, which can be defined any number of ways, and should have been more flexible on the subject of Kuwait. The public position of the Administration, as reiterated by Secretary of State James Baker on "Meet the Press" Sunday a week ago, is that to suggest there should be a referendum on whether the Emir should be restored as the head of the country will mean "you're starting down a very slippery slope of rewarding someone for their aggression. And then you really will see suggestions of appeasement and all that kind of thing."

According to one of the critics of the President's policy, "appeasement" is a loaded throwback, not necessarily applicable here, and Bush has got himself into a tangle by thinking and talking Munich. "Appeasement," someone here points out, is something that occurs when a diplomatic policy has failed; if the policy succeeds, it's a brilliant diplomatic achievement. Senator Terry Sanford, Democrat of North Carolina, said on the Senate floor last week that the analogy fails in this instance because we, and the world, have not "appeased"—meaning given up country after country to an aggressor—but in fact have deterred further aggression. Sanford said, "Failure to fight a war is not appeasement." In Sanford's view, we have made our point to both Hussein and other would-be aggressors. He argued, "I do not believe that this is a war that needs to be fought," saying that it would cost too many American lives and could destroy Kuwait as well as much of Iraq, and said that we should stick with the embargo, that "we can be patient longer, by far, than Iraq can be patient." Both Sanford and Senator Bob Kerrey, Democrat of Nebraska, who joined him in a colloquy on the Senate floor and has been warning almost from the beginning against our waging a war in the Gulf, said, in effect, if Saddam Hussein is Hitler how come we didn't treat him as such before he invaded Kuwait? After all, the argument goes, he had already done some pretty terrible things, and made some terrible threats. The controversy over the Administration's benign treatment of Hussein up to the time of the attack, and its failure to give notice that an attack would be frowned upon, is one



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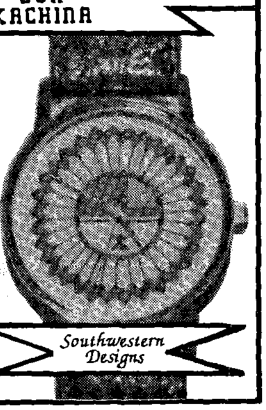

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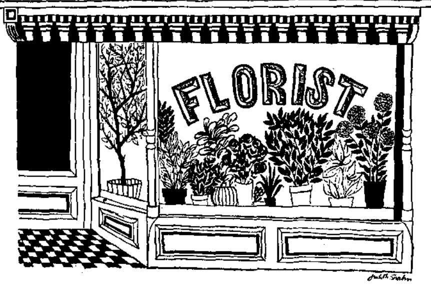
that the President's people would like to make go away—but it won't.

As for the policy once the attack took place, one critic of the President, a highly respected former government official, says, "The fundamental error was we set political objectives we could not achieve." Of course, those who argue that the President defined his goals too broadly have to be prepared to say that they would give up Kuwait, or parts of Kuwait, to Iraq, and that they can face the charge of "rewarding aggression." They find this a new and somewhat irrelevant standard. One of these people, another former official, asks, "Why is aggression against Kuwait heinous but against Iran not?" He continues, "I say, 'Nonsense. What do we care about Kuwait?' All Hussein has done is take over an arbitrary line. And the al-Sabah family was widely hated." This person would establish an Arab peacekeeping force in Kuwait, with a pan-Arab commission to oversee elections there.

This man and others also say that we needn't have sent some two hundred thousand troops to the region. A former official says he wouldn't have sent ground troops at all, but sat tight, and perhaps done some joint air exercises with the Saudis. This approach presumes, as several people think, that Hussein didn't intend to go into Saudi Arabia, and is premised on the view that even if he did, the oil fields our troops are said to be there to protect are, as this former official says, a lot less vulnerable, and easier to get back into production, than most of the public dialogue suggests. This former official calls the argument that we must protect the oil fields "a red herring": according to him, in the face of the Iranian revolution we quietly stockpiled all sorts of things in the region to repair oil fields. This man, like others who question the sending of so many ground troops, says that the troops are sitting ducks in case of war, likely to be attacked with Iraq's chemical weapons, as well as provide a very large number of targets for terrorists. The Saudis, some here say, are likely to pay a big, long-term price in the Middle East for having played host to so many American troops. Another former official would have sent something on the order of forty thousand troops, announced that their purpose was to deter an Iraqi attack into Saudi Arabia, and called it a success if an attack didn't occur. This man, too, believes that Kuwait isn't worth going to war over.

Representative Les Aspin, of Wisconsin, the chairman of the Armed Services Committee, said to me in a conversation last week that he thought that Bush made an error in sending such a large force to the Gulf, that we should have sent a smaller-size group, of about forty thousand, and defined their goal as one of deterring an attack on Saudi Arabia. That way, Aspin argued, as long as those troops are there the mission is a success. (Like the Administration, Aspin would seek a long-term, international peacekeeping force for the region.) On the other hand, he said, keeping some two hundred thousand troops stationed uncomfortably in the desert is militarily and politically much more difficult. Aspin said, "You may find once you're in there with two hundred thousand troops that it's hard to sustain that, and you have to go with it." Aspin doesn't believe that the evidence is there that Hussein intended to keep on going into Saudi Arabia, but says that if that happened we could deal with it even with fewer troops on the ground to start with. (Almost everyone believes that our strongest leg in case of war would be air power.) Aspin would keep the goal of trying to get Hussein out of Kuwait, but, he says, "I'd have had options that would have played over time"—he'd have allowed more time for others to get rid of Hussein (probably by bumping him off, a prospect Aspin still finds more plausible than some others do), and the embargo to squeeze. "They should have defined our goal in small terms; once you build it up and advertise that you're going to settle the thing, if you don't settle it you've failed."

The Administration has answers, of course, to the points raised against the policy thus far. Officials say that it appears that Hussein did intend to invade Saudi Arabia, and that without a large number of troops on the ground there quickly, as one official puts it, we would have had to liberate Saudi Arabia as well as Kuwait. Forty thousand American troops, this official says, would have been quickly overrun. The Administration isn't willing, he says, to let Hussein have control over twenty per cent of the world's oil. A senior Administration official said to me recently, and firmly, "We are determined to succeed." Though he spelled out what he felt were the dangers of war, he conveyed the impression that he was prepared to wage it. I also sensed a rising anger within the Administration at Saddam Hussein. All this could have been very deliberate, and intended to make Saddam Hussein think carefully. But, whatever effect it had on Saddam Hussein, the effect was to alarm a lot of people here.



Bush's speech to the U.N. was a deliberate effort designed to offset the effects of all the military talk by generals and others, a public-relations effort to counter the impression that the Administration was intent on going to war. The speech, which stressed the hope for a diplomatic solution, was aimed at both his American audience and the diplomats gathered at the U.N. The setting had a lot to do with defining the content. The point, a senior Administration official says, was "to restore balance in how our policy is perceived." The Administration had made it clear publicly, before the President's speech, that if Saddam Hussein withdrew from Kuwait "unconditionally," his various economic, geographic, and even political disputes with that country could be discussed—and this message has also been sent to Hussein by other means. The new element in Bush's speech was his public suggestion that once Iraq was out of Kuwait one of the resulting "opportunities" would be for a regional settlement of the Arab-Israeli dispute. At the Helsinki summit, Bush and his advisers were intent on keeping the subjects apart. It is, however, something Bush has spoken about in private meetings; an official says Bush meant that these matters could be sequential but weren't now linked. There is no way of knowing now all of the back-channel communications that may indeed be going on in search of a non-military way out. The senior Administration official says of the U.N. speech, "We reminded people that the military option isn't inevitable or even preferred, but we're prepared to turn to it if necessary. It was an attempt

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Close to 20,000 Cambodians are now amputees. The number mounts daily as the U.S.-backed coalition—which includes Pol Pot—wages war on the Cambodian government. Ambushes and mines maim and kill. Multitudes of men, women and children have stumps where limbs used to be.

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to balance perceptions, not to change the policy."

THE extraordinary and disheartening spectacle of the difficulty over reaching a budget agreement is, unfortunately, the logical result of the state of our politics today, and of the President's chosen role in domestic affairs. The charge is often levelled that Congress is "out of touch" with the people—but in fact the elected representatives poll their constituents down to the last eyelash, and feverishly keep in touch. The overriding element in the difficulty over the budget has been fear: the elected representatives have become increasingly fearful of taking any step that might arouse the voters' anger or stir to action any organized interest group. To anyone who has watched Congress for some years, and listened to members of Congress talk, that increasing fear is palpable. The problem is, there is no step to reduce the deficit that doesn't take something away from someone, and a long period of divided government hasn't made things easier. But fear, and lack of Presidential leadership, are the larger factors. At the same time, certain verities have been built into our political culture over the past decade. It has come to be assumed that reducing cost-of-living allowances, or COLAs, in government pension programs, regardless of need, would be breaking faith with millions of Americans. Social Security COLAs were frozen once, in 1983, but since then any move to temporarily freeze (and thus reduce) COLAs has met with fierce resistance on the part of the well-organized pension recipients. Congress almost did it in 1985, but President Reagan pulled the rug out from under Senate Republicans, who had gone along with this difficult move, so now Republicans, like Democrats, who have enshrined Social Security and pummelled any Republican who suggested cutting it, aren't keen on touching the subject. At the same time, the public has been treated, since the late nineteen-seventies, to a great deal of anti-government, anti-tax rhetoric.

But not until George Bush did we get a President who had promised he would never raise taxes, and Bush's position was the start of a great deal of trouble. This, combined with Bush's basic lack of interest in domestic affairs and his extreme reluctance to take any step that might be politically painful, led to paralysis on the budget. It is quite unrealistic to expect a collective Congress to be braver than a President—especially now. If Bush had ever chosen to lead on the subject of the budget, and reassured the Democrats that if they joined him in taking difficult steps each side could give the other political protection, we might have had both less trauma and a more serious deficit-cutting policy as a result.

In submitting an unserious budget early this year, the Bush Administration set Congress up for paralysis—and achieved its intended result splendidly. (House Republicans even refused to bring up the President's budget for a vote.) The idea was to establish that there was paralysis and step in with high-level negotiations to achieve a serious, multiyear deal. But under the political circumstances—especially as time went on, and the elections drew nearer—achieving such a deal was far more difficult than anticipated, and the fact of the negotiations themselves led to still further problems. The twenty-one congressional negotiators, plus White House Chief of Staff John Sununu, Office of Management and Budget Director Richard Darman, and Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady, cloistered at Andrews Air Force Base, just outside Washington, for eleven days starting in early September, actually made a fair amount of progress—on all but the hardest issues—but as they did so, and as word drifted back to Washington of controversial proposals under consideration, other members of Congress became quite agitated. They felt cut out, that their prerogatives were being circumvented—but mainly they became more fearful by the day of having to cast a vote for an unpleasant deficit-reduction package and then face their constituents in November. Interest groups ginned up at the hint of some move adverse to their membership. When the negotiators, unable to tolerate their isolation any longer (it had been hoped they could wrap things up over a weekend), returned to the Capitol, they received what one House aide calls "a reality check." Members besieged them with thoughts on how to negotiate, and what wasn't acceptable. When, on September 18th, the negotiations were turned over to a group of eight—the bipartisan congressional leaders plus Darman, Sununu, and Brady—still more people who were being left out (including important committee chair-

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men) became concerned. One reason for shrinking the group was to get some of the more intransigent negotiators, in both parties, out of the room, but this didn't reduce their capacity to make trouble. Both parties were having difficulties within their own caucuses, especially in the House, as various compromise proposals—floated or real—met with resistance.

The White House worked hard to establish the idea that the negotiations were dragging on because the two sides were far apart on a variety of issues, but that wasn't actually the case. The real problem was indeed the President's stubborn insistence on a cut in the capital gains tax. Though some other differences remained, even Republicans said privately—and then increasingly in the open—that if the capital gains matter were dropped the other matters would fall into place quickly. A congressional Republican also told me that the Administration was deliberately preventing other issues from being resolved so as to argue that capital gains wasn't the only problem. Some people in both parties thought the President might be getting bad advice, typically combative advice, from Sununu. Darman was seen (not just by Democrats) as, typically, playing too many games. The negotiations at Andrews often devolved into shouting matches, between the Democrats on one side and Darman and Sununu on the other. The President managed to act as if none of this had anything to do with him. At one point, Brady privately complained to a Democrat about the difficulty of working with Darman and Sununu. Some Democrats and also some Republicans came to feel that if the negotiations had been conducted simply between the congressional Democratic and Republican leadership, or if the more pragmatic James Baker had been the Administration's negotiator, a deal could have been struck much earlier. And it probably would have been a more palatable one. At one point, Darman told the negotiators that he would accept an increase in income-tax rates to thirty-three per cent—that is, elimination of the now famous bubble—in exchange for a cut in the capital gains tax, but that the problem was Newt Gingrich, the House Republican Whip; some Democrats wondered if that was another example of Darman's "secret good guy" routine, but some Republicans say that Darman was ac-

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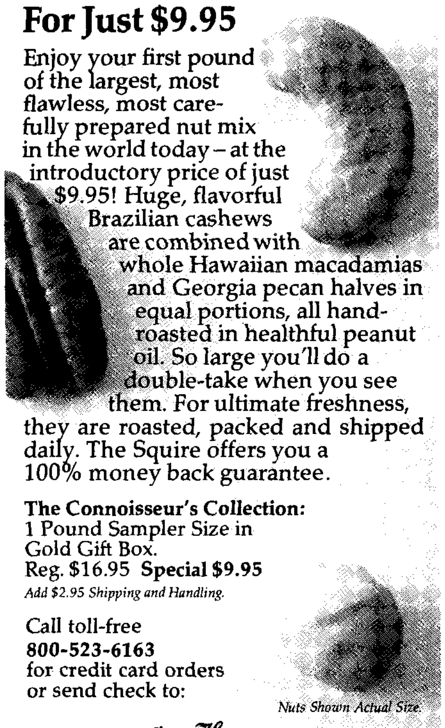
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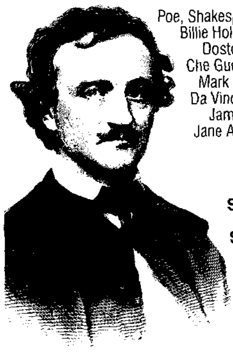
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tually so committed to a capital gains cut that he was willing to accept an increase in rates.

The proposed cut in capital gains would have done violence to the concordat that lay behind the Tax Reform Act of 1986, which was that in exchange for very low, and few, tax rates virtually all income would be treated equally and many tax breaks would be eliminated. Out with the capital gains tax were to go tax shelters and other unproductive uses of capital. Exactly why Bush became so fixated on restoring the capital gains tax break is something of a mystery. Such a break would of course please a wide swath of his constituency, and there is a theory that when he broke his no-new-taxes pledge he made a pledge somewhere along the way that he wouldn't give up on capital gains, as well as one that he wouldn't agree to any increase in income-tax rates. Not long ago, a White House aide said to me that while the President's base wasn't demanding a capital gains tax cut, fighting for such a cut "is important as a symbol of credibility with the base." While the Administration argues that various-sized businesses, and new entrepreneurs, would be helped by a capital gains cut, one official concedes that it essentially favors big business and established wealth. Another theory was that the Administration almost got a capital gains tax cut last year but was ultimately stymied in the Senate by Majority Leader George Mitchell, of whom the President and his top aides (especially Sununu) are none too fond—and it became a matter of high principle for them to win this year.

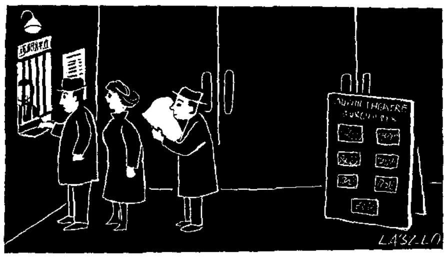
d. ehrenberg

Bush's obstinacy provided the Democrats with a political opportunity: they managed to make the case that in pursuing this tax cut Bush was favoring the wealthy, and they put Bush on the defensive (a rarity) by demanding that he agree to a rise in tax rates on the wealthiest taxpayers in exchange for a capital gains cut. The Democrats' negotiating position was that even elimination of the bubble wouldn't be enough. As the position in the House Democratic Caucus hardened, the demand became that not only would taxes on the wealthy have to be raised to offset the cost of a capital gains cut but the wealthy would have to carry a higher proportion of the burden of deficit reduction than those less well off. (Even the Administration accepted the thesis that the cut would cost about twenty-one billion dollars over five years.) The Democrats' demand also stemmed from their calculations in regard to their political survival. Much as they wanted to make Bush appear insensitive to "equity," they also came to believe that they couldn't face their constituents if they had voted for a budget-reduction package that would raise excise taxes on the middle class (the poor were to get partial compensatory tax relief), as both sides relatively quickly agreed to do, and had lowered taxes on capital gains but didn't make the wealthy pay more than others for the deficit reduction. The truth is, a majority of the Democrats in both chambers support a capital gains cut, but most felt they could do so only if it was offset politically. As the elections drew closer, and there were signs that an anti-incumbency mood might be taking form, the Democrats, advised by their political consultants, hardened, as a matter of self-protection as well as "equity," in their resolve not to accept a capital gains cut without a price—the minimum price being elimination of the bubble. No one is sure how strong that anti-incumbency feeling is, or whether it will actually cut down a large number of incumbents—not a great many hold unsafe seats—but incumbents aren't interested in taking chances. Several members' poll numbers were dropping in late September, and the anti-establishment tidal wave in the September 18th Massachusetts primary—a result that may have been overinterpreted, and due more to the rank unpopularity of Michael Dukakis than to anything else—plus Oklahomans' voting the same day to limit state legislators' terms, increased the members' sense of panic. A Democratic congressional aide said, "Everyone's walking into a political unknown."

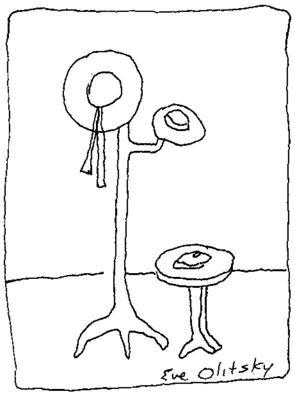
Republicans were also split. Some were insistent on a capital gains cut, and objected to the notion, considered by the negotiators, of dropping both capital gains and any offsetting tax increases. Vin Weber, of Minnesota, secretary of the House Republican Conference and a leading conservative, told me in late September, "Most Republicans have their own constituencies—agriculture, senior citizens, veterans, whatever—and they don't like cuts in those programs any more than the Democrats do. A cut in capital gains enables a majority of Republicans to say, 'I didn't like the spending cuts and fought the tax increases, but we have the capital gains cut.' In my line of work, you don't go home to deliver only bad news." Yet, other Republicans were discomfited by the President's position—to the point where, in late September, the two Republican congressional leaders, Senate Minority Leader Robert Dole and House Minority Leader Bob Michel, publicly broke with Bush, saying that capital gains wasn't worth holding up an agreement. Dole also uttered the heresy that if capital gains were to be in the package, perhaps tax rates should be raised. In late September, Darman tentatively broached the possibility of a new top rate of thirty-one per cent, but that would have constituted a tax cut for everyone in the bubble (paying thirty-three per cent), and the Democrats rejected this as also only making up the revenue that would be lost by a capital gains cut and not making the wealthy pay a proportionately higher price for deficit reduction. The Administration wouldn't go to thirty-two per cent, as the Democrats proposed, because, in its theology, this would be a tax increase whereas thirty-one per cent was only to make up for capital gains—and some Administration officials were very uncomfortable with proposing any rate increase at all. Some Democrats were so keen on having the rates issue that they actually feared Bush would cave. A similar impasse developed over the Administration's suggestion that capital gains be indexed. The logic in these dealings may be elusive, but logic had long since given way to political symbolism and the drive to prevail.

IN the final days before the fiscal year ended last Sunday night, Capitol Hill was in chaos. Liberal House Democrats, who had badgered House Speaker Thomas Foley and Majority Leader Dick Gephardt—but especially Foley, who they thought was the larger problem—not to give in on capital gains without a sufficient rate increase, grew angry with Foley for negotiating any unpleasant package at all, especially against the deadline of the across-the-board cuts, or sequester, required under the Gramm-Rudman law. Some House liberals accused Foley of protecting Mitchell, because the Senate Democrats had never been able to agree among themselves on a budget. They feared the uproar that would follow if, given an impasse, the President, as the Administration was threatening, used his veto to force the government to shut down, because the fiscal year had ended without new appropriations bills having been passed, or started the steep across-the-board cuts—and blamed Congress. The Democrats believed that such a result would dangerously fuel an anti-incumbency mood. A House Democrat said to me late last week, "We have enough federal employees [who might be furloughed by a sequester] in all of our districts to not want to see demonstrating outside our offices. We're looking at blame avoidance: we should pass our own budget, and if there's blame to be cast let it fall on the Senate, not us." Some House Democrats said their side should break off the talks and write their own budget. This would have given them something to tell the voters they had done, but it wouldn't ultimately resolve the problem. Some Democrats, House and Senate, were tempted to allow a sequester to occur, figuring that this would embarrass the President and strengthen their bargaining position.

The Administration had its own worries: with the economic signs turning worse by the day (and not just because of the large increases in oil prices), it risked turmoil in the financial markets, and a recession, if the across-the-board cuts were allowed to go into place even for a while. The cuts in a sequester would be larger than any deficit cuts being contemplated, since the negotiators had long since agreed to relax the Gramm-Rudman targets; the sequester would eventually come to a hundred and five billion dollars in the new fiscal year, while the negotiators had set themselves the target of a cut of fifty billion—they ended up cutting only forty billion. At the end of all this, even if the budget deal had held, the deficit would still have been over two hundred and fifty billion dollars, the latest figure—$295 billion—being nearly three times the one Darman announced in January.



In the end, of course, both sides in the negotiations, having been tempted to force a sequester, thinking it would be to their political advantage, shrank from the potential chaos. It was, a leadership aide says, "classic deterrence theory—each side backed away from the unknown." The Administration gave up on capital gains—once Dole and Michel were lost, the Administration knew that capital gains had lost, but wouldn't admit it publicly. The "growth incentives" both sides ultimately settled for were wispy in concept and potentially impossible to administer, and were tax breaks—of the kind the 1986 Act was to have got rid of—by another name. (The deal also included incentives for drilling for oil and gas, which Bush, an old oil man, has long sought.) Someone close to the final talks says, "A lot of what the Administration added to the package in the last couple of days was pulled out of the sky." The Republicans insisted that they had to have something, and some Democrats didn't mind being on the side of "growth"—but neither side thought through what it was doing. The new cut in allowable deductions for taxpayers with an adjusted gross income of over a hundred thousand dollars was in effect a one-per-cent rise in their tax rates by another name. But in the end, out of time and up against stubborn White House negotiators, the Democrats lost the fight over "progressivity"; the poor and the middle class would have been harder hit by the deal than the wealthy. Though it was advertised as a serious budget-reduction package, amounting to five hundred billion dollars in cuts over five years, like so many of its ancestors it was based on some quite optimistic assumptions. There was deliberate ambiguity in the relative cuts in defense and domestic programs after three years. (The agreement didn't cover potential costs of Operation Desert Shield.) Some categories of spending, such as veterans' benefits and farm programs, were to be cut, but the negotiators didn't say how to do it. The new excise taxes—on beer, wine, and liquor, cigarettes, and gasoline—of course were bound to make a great many people angry, especially given the uneven distribution of the new tax burden. At the instigation of Dole, in whose state Beech Aircraft and Cessna Aircraft reside, the luxury tax on private planes was dropped at the last minute; the Democrats killed off a tax on purchases of electronic equipment costing more than a thousand dollars. There remained luxury taxes on furs and jewelry, and on expensive pleasure boats. In the end, the negotiators shied away from touching Social Security but made various unpleasant changes in Medicare, raising Medicare taxes and the cost to recipients of premiums and deductibles, which immediately raised the predictable storm. The Administration negotiators from time to time proposed a three-month freeze in COLAs, which Democrats saw as a trap to get them to commit the political equivalent of the President's moving off his no-new-taxes pledge; also, Dole and Pete Domenici, Republican of New Mexico and former chairman of the Senate Budget Committee, heatedly told Darman and Sununu they weren't interested in going down that road again. The Democrats proposed, as a shield, raising taxes on better-off Social Security recipients, in the (accurate) expectation that the Administration wouldn't buy.



For all the trouble they went to, the negotiators missed a big opportunity, one that isn't likely to return for a long time. These exhausted men became intent on getting a deal—almost any deal—and eschewed as many politically difficult decisions as they could. Perhaps under the circumstances—with an electorate long educated against anything difficult, interest groups ever more skilled at combat, politicians attaining new heights of fear, and a President disinclined to lead—it was the best they could do.

THE President had no choice but to go on nationwide television Tuesday night, since the outcome in the House vote was so uncertain. Gingrich came out against the deal on Monday, attacking the tax increases, and led a revolt of House conservatives—but many would have opposed it anyway. (It's assumed here that Gingrich's opposition isn't only ideological—that he may be setting up for a run at Michel's job when Michel retires; it's known that Gingrich wants to be Speaker someday. A politician's ostensible principled position is often about something else entirely.) A large number of liberal Democrats were also opposed, or hanging back—it had long been understood between the two sides that each party had to produce a majority of its members. Many Democrats attacked the Medicare cuts and the fact that the package wasn't progressive. A two-week delay in unemployment-compensation checks went down badly with many Democrats; others complained that defense spending was still too high. Some members' stated grounds for opposition were only that: if it hadn't been for one reason it would have been for another. Various industries and groups to be hit with new taxes or spending cuts were working their will on their representatives. In his televised address the President seemed a reluctant warrior, hurried through a passage on tax increases—assuring the public that he doesn't like taxes, either—and appeared much happier when he was talking about the new tax breaks. His speech was both lame and too late: he had done nothing until then to prepare the American people for sacrifice. Federal Reserve Board Chairman Alan Greenspan tried to come to the President's aid Wednesday by saying that the deal could lead to lower interest rates; but Greenspan's room to maneuver is limited by the inflation that is accompanying the current economic downturn, and by the continuing need to keep interest rates high enough to attract foreign lending. Greenspan's voice was drowned out by the increasingly clamorous opposition to the deal.

Congressional leaders assured members that changes would be permitted up to a point—Darman said he would be the judge of where that point was—and yesterday, after a luncheon meeting with the President, Foley said that some of the items had been included in the deal only "for illustrative purposes." The heads of the tax-writing committees—Senator Lloyd Bentsen, of Texas, and Representative Dan Rostenkowski, of Illinois—were particularly outraged by the "growth incentives" (Rostenkowski said they

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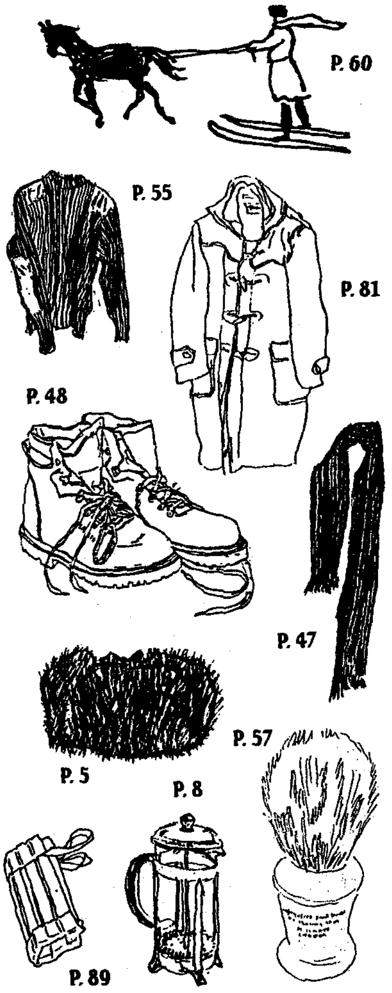

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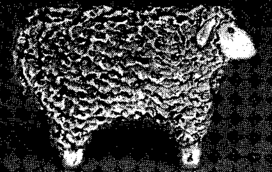

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would "muck up" the tax code). Both sides lobbied their members hard—the Senate was considered a surer thing than the House—and argued that they could say they were only voting for an outline, not a final deal, that the real work could be in the writing of the legislation (or "reconciliation") to implement the deal. The alternative, the members were told, was a sequester and more chaos. No one was sure what to do next if the deal was defeated. As of yesterday morning, neither side in the House had enough votes, and the Democratic leadership wavered for much of the day over whether to postpone, but finally decided to proceed last night because, a leadership aide told me, "Every night hurts you." More votes would be lost, he said, as members heard from more angry constituents and woke up to more angry editorials in their home-town papers.

Because the Administration didn't have the votes, Darman privately asked the Democrats to make up the difference, or to delay, but eventually the combined House leadership decided that things weren't going to get any better. Before the vote was taken, just after 1 A.M., it was clear that the Republicans would fall short of providing a majority, so the Democratic leaders stopped pressing their most vulnerable members, and during the roll call, when it was obvious the deal would fail, some Democrats withdrew their votes for it—why cast an unnecessary difficult one? With neither side producing a majority, the deal was rejected by a vote of 179–254. The principals were huddled in meetings all day today, and this morning the White House announced that the President wouldn't sign a bill today to keep the government going unless Congress produced "an acceptable budget resolution" by midnight. But the bipartisan congressional leaders knew, and tried to get across to Darman and Sununu, that the members —on both sides—wouldn't tolerate another deal negotiated by a tight group (not to mention one reached as quickly as the White House was suggesting), that the caucuses would have to be more involved. Republican and Democratic leaders began to explore ways to get a new deal without involving the President's troublesome advisers. So, at midnight, the government shut down, and the search went on for a way out of the budget impasse.

—ELIZABETH DREW

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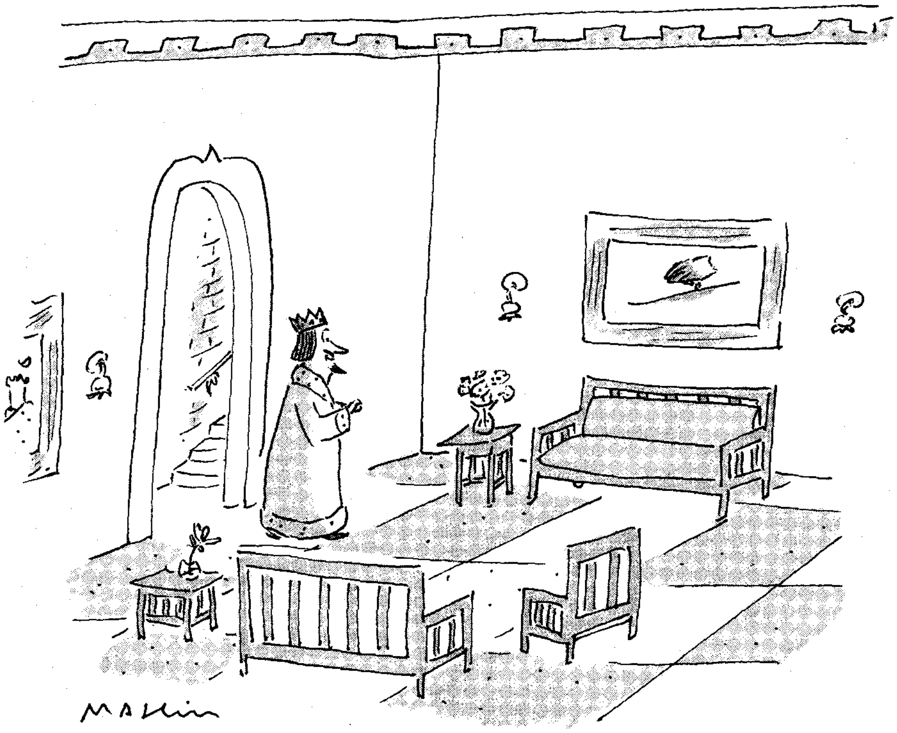
BOOKS

Angel

SUZANNE FARRELL's decision to try her hand at what inevitably would be received as a "celebrity" book was not exactly preposterous, ballerinas having already claimed their share of the reading public devoted to theatrical and sports figures, but it did have its perils. Farrell could not produce a book like "Zorina" or Danilova's "Choura": she was not a woman of the world; she hadn't had a varied career or met a lot of interesting people. She was vaguely "scandalous," but nothing like Gelsey Kirkland, and, unlike Kirkland, she bore no grudges against the profession—on the contrary. Farrell isn't like any other ballerina, and what she stands for isn't part of the generally accepted view of what ballet is. She was never a famous Swan Queen, never a Giselle, and one can't imagine her being interested in explaining just why she wasn't. One also can't imagine her having much to say about what made her different from every other Balanchine ballerina or why her moment in ballet history was so important—to history, that is. "I am not a spectator," she once told an interviewer. No, and writing a book would not make her one.

We think of Farrell in absolute dance terms, as the supreme classicist of our time, and we think of her life with Balanchine as a series of ballets, not just the ones she originated but the ones she reinterpreted. There lies the legend, the meaning of which is rekindled in performances that are now being given by a new generation. Nothing replaces the loss of Farrell herself (she retired from the stage last year, at the age of forty-four); yet the ballets are still there, in the solemn keeping of New York City Ballet, and Farrell is available to coach them, extend their hospitality to other bodies, guard the legacy. Some part of her motive for writing a book must have been the thought that the legacy does not end with her and is not the same without her, and needs to be understood as much by those who see the ballets as by those who dance them. A good enough reason for "Holding On to the Air" (Summit; $19.95), the title of which sums up what sustaining this legacy must be like. But look in the book for discussions of Balanchine's teachings or his poetics of dance, and you find few. It's not because Farrell and her co-author, Toni Bentley, are inarticulate; it's not even that Balanchine's work is hard to describe. What's hard—for Farrell—is the nature of her contribution to it. Can one *be* the trumpet of a prophecy and the recording angel, too? Farrell tries. She remembers how the ballets were put together and how it was to dance them. She does not burden us with details, but because what was easiest for her to do is hardest for her to talk about, the emphasis tends to fall on costumes and props and incidents, some of them disconcerting. About "Don Quixote," the ballet in which Balanchine presented her as his newest star and in which he sometimes took the title role, she has a memory of "reach[ing] up to hold his left index finger for support during a turn, and it wasn't there. In a gardening accident a few months earlier he had lost the first joint of that finger, and as we had never rehearsed that turn together, I was unprepared to do it unaided." Farrell does her best to provide some commentary on the content of Dulcinea's dances, which was revolutionary at the time and would, I think, seem so today. But it is hard to see how even dancers could benefit from her talk of turning in and going off balance and falling; again, it was all too easy for her. (A touching bit of noblesse is the confession that bourrées were troublesome to her, so, to help her improve, Balanchine put in plenty of bourrées.)

Balanchine's way of collaborating with Farrell on choreography was essentially the same with each ballet: he let her surprise him, she let him push her into taking risks. A book made up of these accounts would not be very interesting to read, no matter how acute the technical discussion. And, in any case, Balanchine was not just Farrell's choreographer, coach, and tutor; he was the central figure in her life. She in turn was for so long (even in her absence) the subject of so much of his choreography and the warrant of his pedagogic method that her passage through the company is inscribed on it as the history of a process: the Farrellization of New York City Bal-



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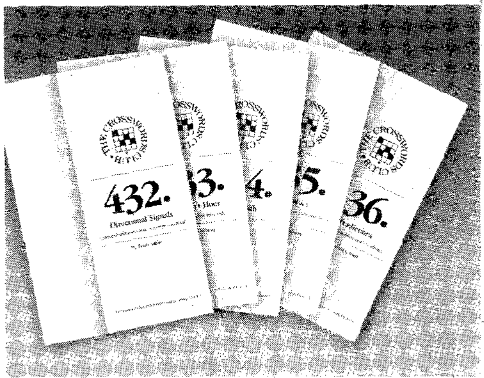

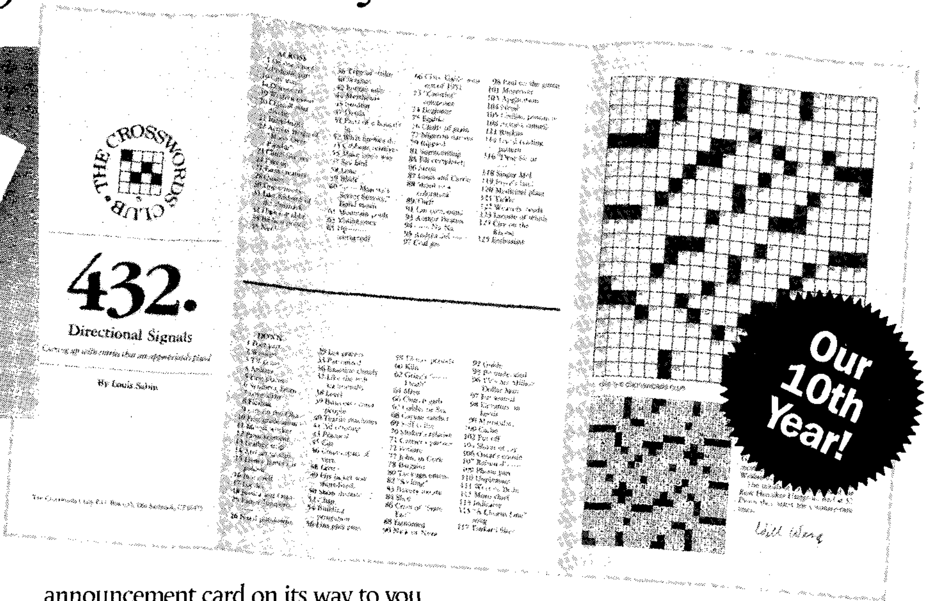

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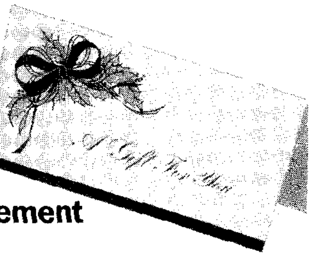

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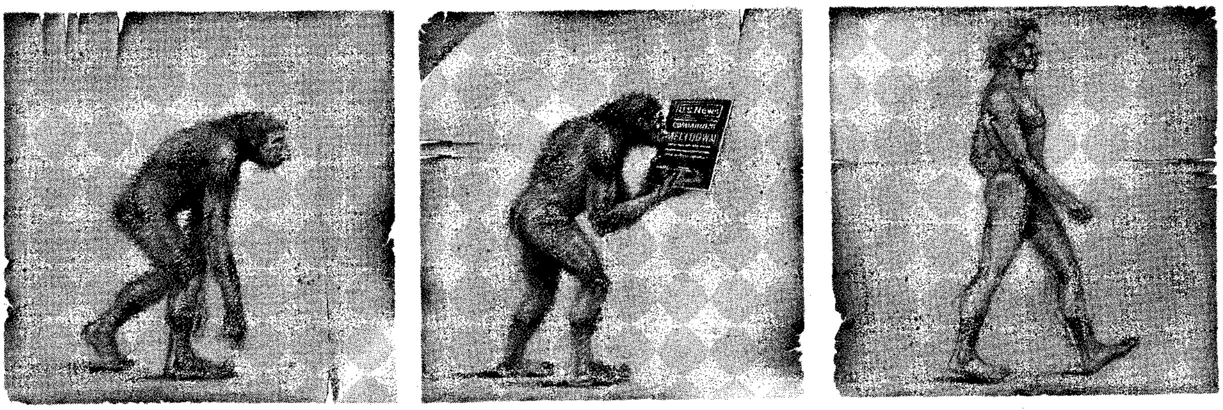

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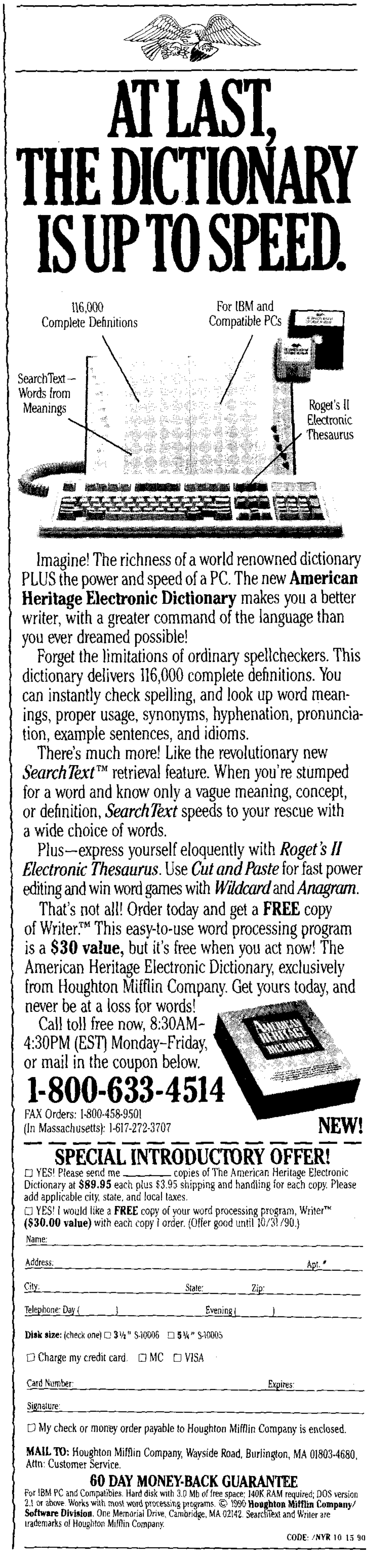
let. A dancer like Merrill Ashley can write an interesting book called “Dancing for Balanchine”; Suzanne Farrell can't. What she can write about, and does, is everything circumstantial and peripheral to her work with Balanchine, and although that cannot help but interest us, it does tend to promote a notion that his work was autobiographical in an all too literal, nontranscendent way. Of course the man's life was in his art. It is even possible that some of the first ballets he made with Farrell were close to being concrete dramatizations of his feelings and his situation at the time. Farrell has no doubt of it. But she is unable to see more than her own part in any ballet, and so in her book the ballets become public testimony to a private love affair. Perhaps that's how they felt to Farrell when she was dancing them, but for her to *talk* about them in this way eliminates too much of what they also are, and reduces the world's most important choreographer to the position of an adored and adoring servant. (Which is not to say that Balanchine wouldn't have been content to play the part.)

As a dance autobiography with a uniquely privileged viewpoint, “Holding On to the Air” might have aspired to some such contribution to general perception as Françoise Gilot's book on Picasso or Lillian Gish's on D. W. Griffith. But Farrell on Balanchine offers a whole lot less than Farrell on Farrell or Farrell on Balanchine on Farrell. When, toward the end of her book, Farrell is describing Balanchine's last ballets, she appears to gain some measure of objectivity. In “Robert Schumann's ‘Davidsbündlertänze’ ” she finds the balance among the four couples elusive and the “anxious and desperate atmosphere” upsetting. She records a dream about “Mozartiana” that corresponds to what that ballet actually is in the theatre. She goes to Leningrad to teach “Scotch Symphony” to the Kirov and, for the dancers' benefit, distinguishes between Balanchine's ballet and “La Sylphide”: “The only similarity to the Bournonville was the setting. It was Balanchine's homage to Scotland in the form of a classic ballet. Its flavors, moods, dramas, and emotions are not prescribed; all are musical and flexible.”

Not a dazzling observation, perhaps, but a mature one that goes to the heart of Balanchine's aesthetic. At last, Farrell seems to be stepping back and taking in a larger view, and the interesting thing is that the broader perspective corresponds to a shift in Balanchine's vision that has placed her slightly to one side—not out of his line of sight, but not squarely in it, as she used to be. This shift, which is not discussed in the book (and which is reflected in “Davidsbündlertänze”), apparently had to have taken place for the book to attain the level of judiciousness it ought to have shown all along. The authorial tone—Bentley's, or Farrell's through Bentley—contains almost no hindsight. It is forever in arrears, not just in matters of judgment but in matters of information: “I was later told that . . .”; “I couldn't have known at the time . . .” The Bentley share in this failing is great. Not Farrell's current thoughts as she reflects on her relationship with Balanchine but her veering emotions at the time are tirelessly elicited. This doesn't suit the Farrell sensibility (which seems given to introspection and epigrammatic pronouncements) so much as it feeds a reader's presumed hunger for incidents and “scenes.” The book plugs along, going here, there, and everywhere with Mr. B.—début, première, tour, layoff—meanwhile scattering by the wayside valuable insights into serious subjects like musicality, rehearsing, and partnering. (The whole book might have seemed less attenuated if it had followed a less doggedly chronological course.) We hear the sound of Farrell's voice in her grasp of methodology, as in her Kirov rehearsals: “Russian dancers . . . preferred to work privately until every moment of the ballet was scientifically mastered. I, however, had no desire to see something finished, but rather something evolving. Dancing is a process, not a product.” We catch glimpses of Farrell's ballerina temperament—practical, humble yet self-absorbed, a touch ruthless. We also hear ballets and dancers described as “gorgeous,” “crystalline,” “celestial,” and “epic” (“the heartbreaking epic ‘Liebeslieder Walzer’ ”). These effusions are probably meant to remedy the fact that Farrell is not a spectator, but if she were would she talk like that? And would so unsentimental a person



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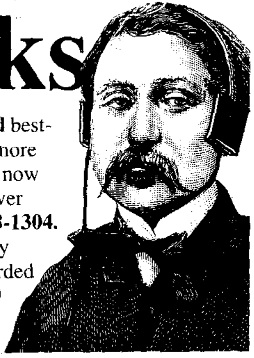

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—and dancer—really cry as easily as she does all through this book? Bentley, a former New York City Ballet dancer and the author of the poetical "Winter Season: A Dancer's Journal," faced a real problem with Farrell's tunnel vision, but instead of either broadening or deepening it she blurs and softens it. Bentley (and Farrell?) seems to want to tone down the fact that nothing and no one are as real to Farrell as her dancing is. Written in the first person, the book sounds too often like a duet, a fusion of serious testament and slumber-party confession.

Why was Farrell different from any other Balanchine ballerina? Just how unlike the others was she, and what recording angel will tell us? Although in the seven years since his death there has been a stream of books by dancers who were involved with Balanchine, it might be noted that none of his American wives and lovers have written about him. Each has her reasons, and one may reasonably suppose reluctance to expose or exploit him to be one of them. The recent film documentary "Dancing for Mr. B." contained fascinating testimonials by six ballerinas (Farrell not among them). But for these women life and art may be too tightly interwoven, too intimate a secret, to be talked about in a book. It was Balanchine, after all, who made the dancer be the dance, with no theatrical camouflage, no concessions to type or appeals to "glamour"; and it was in America that he did it. In the fifties, at the New York City Center, he was finally able to establish himself as a choreographer with a company, and to begin intensively grooming dancers and building them a repertory. For Balanchine, there was no division between life and art. He married the dancers he was most preoccupied with—Maria Tallchief and Tanaquil Le Clercq. He romanced others. Farrell was a major obsession; when she defied him, he reacted like a wrathful sultan and had her banned from the State Theatre. The irony of Farrell's choosing to write a book is that even though she married someone else, she was as much Balanchine's creature as any of his wives and loves; indeed, she was probably more his—more unrestrainedly committed to his way of making ballet, more willing to submerge herself—than anyone else had ever been. In art, and for a time in life, she achieved a state of mythic singularity, a kind of blessedness, in which Balanchine rejoiced when he depicted Dulcinea as the Virgin Queen of Heaven. But though Farrell's fall from singular perfection was swift and catastrophic, it was not unpredictable: it bore the imprint of fate, it had the charm of pattern. One might say that what she was as a dancer was the whole cause of her life's turning out as it did.

IT has never been possible to follow events at New York City Ballet without knowing something of what was going on backstage. Like all family companies, it telegraphs its private life. In the sixties, there was no way you could know about Farrell's career without also hearing about the trauma it was inflicting on the company. To outsiders, and to some insiders, it looked as if Balanchine were tearing the company apart and reshaping it in her image, sacrificing other dancers' careers and cancelling some of his own teachings to do so. Suffused in controversy for most of its length, enmeshed in the turbulent affairs of what had been recognized as the century's most creative ballet company following Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, the Balanchine-Farrell story is not easy to understand, even today, and "Holding On to the Air" obscures it further with details about Balanchine's behavior at the height of his infatuation that aren't anchored in other aspects or phases of his life. As the book relates these details, it doesn't correct for Farrell's immaturity at the time—for the fact that she'd had no experience of life in any other ballet company and little or no experience of love. We forget how insulated, how bent by monomania, how *young* young dancers are. Perhaps Farrell and Bentley have forgotten, too; they don't consider the possibility that these conditions might have been cruelly operative in their story. From the way Farrell talks about her lack of sexual experience, we feel she really doesn't care to discuss it. And whether Balanchine was behaving characteristically when he all but imprisoned her is a question that never arises. She is dismally aware that Balanchine has a life apart from her, but we learn nothing about it. (The only striking news she comes up with is that Balanchine, a Republican, instructed her to vote for Hubert Humphrey.)

Pleasing Balanchine onstage was all Farrell cared about and all she thinks *he* should have cared about. She believes that her isolation was largely his doing. As his favorite, she was sealed off even from her own company: she learned about the turmoil from *Newsweek*. She was dismayed, but Balanchine had, after all, chosen her position in the company. What irked her more was a reference to "Pygmalion Balanchine" and to herself as "the latest in a forty-year series of Galateas that include Danilova, Geva, Zorina, Tallchief and Tanaquil Le Clercq." Farrell is at pains to dispel popular myths. She does not belong on a list, any list, and she is no Galatea—she was not kissed to life as a dancer; she was a dancer already when she met Balanchine. It is hard not to feel the truth of this; Balanchine almost certainly felt it. One of the first things he said to her was "I need you more than you need me." It's also hard to escape the feeling that Farrell believes herself different not just from other dancers but from other human beings. Maybe all ballerinas think this, and maybe coming from a lower-middle-class background and a broken home driven by a strong-willed mother, and having gifted siblings to compete with, would make any young girl who rises above all that see herself as one of a kind. To be then singled out by Balanchine is simply part of the plan. Farrell is no Galatea, still less is she the Trilby whom some critics dismissed when Balanchine dismissed *her*. But this is where the pattern of her life is overtaken by another, more formidable pattern. Farrell could no more escape it than she could escape being Farrell.

The Svengali myth of George Balanchine holds that the dancers he favored with his special attention were essentially creatures of his will, and were lost without him. Formed to do his bidding in "abstract" ballets, they were mechanical wonders whose allure all ran to their tendons; take them out of his repertory, and they barely functioned. Farrell broke with Balanchine four years after becoming a star—an artist-star, which she would almost surely never have become under anyone else's management. She had married a young dancer in the company, Paul Mejia. Balanchine was willing to go on casting her in her accustomed roles—provided others got to dance them, too—but he refused to tolerate Mejia. To Farrell the situation was a nightmare. (The only time I ever saw her dance badly was during this period.) Even her mother, after being the first to warn her of Balanchine's intentions, had turned about and sided with him against Mejia. Few could doubt that Farrell's flight in the middle of the spring, 1969, season was anything but the desperate act of a young woman under terrible pressure. Eventually, she left town with Mejia, and the two of them joined Maurice Béjart's company in Brussels. There Farrell functioned happily enough, according to her book; if her artist's conscience discriminated between Balanchine's methods and Béjart's, her star's conscience did not. She was Béjart's prima ballerina for as many years as she had been Balanchine's.

About this interlude in her career, which so many of us at the time thought so ignominious, all Farrell will acknowledge is that "everything seemed to me upside down, inside out, and backward." Exactly. She had joined the antiworld. But her sojourn there was not meaningless. Her asser-

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tion that she could not have survived as a Balanchine dancer in any company other than Béjart's will not, I think, make sense to anyone unacquainted with Balanchine's extremist-erotic manner (as in "Bugaku") and Béjart's assiduous parody of it (as in "Bach Sonate"). But Farrell's story *is* a myth, and the years in Brussels, more than the years in New York, were what gave it its classic shape. Farrell left Balanchine, and the myth went on without him.

In the old operas and ballets based on the Orpheus myth, the heroine who has died or been abducted to the underworld is at peace, is even happy. Farrell in her exile (she uses the word) has no knowledge of Balanchine's anguish, which, to judge by conditions at New York City Ballet, must have been intense. He himself could not descend like Orpheus and bring her back; his art must do it for him. And it did. Farrell in Béjartland every day did a Balanchine barre and took class on point. After four years of Béjart's choreography, she obtained "Meditation," the pas de deux that Balanchine had made for her and Jacques d'Amboise, and performed it with Béjart's Jorge Donn. "The choreography felt like my own skin," she recalls. The following summer, she sees New York City Ballet in "La Valse" and "Symphony in C," and asks to be taken back. She is accepted; Mejia is not. The return of Farrell to the company is a blazing success and is duly celebrated on January 22, 1976, Balanchine's seventy-second birthday, with the première of "Chaconne," to Gluck's music for the Paris version of "Orpheus," the one with the gala ending. Eurydice is risen.

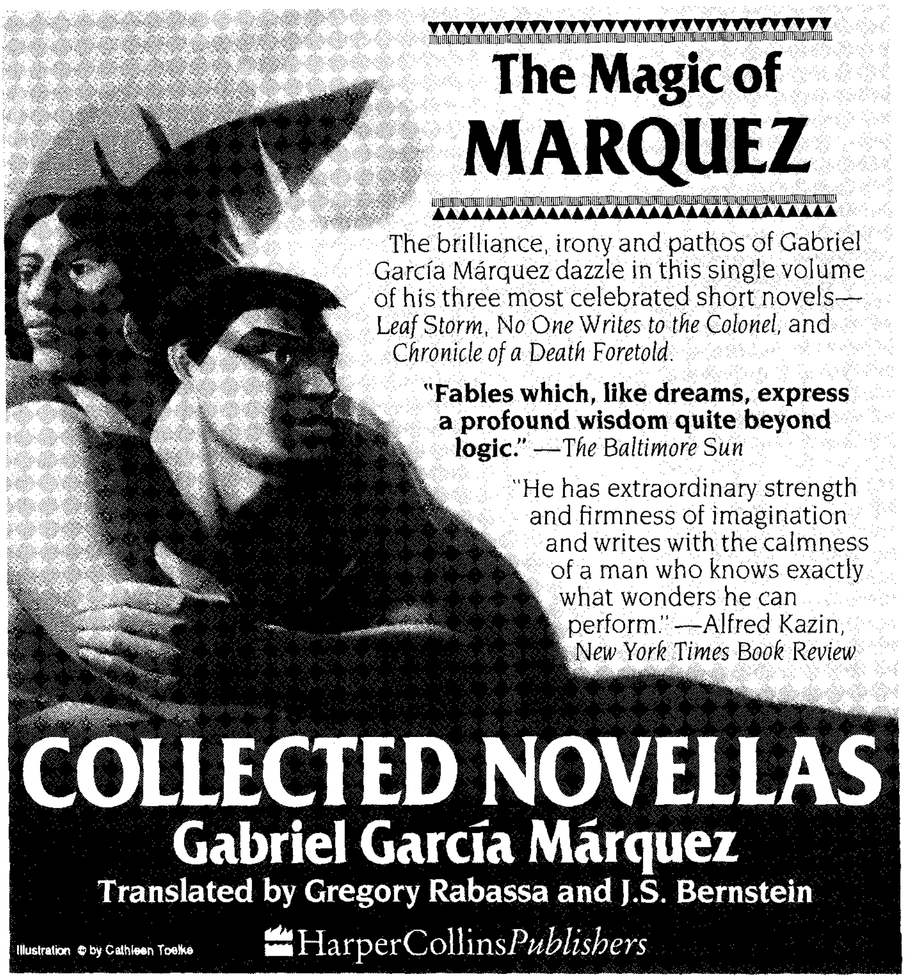
In his ballet "Nijinsky, Clown of God" Béjart had cast Farrell as the Young Girl in Pink, an idealized portrait of Nijinsky's wife, and when Farrell danced the role in New York Balanchine had attended a performance. Later, she was told what he'd said: "If I had done the ballet, I'd have made Suzanne Nijinsky." Farrell passes this off as a quip, but Balanchine was being ironical, not whimsical. As he well knew, the public already had its impression of what he and Farrell stood for: if not Pygmalion and Galatea, then the variation on the myth dramatized in "The Red Shoes." In that movie, the Great Dancer flouts the Great Impresario, gets married, and is banished by him. If a film had been made in the seventies about Balanchine and Farrell, it would have seemed to be only a variation on "The Red Shoes," which was itself a variation on Diaghilev and Nijinsky and their estrangement after the dancer's marriage. (In her book "Balletmaster: A Dancer's View of George Balanchine" Moira Shearer—the Great Dancer herself—compares Balanchine's situation with Diaghilev's after *Massine* left him, and doesn't mention "The Red Shoes" at all!)

IN the perspective of these classic narratives, reverberant with resemblances between art and life and with dissonant echoes of the sublime and the banal, the Balanchine-Farrell legend lives and flourishes. Of course, the book Farrell has written has no such perspective; it is much too modest and insular. Yet she can't help noticing the parallel with the movie that influenced her early years, and, reviewing those early years, she is struck by signs and portents. In grade school, she sings Mozart's "Ave Verum Corpus" in the church choir; she will dance this music for Balanchine, in "Mozartiana." She works up choreography for herself and her friends to favorite pieces of music, little knowing that one is part of Balanchine's "Serenade," and the other, "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," was his Broadway ballet, which he will revive for her. She practices dancing with a partner in the form of an armchair, which she calls "Jacques d'Amboise"; he will later be her real partner. She goes to New York and auditions for the School of American Ballet; Balanchine personally supervises the audition, which is private—highly unusual circumstances, which she blithely accepts as routine; it is her fifteenth birthday. The previous month, at her going-away party, she was given a diary, which she christened Diana, after Diana Adams, the New York City Ballet ballerina who, scouting talent for the groundbreaking series of Ford Foundation scholarships, had spotted the young Farrell in a Cincinnati classroom and suggested that she give the School of American Ballet a call. Farrell had named one of her efforts at choreography "The Kingdom of Diana," after the Greek goddess; now Diana Adams becomes talismanic, and so, later on, does Jacques d'Amboise. At sixteen, Farrell joins the N.Y.C.B. corps, and during her first season is asked to "watch" (i.e., mentally prepare) Titania, the role that Adams was then working on, in Balanchine's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The next season, Farrell replaces Adams on the brink of the première of the most difficult of Balanchine's Stravinsky ballets to date, "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," without previously watching or understudying the part. D'Amboise, ever her confederate, coaches her, then Balanchine takes over. From that time on, Farrell's rise is assured, and the roles she dances are mostly Adams roles. After choreographing "Meditation," Balanchine sends Farrell a quasi love letter, with instructions to show it to d'Amboise "and to Diana. She is your guar-DIANA-angel!"

The choreography of "Meditation," which Balanchine created at the very start of his relationship with Farrell, is a reworking of the famous passage in "Serenade" in which a recumbent figure, the ballet's heroine, is approached, embraced, and then abandoned by a male "destiny" figure guided by a "guardian angel." "Meditation" switches the sexes—Farrell approaches and embraces an inert d'Amboise—and merges her role with that of the angel. It also makes d'Amboise, with chalk in his hair, an obvious stand-in for Balanchine; Farrell leaves the way she came, and he goes haltingly on, trying to find his way without her. Farrell and Balanchine shared a mystical turn of mind. She accepts the action of "Meditation" as a prediction of things to come in real life. But she doesn't see herself as part of a pattern that already existed in Balanchine's life and was already inscribed in his art. Quite understandably she rejects the list of Galateas. And Balanchine's "love" letter is ambiguous; Farrell is intelligent enough to be confused by it. Written in verse, it purports to be nothing more than an explanation of the emotions of "Meditation," but the instruction to show it to Diana implies that the ballet concerns Farrell personally. Adams was her guardian angel, and now *she* becomes Balanchine's. "Meditation" seen in the light of "Serenade" explains some part of the secret of Farrell's power over Balanchine. The same situation—a young girl emerging in a shaft of light to comfort and guide a lost soul—recurs in "Don Quixote." Farrell didn't just step into Balanchine's life; she materialized to him from within the art. It is logical for him to have had personal themes and patterns on his mind when choreographing for her. Right from the start, in the Stravinsky première, he would have seen her as his salvation when she appeared in Adams' place—literally re-enacting the moment when the heroine of "Serenade" replaces the angel. For Balanchine, this would have been a reification of one of his most charismatic themes: Orpheus attended by his angel. Just as Farrell's gifts as a dancer fit and then broke the mold of the Balanchine ballerina, her image filled and then revised an existing role in his personal mythology.

Farrell doesn't miss the ontological paradox implied here; she wonders if the angel in "Meditation" was really herself or someone she was called upon to "risk being," then concludes sensibly: "Since I was the story I couldn't see it; I just danced it." Dancers don't have to understand Balanchine's mind or analyze his art; they only have to embody it. For a guardian angel to become a recording angel is probably impossible, yet only if one were to make that transition could we hope to know more of the relation between Balanchine's life and his art. My nominee for the job would be Adams, who has already written several illuminating fictionalized accounts of ballet life.

The tall and beautiful Diana Adams was the dancer Balanchine was most dependent on before and during the advent of Farrell. She wasn't the only one he sent on scouting expeditions, but she was the one who brought him Farrell, and at just the moment when he needed her most. The company was about to move to Lincoln Center, where it would have to command a vast stage and attract and educate a new audience. Balanchine had already cre-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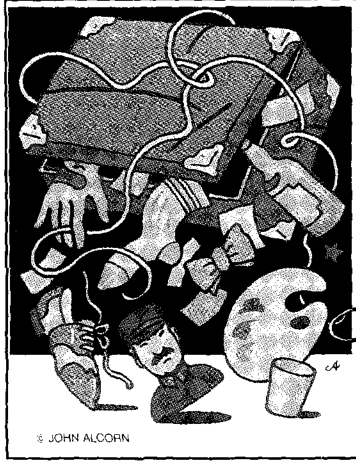
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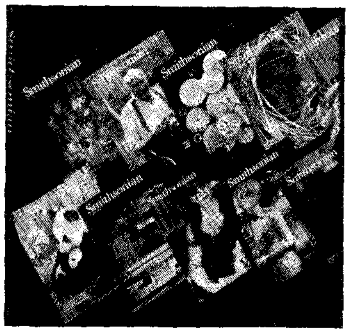

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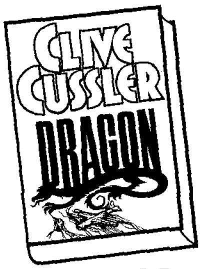

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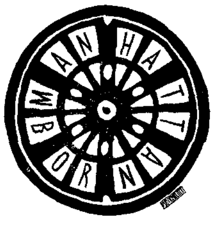
ated the American style in ballet; Farrell represented a grand-scale version of the American style, and Balanchine lost no time in placing her at the head of a strong, young on-the-rise group—Gloria Govrin and Marnee Morris and Patricia Neary and Mimi Paul and Suki Schorer, all but Schorer tall and rangy dancers. Together with already established ballerinas (Hayden, Jillana, Kent, McBride, Tallchief, Verdy, Wilde) and a male contingent led by d'Amboise and Villella, these young dancers conquered Lincoln Center. The company in the sixties was at peak strength; not until the end of the seventies, when it was also double the size, would it again show such an array of talent. But there could be no doubt that, with all the decade's blessings, the sixties were the Farrell Years. Farrell not only projected the company into a new phase but also refocussed Balanchine's creative powers at a time when it could be said that all his masterpieces had been made. Furthermore, one after another of his ballerinas had forsaken him to become pregnant; even Adams chose to forgo the première of "Movements for Piano and Orchestra" rather than risk a miscarriage. He was the aging ballet master in need of inspiration. How far he was willing to go in search of it is shown by "Meditation," the first programmatic ballet he had made in years, and one, moreover, that he took the trouble to explain in words, breaking a cherished rule. And yet he was not off course. Farrell represented continuity as well as change. Future company historians will have much to deal with when they come to evaluate her impact. "Holding On to the Air" will be conned for information, and found to yield less than some of the interviews she has given over the years. But the book will have earned its place, primarily as a record of how little girls got to be ballerinas in Balanchine's America.



LIKE a number of women whom the world was to know as great ballerinas, Farrell was not a privileged little girl. Born Roberta Sue Ficker in Cincinnati, she was one of three sisters who got music and dance lessons and paid for them by working. The mother believed in success through art; she planned futures on the stage or in the concert hall. The father shipped meat for a packing company and was rarely home. The Fickers were divorced when Suzi was ten. By the time she reached her teens, the sisters were locally famous; Suzi marched in parades and made toy commercials. When Diana Adams dropped her suggestion about the School of American Ballet, Mrs. Holly (who had changed her name after the divorce) sold the furniture, packed up the music and the toe shoes, and drove the girls to New York, with all their belongings in a U-Haul; the mere hint of an audition was enough. They lived in one room at the Ansonia and shared the bed. Mrs. Holly, a night nurse, worked twenty-hour shifts, but when Suzi joined the ballet, at a salary of a hundred and ten dollars a week (eighty during rehearsals), she became the main breadwinner of the family. It was a Catholic family, a matriarchy composed of divorcées, despite the Catholicism. Suzi was devout, and an innocent. When Balanchine began taking her out after performances, she wanted to know why he was not at home with his wife.

Farrell and Balanchine were never physical lovers. It was not just because of her religious scruples (he was still married to the revered Le Clercq, whose career had been destroyed by polio); he was also forty-one years older, an age gap that at the time of their initial involvement led to comparisons with yet another classic pair, Humbert and Lolita. Balanchine completely monopolized what little time his new ballerina had left over from rehearsing and performing. He would come to her mother's apartment and cook dinner, or he would take Suzi out. They ate cuisine; they also ate at Dunkin' Donuts or at the big, bright Jewish restaurant on upper Broadway called the Tip-Toe Inn. Although each was the other's best friend, they never talked about the feeling between them, only about work. Farrell confided her misgivings to her cats or to Diana the Diary; when things went too far, she called in her priests. Years later, after she rejoined the company, Balanchine took her out once again, and for the first and last time reflected on their closeness, saying, "You know, I was wrong. I was an old man, and you were young. I should not have thought of you that way. You should have had your marriage." The friendship was on again, but it wasn't the same. Although Farrell had returned a better dancer, there was no making up the years that she wasn't part of the grand design. She had slipped from the center of Balanchine's loyalties; she now had a partnership with Peter Martins; and Balanchine's choreography for her was increasingly nostalgic. "Mozartiana" struck a fresh vein, but for Balanchine the ballet closed a cycle. He was dying, and he knew it. When his time came, Farrell visited him rarely. They had already played their deathbed scene, in "Don Quixote"; now they talked of inconsequentialities and work, always work. The burial rites were private, reserved for "family." Farrell was not invited.

One closes this seductive, formless book more uncertain of Farrell's real feelings toward Balanchine than she seems to be. She loved him, yes; perhaps she was even now and then *in* love with him. But was she interested in him? That missing finger joint, for example. What it must have cost Balanchine, who habitually prepared piano reductions of the music he choreographed, doesn't concern Farrell; what counts is her finger turn. The book is written facing the sun, in the full glare of Balanchine's attention to Farrell. She sees little more than a pervasive shadowy presence, benevolent and stormy by turns. Only twice do we come up against the man. The first time, he is preparing to leave the theatre with her after one of her performances. Other dancers have complained that he never lingers to watch them perform, and Farrell brings this up to him: "George, don't you think we should stay for the rest of the performance?"

"You know, dear," he answers, "I give them a company, I give them ballets, I give them rehearsals, I give them class if they want to come. I already give them everything." And they leave.

Another time, Balanchine is in Farrell's apartment playing a record of Ravel's "Tzigane," which he intends to choreograph for her. Farrell tells how he would listen and burst out laughing. It's unmistakable: that laughing man is the man who made that ballet.

One of Balanchine's favorite quotations was a line from a poem by Mayakovsky: "I am not a man, but a cloud in trousers." In "Meditation" he had rehearsed Farrell's entrance, telling her to "hold on to the air"—that is, do the impossible. Balanchine's essence was air, the air of his ballets. Farrell's insularity, her steadfast devotion to the ballets, which went beyond her devotion to their choreographer, may have been exactly what he loved her for. A ballerina's fastidious self-concern has only one end: perfection in performance. Lying in the hospital, at death's door, he tells her that he has been praying for her knees.

"Holding On to the Air" isn't really the inside story of Suzanne Farrell and George Balanchine—it's the inside of the outside story. The real inside story would take a writer of Willa Cather's stature to deal with. In "The Song of the Lark," Cather's novel about a girl from a prairie town who becomes a great Wagnerian soprano, we discover the true dimensions of a life lived for art, and in her introduction to the revised edition we also learn of Cather's frustration in writing about it and attempting to portray not only the young girl's awakening and liberation from provincialism but also the fully grown artist, who, in the flood tide of her success, "is more and more released in the dramatic and musical possibilities of her profession." Cather criticizes herself: "The interesting and important fact that, in an artist of the type I chose, personal life becomes paler as the imaginative life becomes richer, does not, however, excuse my story for becoming paler."

"The Song of the Lark" does not, for me, become paler, but "Holding On to the Air" illustrates Cather's point. It is about two people who may have been in love but, once their artistic interests were merged, had nothing more to say to each other.

—Arlene Croce

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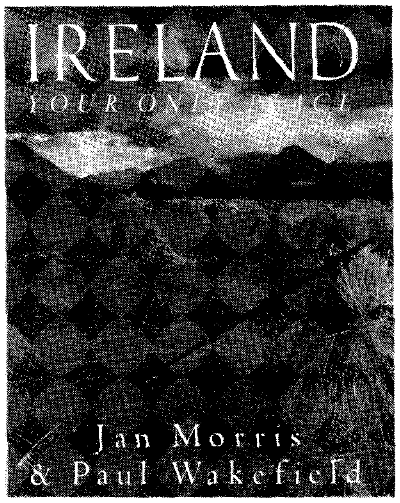

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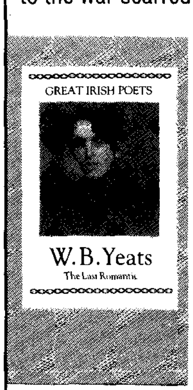

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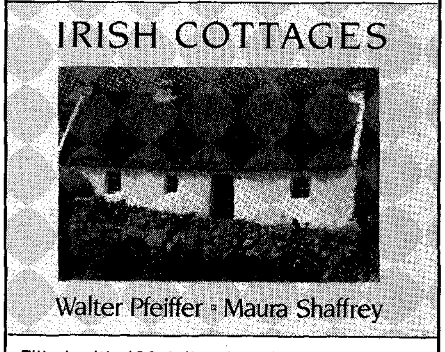

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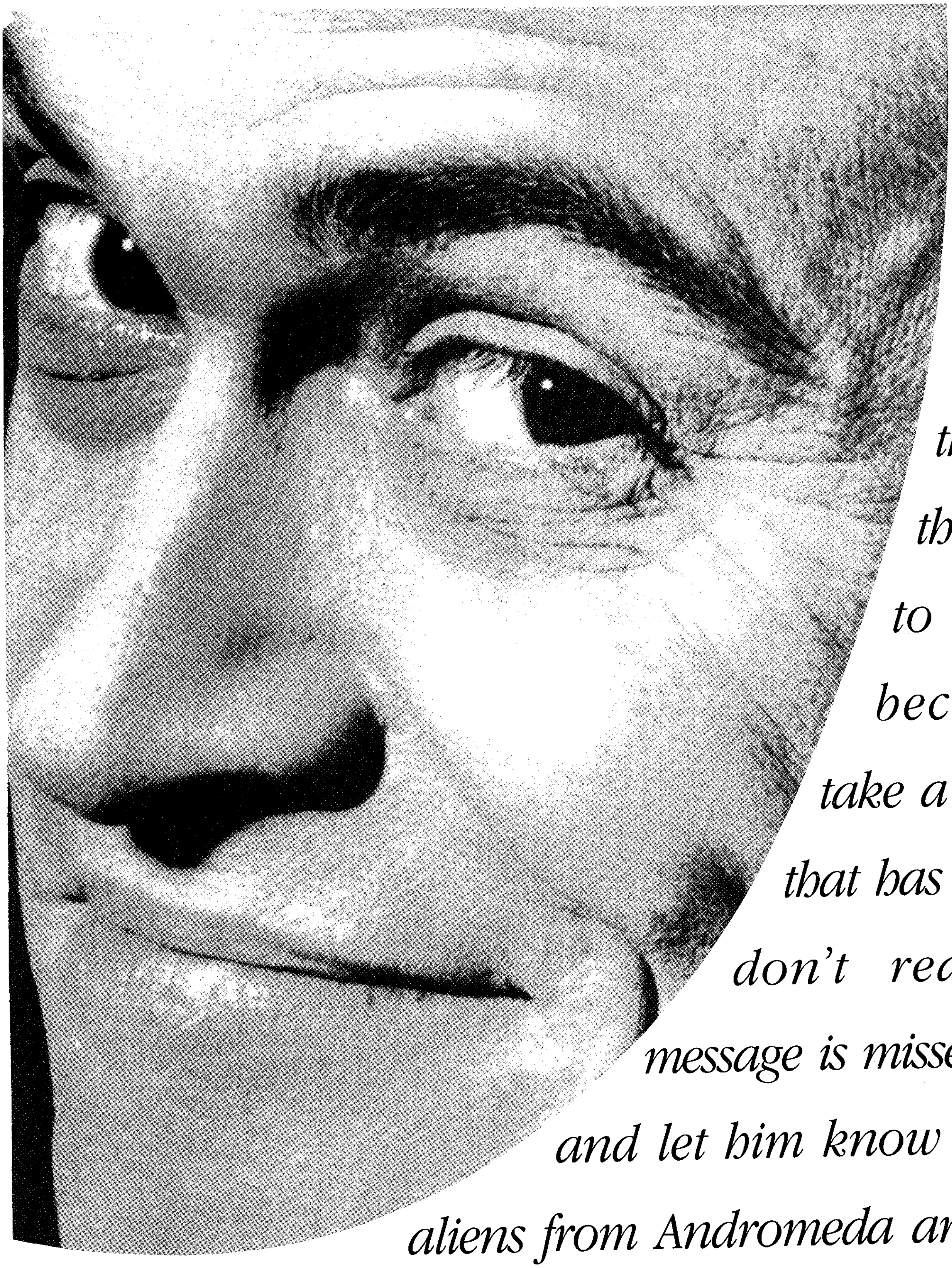

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DEWAR'S PROFILE:

PAUL BINDER

HOME: Rhinebeck, NY

AGE: 46.

PROFESSION: Ringmaster, artistic director, founder, The Big Apple Circus.

HOBBY: "I always want to play golf, but I'm never in one place long enough to join one of those clubs."

LAST BOOK READ: *The Tin Drum,* Günter Grass.

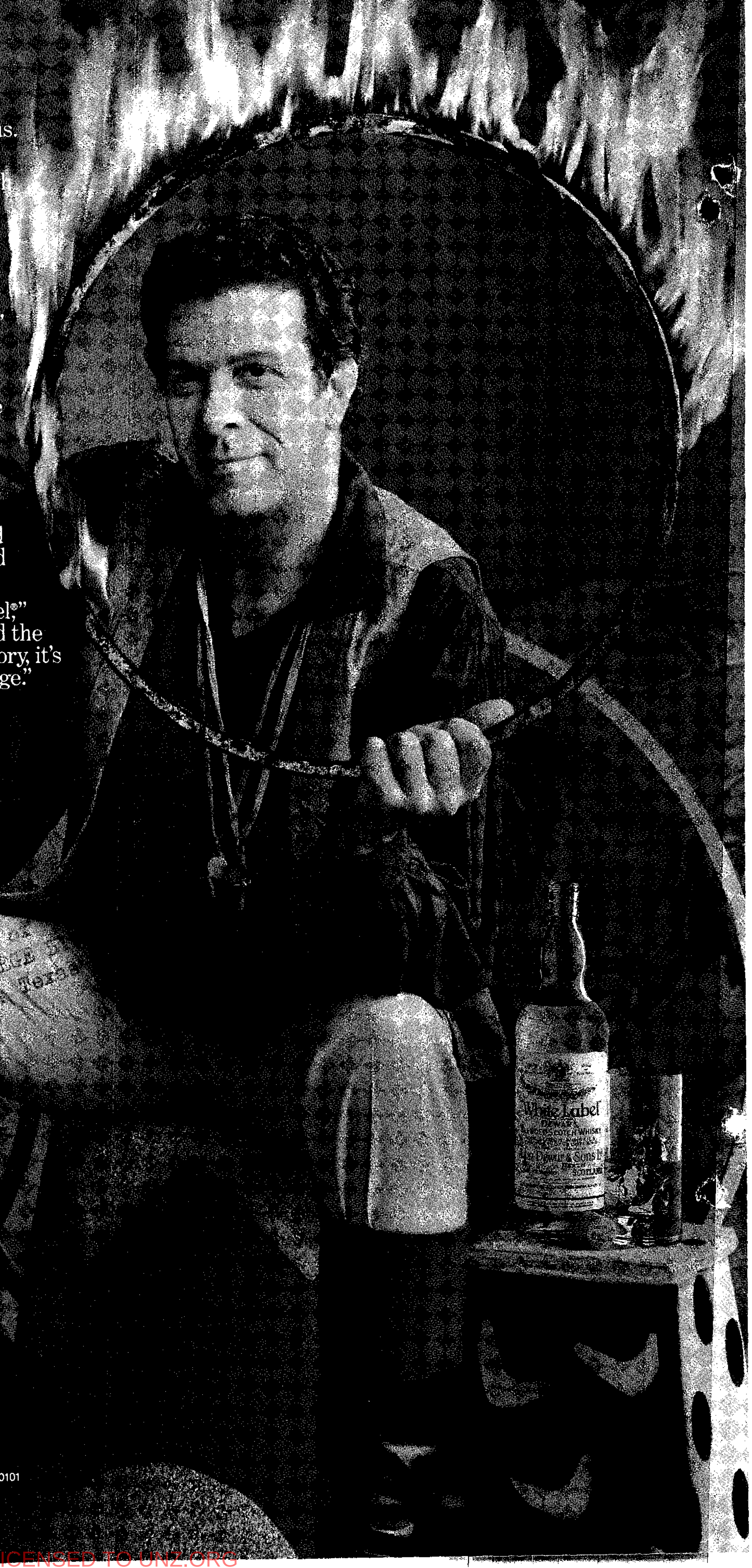
LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: "The Circus. Last night's performance, and tomorrow's. So maybe it should say ongoing accomplishment."

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "Everyone jumps through hoops for a living; I've just found some that are more fun."

QUOTE: "The circus is magic, and one of the few things the world can use more of is magic."

PROFILE: Extroverted, creative and highly organized. With 102 people and 43 vehicles to look after, he has to be.

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's® "White Label,®" with soda. "When the tent is dark and the roar of the greasepaint is just a memory, it's time for my Scotch to take center stage."



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